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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

- ART. I.—1. *The New Testament of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, translated out of the Greek: being the Version set forth A.D. 1611, compared with the most ancient Authorities, and Revised A.D. 1881.* Printed for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, 1881.
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WHATEVER may be urged in favour of Biblical Revision, it is at least undeniable that the undertaking involves a tremendous risk. Our Authorized Version is the one religious link which at present binds together ninety millions of English-speaking men scattered over the earth's surface. Is it reasonable that so precious a bond should be endangered, for the sake of representing certain words more accurately,—here and there translating the tenses with greater precision,—getting rid of a few archaisms? It may be confidently assumed that no 'Revision' of our Authorized Version, however judiciously executed, will ever occupy the place in public esteem which is actually enjoyed by the work of the Translators of 1611. And this single consideration may be thought absolutely fatal to the project, except in a modified form. To be brief,—As a companion in the study and for private edification; as a book of reference for critical purposes, especially in respect of difficult

and controverted passages ;—we hold that a revised edition of the Authorized Version of our English Bible, if executed with consummate ability and learning, would at any time be a work of inestimable value. The method of such a performance, whether by Marginal Notes, or in some other way, we forbear to determine. But as a handmaid only is it to be desired. We are thoroughly convinced that a *rival Translation* is a project not to be seriously entertained. For ourselves, we deprecate it entirely.

On the other hand, *who* could have possibly foreseen what has actually come to pass since the Convocation of the Southern Province (in May 1870) declared itself favourable to ‘a Revision of the Authorized Version,’ and appointed a Committee of Divines to undertake the work? *Who* was to suppose that the Instructions given to the Revisionists would be by them systematically disregarded? *Who* was to imagine that an utterly untrustworthy Greek Text, constructed on mistaken principles, would be the fatal result? *Who* was to foresee that, instead of removing the ‘*plain and clear errors*’ of our Version, the Revisionists would themselves introduce a countless number of blemishes, unknown to it before? Above all, how was it to have been imagined that they would have sown broadcast over four continents doubts as to the truth of Scripture, which it will never be in their power either to remove or to recal? *Nescit vox missa reverti.*

For, the ill-advised practice of recording, in the margin of an English Bible, certain of the blunders—(such things cannot be styled ‘various readings’)—which disfigure ‘some,’ or ‘many,’ ‘ancient authorities,’ can only result in hopelessly unsettling the faith of millions. It cannot be defended on the plea of candour,—the candour which is determined that men shall ‘know the worst.’ ‘*The worst*’ has not been told: and it were dishonesty to insinuate that it has. If all the cases were faithfully exhibited where ‘a few,’ ‘some,’ or ‘many ancient authorities’ read differently from what is exhibited in the actual Text, not only would the margin prove insufficient to contain the record, but the *very page itself* would not suffice. In the meantime, of what possible use can it be to encumber the margin of S. Luke x. 41, 42 (for example), with the announcement that a few ancient authorities read *Martha, Martha, thou art troubled: Mary hath chosen*’ &c. (the fact being, that D alone of MSS. omits ‘careful and’ . . . ‘about many things. But one thing is needful, and’ . . .)? With the record of this circumstance, is it reasonable to choke up the margin of our English Bible,—to create perplexity and to insinuate doubt? The learned author

of

of the foregoing marginal annotation was of course aware that the same 'singular codex' (as Bp. Ellicott styles cod. D) omits, in S. Luke's Gospel only, no less than 1552 words: and he will of course have ascertained by counting that the words in S. Luke's Gospel amount to 19,941. Why then did he not tell *the whole truth*; and instead of '&c.,' proceed as follows?—'But inasmuch as cod. D is so scandalously corrupt that about one word in thirteen is missing throughout, the absence of nine words in this place is of no manner of importance or significance. The precious saying omitted is above suspicion, and the first half of the present annotation might have been spared.' We submit that a note like that, although rather 'singular' in style, really *would* have been to some extent helpful,—if not to the learned, at least to the unlearned reader.

Even so, however, the whole amount of the mischief which has been effected by our Revisionists has not been stated. For the Greek Text which they have invented proves to be so utterly untrustworthy, that if it were to be thrust upon the Church to-morrow, we should be a thousand times worse off than we were with the text which Erasmus and Stephens and the Elzevirs bequeathed to us upwards of three centuries ago. On this part of the subject we have remarked at some length already¹: yet shall we be constrained to recur once and again to the underlying Greek Text of the Revisionists, inasmuch as it is impossible to stir in any direction with the task before us, without being painfully reminded of its existence. Not only do the familiar parables, miracles, discourses of our LORD, trip us up at every step, but we cannot open the first page of the Gospel—no, nor indeed read *the first line*—without being brought to a standstill.

1. S. Matthew begins,—'The book of the generation of JESUS CHRIST.'² Good. But here the margin volunteers two pieces of information: first,—'Or, *birth*: as in ver. 18.' We refer to ver. 18, and read—'Now the birth of JESUS CHRIST was on this wise.' Good again; but the margin says,—'Or, *generation*: as in ver. 1.' Are we then invited to believe that *the same Greek word*, diversely rendered in English, occurs in both places? We refer to the *new* Greek Text: and there it stands,—γενεσις in either verse. But *who* knows not that there is all the difference in the world between S. Matthew's γενεσις, in ver. 1,—and the same S. Matthew's γεννησις, in ver. 18? The latter, the Evangelist's announcement of the circumstances of the human Birth of CHRIST: the former, the Evangelist's unobtrusive way of

¹ 'Quarterly Review,' No. 304, pp. 307-68.

² S. Matth. i. 1.

recalling the Septuagintal rendering of Gen. ii. 4 and v. 1: ¹ the same Evangelist's calm method of guiding the devout and thoughtful student to discern in the Gospel the History of the new Creation,—by thus providing that when first the Gospel opens its lips, it shall syllable the name of the first book of the elder Covenant? We are saying that it more than startles—it supremely offends—one who is even slenderly acquainted with the treasures of wisdom hid in the very diction of the N. T. Scriptures, to discover that a deliberate effort has been made to get rid of the very foremost of those notes of Divine intelligence, by confounding two words which all down the ages have been carefully kept distinct; and that this effort is the result of a superstitious veneration for a few corrupt codices which happen to be written in the uncial character. For, on reference to manuscript and to patristic authority ² (the Versions perforce are only partially helpful here ³), an overwhelming amount of testimony is producible for *γέννησις* in ver. 18: and this, considering the nature of the case, is an extraordinary circumstance. It is the word employed by Justin M., ⁴ by Clemens Alex., ⁵ by Athanasius, ⁶ by Epiphanius, ⁷ by Cyril Alex., ⁸ by Nestorius, ⁹ by Chrysostom, ¹⁰ by Theodorus Mopsuest., ¹¹ and by three other ancients. ¹² Irenæus ¹³ (whom Germanus ¹⁴ copies at the end of 550 years) calls attention to the difference of the spelling. So does Didymus. ¹⁵ So does Basil. ¹⁶ Origen ¹⁷ is even eloquent on the subject. It is a sig-

¹ Αὕτη ἡ βίβλος γενέσεως—οὐρανοῦ καὶ γῆς: also—ἀνθρώπων.

² A friendly critic complains that we do not specify which editions of the Fathers we quote. Our reply is—This is a Review, not a treatise. We are constrained to omit such details. Briefly, we always quote the best Edition. Experts can experience no difficulty in verifying our references. A few details shall however be added:—Justin (Otto): Irenæus (Stieren): Clemens Al. (Potter): Tertullian (Oehler): Cyprian (Baluz): Eusebius (Gaisford): Athanas. (1698): Greg. Nyss. (1638): Epiphani. (1622): Didymus (1769): Ephraem Syr. (1732): Jerome (Vallarsi): Nilus (1668–73): Chrysostom (Montfaucon): Cyril (Aubert): Isidorus (1638): Theodoret (Schulze): Maximus (1675): John Damascene (Lequien): Photius (1653). Most of the others (as Origen, Greg. Nazianz., Basil, Cyril of Jer., Ambrose, Hilary, Augustine), are quoted from the Benedictine editions. When we say 'Mai,' we always mean his *Nova Biblioth. PP.* 1852–71. By 'Montfaucon,' we mean the *Nov. Coll. PP.* 1707.

³ The Syriac, Memphitic, Slavonic, and Arabian Versions distinguish between the two words: the Armenian, Sahidic, Ethiopic, and Georgian, have only one word for both. We owe the information to one who is always liberal in communicating the lore of which he is perhaps the sole living depository in England,—the Rev. Dr. S. C. Malan. See his *Seven Chapters of the Revision of 1881, revised*, —p. 3.

⁴ i². 340.

⁵ p. 889 (γέννησω).

⁶ i. 943 c.

⁷ i. 426.

⁸ v¹. 363, 676.

⁹ Concil. iii. 325 (= Cyril v². 28 a).

¹⁰ vii. 48; viii. 314.

¹¹ in Matth. ii. 16.

¹² ps.-Athanas. ii. 306 and 700: ps.-Chrysost. xii. 694.

¹³ p. 470.

¹⁴ Gall. ix. 215.

¹⁵ Trin. 188.

¹⁶ i. 250 b.

¹⁷ Διαφέρει γενέσις καὶ γέννησις· γενέσις μὲν γάρ ἐστι παρὰ Θεοῦ πρώτη πλάσις, γέννησις δὲ ἡ ἐκ καταδίκης τοῦ θανάτου διὰ τὴν παράβασιν ἐξ ἀλλήλων διαδοχή. —Galland, xiv. Append. pp. 73, 74.

nificant circumstance, that the only authorities discoverable on the other side are Eusebius and Theodoret. Will the Revisionists still pretend to tell us that *γενεσις* in verse 18 is right?

2. This, however, is not all. Against the words 'of JESUS CHRIST,' a further critical annotation is volunteered; to the effect that 'Some ancient authorities read of the Christ.' In reply to which, we assert that *not one single known MS.* omits the word 'JESUS:' while its presence is vouched for by Tatian,¹ Irenæus, Origen, Eusebius, Didymus, Epiphanius, Chrysostom, Cyril,—in addition to *every known Greek copy of the Gospels*, and not a few of the Versions, including the Syriac and both the Egyptian. What else but nugatory therefore is such a piece of information as this?

3. And so much for the first, second, and third Critical annotations, with which the margin of the revised N. T. is disfigured. Hoping that the worst is now over, we read on till we reach ver. 25, where we encounter a statement which fairly trips us up: viz.,—'And knew her not till she had brought forth a son.' No intimation is afforded of what has been here effected; but in the meantime every one's memory supplies the epithet ('her first-born') which has been displaced. Whether something very like indignation is not excited by the discovery that these important words have been surreptitiously withdrawn from their place, let others say. For ourselves, when we find that only *α β ζ* and two cursive copies can be produced for the omission, we are at a loss to understand of what the Revisionists can have been thinking. Did they know that, besides the Vulgate, Syriac, Ethiopic, Armenian, Slavonian, Georgian, and the two Egyptian Versions,² a whole torrent of Fathers are at hand to attest the genuineness of the reading which they were so unceremoniously excising? They are invited to refer to Tatian,³ Athanasius,⁴ Didymus,⁵ Cyril of Jer.,⁶ Basil,⁷ Greg. Nyss.,⁸ Ephraem Syr.,⁹ Epiphanius,¹⁰ Chrysostom,¹¹ Proclus,¹² Isidorus Pelus.,¹³ John Damascene,¹⁴ Photius,¹⁵ Nicetas:¹⁶ besides, of the Latins, Ambrose,¹⁷ the Opus imp., Augustine, and not least to

¹ P. 20 of the newly recovered *Diatessaron*, translated from the Armenian. The Exposition is by Ephraem Syrus.

² Dr. Malan, *ibid.* i. p. 7.

³ See above, note ¹.

⁴ i. 938, 952. Also ps.-Athan. ii. 409, excellently.

⁵ Trin. 349.

⁶ p. 116.

⁷ i. 392; ii. 599, 600.

⁸ ii. 229.

⁹ See note ¹⁵.

¹⁰ See above, note. i. 426, 1049 (5 times), 1052-3.

¹¹ vii. 76.

¹² Galland. ix. 636.

¹³ p. 6 (*ῥδν υἱὸν αὐτῆς*: which is also the reading of Syr^{ea} and the Egyptian).

¹⁴ i. 276.

¹⁵ Gall. xiii. 662.

¹⁶ In cat.

¹⁷ ii. 462.

Jerome¹—eighteen Fathers in all. And how is it possible, we ask, that two copies of the IVth century (B N) and one of the VIth (Z)—all three without a character—should stand their ground against such an array of evidence as the foregoing?

Enough has been offered by this time to prove that an authoritative Recension of the Greek Text will have to precede any future Revision of the English of the New Testament. Equally certain is it that for such an undertaking the time has not yet come. True, that we enjoy access to—suppose from 1000 to 2000—more manuscripts than were available when the Textus Receptus was formed. But nineteen-twentieths of our documents, for any use which has been made of them, might as well be still in the monastic libraries from which they were obtained. True, that four out of our five oldest uncials have come to light since the year 1628; but, *who knows how to use them?* True, that we have made acquaintance with certain ancient Versions, about which little or nothing was known 200 years ago: but, (with the solitary exception of the Rev. Solomon Cæsar Malan, the learned, unnoticed, and unrewarded Vicar of Broadwindsor,) what living Englishman is able to tell us what they all contain? True, lastly, that the Fathers have been better edited within the last 250 years, during which period some fresh Patristic writings have also come to light. But, with the exception of Theodoret among the Greeks and Tertullian among the Latins, *which of the Fathers has been satisfactorily indexed?* Even this is not nearly all. The fundamental principles of the science of Textual Criticism are as yet only imperfectly apprehended, of which assertion no more convincing proof can be desired than the new Greek Text of Drs. Westcott and Hort,—a text which, beyond all controversy, is more hopelessly remote from the inspired Original than any which has yet appeared. Let a generation of students give themselves entirely up to this neglected branch of sacred Science. Let 500 more copies of the Gospels, Acts, and Epistles, be diligently collated. Let at least 100 of the ancient *Lecttionaries* be very exactly collated also. Let the most important of the ancient Versions be edited afresh, and let the languages in which these are written be for the first time really *mastered* by Englishmen. Above all, let the Fathers be called upon to give up their precious secrets. Let their writings be ransacked and indexed, and (where needful) let the MSS. of

¹ *Ex hoc loco quidam perversissime suspicantur et alios filios habuisse Mariam, dicentes primogenitum non dici nisi qui habeat et fratres* (vii. 14). He refers to his treatise against Helvidius, ii. 210.

their works be referred to, in order that we may know what actually *is* the evidence which they afford. Only so will it ever be possible to obtain a Greek text on which general reliance may be placed, and which may serve as the basis for a satisfactory Revision. After that, in GOD'S Name, let the Church address herself to the great undertaking. Do but revive the arrangements which were adopted in King James's days: and we venture to predict that less than a third part of ten years will be found abundantly to suffice for the work. How the men of that day will smile at the picture Dr. Newth¹ has drawn of what was the method of procedure in the reign of Queen Victoria!

I. We cannot, it is presumed, act more fairly by the authors of the present work than by following them over some of the ground which they claim to have made their own, and which, at the conclusion of their labours, they evidently survey not altogether without self-complacency. And first, they invite attention to the fundamental principle laid down for their guidance by the Committee of Convocation (25th May, 1870), viz. 'TO INTRODUCE AS FEW ALTERATIONS AS POSSIBLE INTO THE TEXT OF THE AUTHORIZED VERSION, CONSISTENTLY WITH FAITHFULNESS.' Words could not be more emphatic. '*Plain and clear errors*' were to be corrected. '*Necessary emendations*' were to be made. But (in the words of the Southern Convocation) 'We do not contemplate any new Translation, or any alteration of the language, except where, in the judgment of the most competent scholars, such change is necessary.' The watch-word, therefore, given to the company of Revisionists was,—'NECESSITY.' *Necessity* was to determine whether the language of the Authorized Version was to be altered or not; for the alterations were to be AS FEW AS POSSIBLE.

Now it were idle to deny that this, the fundamental principle which was imposed upon our Revisionists, they have ostentatiously set at defiance. To such an extent is this the case, that even an unlettered reader is competent to judge them. When we find 'to' substituted for 'unto' (*passim*):—'*hereby*' for 'by this' (1 Jo. v. 2):—'all that *are*,' for 'all that be' (Rom. i. 7):—'*always*' for 'always' (2 Thess. i. 3):—'*we that*,' 'them *that*,' for 'we *which*,' 'them *which*' (1 Thess. iv. 15); and yet 'every spirit *which*,' for 'every spirit that' (1 Jo. iv. 3), and 'he *who* is not of GOD,' for 'he that is not of GOD' (ver. 6,—although 'he that knoweth GOD' had preceded, in the same verse):—'*my host*' for 'mine host' (Rom. xvi. 23); and '*underneath*' for

¹ 'Lectures on Biblical Revision,' (1881) pp. 116 seqq.

'under'

'under' (Rev. vi. 9):—it becomes plain what license the Revisionists take. 'Nevertheless' has had a sad time of it: he has been turned out for '*howbeit*' (Lu. x. 11, 20),—'*only*' (Phil. iii. 16),—'*only that*' (i. 18),—'*yet*' (Matth. xi. 11),—'*but*' (xvii. 27),—'*and yet*' (Ja. ii. 16). We find '*take heed*' substituted for '*beware*' (Col. ii. 8):—'*he was amazed*,' for '*he was astonished*' (Lu. v. 9):—'*Is it I, LORD?*' for '*LORD, is it I?*' (Matth. xxvi. 22):—'*straightway the cock crew*,' for '*immediately the cock crew*' (Jo. xviii. 27):—'*Then therefore he delivered Him*,' for '*Then delivered he Him therefore*' (xix. 16):—'*brought it to His mouth*,' for '*put it to His mouth*' (ver. 29):—'*He manifested Himself on this wise*,' for '*on this wise shewed He Himself*' (xxi. 1):—'*So when they got upon the land*,' for '*As soon then as they were come to land*' (ver. 9):—'*the things concerning*,' for '*the things pertaining to the kingdom of GOD*' (Acts i. 3):—'*as GOD's steward*,' for '*as the steward of GOD*' (Tit. i. 7): but '*the belly of the whale*' for '*the whale's belly*' (Matth. xii. 40), and '*device of man*' for '*man's device*' in Acts xvii. 29.—These, and hundreds of similar alterations have been evidently made out of the merest wantonness. Why has the singularly beautiful greeting of '*the elder unto the well-beloved Gaius*,' been altered into '*Gaius the beloved*'?

We turn a few pages, and find '*he that doeth sin*,' substituted for '*he that committeth sin*,' and '*To this end*' put in the place of '*For this purpose*' (1 Jo. iii. 8):—'*behold and bear witness*,' for '*have seen and do testify*' (ver. 14):—'*hereby*' for '*by this*' (v. 2):—'*Judas*' for '*Jude*' (Jude ver. 1, although '*Mark*' was substituted for '*Marcus*' in 1 Pet. v. 13, and '*Timothy*' for '*Timotheus*' in Phil. i. 1):—'*how that they said to you*,' for '*how that they told you*' (Jude ver. 18). But why go on? The substitution of '*exceedingly*' for '*greatly*,' in Acts vi. 7:—'*the birds*' for '*the fowls*,' in Rev. xix. 21:—'*Almighty*' for '*Omnipotent*' in ver. 6:—'*throw down*' for '*cast down*,' in Matth. xii. 40:—'*inner chamber*' for '*closet*,' in vi. 6:—are not '*necessary*' changes. We will give but three instances more:—In 1 Pet. v. 9, '*whom resist, stedfast in the faith*,' has been altered by the R.V. into '*whom withstand*.' But how is '*withstand*' a better rendering for ἀντίστητε, than '*resist*'? '*Resist*,' at all events, was the word used by the R.V. in Matth. v. 39 and James iv. 7.—Why also substitute '*the race*' (for '*the kindred*') '*of Joseph*' in Acts iv. 6, although γένος was rendered '*kindred*' in vii. 13?—Do the Revisionists think that '*fastening their eyes on him*' is a better rendering of ἀνεύσταντες εἰς αὐτόν (Acts vi. 15) than '*looking stedfastly on him*'? They certainly did not think so when they got to

xxiii. 1. But there, because they found '*earnestly beholding the council*,' they must needs alter the phrase into '*looking stedfastly*.' It is clear therefore that *caprice*—not *Necessity*—has determined not a few of the alterations which molest us in every part of the present work.

II. The next point to which the Revisionists direct our attention is their NEW GREEK TEXT,—'the necessary foundation of' their work. And here we must renew our protest against the wrong which has been done to English readers by the Revisionists' disregard of the IVth Rule laid down for their guidance, viz. that, whenever they adopted a new Textual reading, such alteration was to be '*indicated in the margin*.' This 'proved inconvenient,' say the Revisionists. Yes, we reply: but only because you saw fit, in preference, to choke up your margin with a record of the preposterous readings you did *not* admit. Even so, however, the thing might have been done, if only by setting an asterisk in the margin wherever a change in the text had been by yourselves effected. And at whatever '*inconvenience*,' you were bound to do this,—partly, because your Instructions were express: but chiefly out of regard to the English reader. How comes it to pass that you have *never* done the thing you were commanded to do; but instead, have volunteered in every page information which can be productive of no other result but to unsettle the faith of unlettered millions, and to suggest the most unreasonable as well as the most miserable doubts to the minds of all?

For no one may identify the marginal statements of which we speak with the *Apparatus Criticus* which is found in every principal edition of the Greek Testament—except that of Drs. Westcott and Hort. So far are we from deprecating (with Daniel Whitby) the multiplication of '*Various Readings*,' that we rejoice in them exceedingly; knowing that they are the very foundation of our confidence and the secret of our strength. For this reason we consider Dr. Tischendorf's last (8th) edition to be furnished with not nearly enough of them, though he left all his predecessors (and himself in his 7th edition) far behind. The marginal readings, which our Revisionists have been so ill-advised as to put prominently forward, and to introduce to the reader's notice with the vague statement that they are sanctioned by '*some*' (or by '*many*') '*ancient authorities*,'—are specimens *arbitrarily selected* out of an immense mass; are magisterially recommended to public attention and favour; *seem* to be invested with the sanction and authority of Convocation itself. And this becomes a very serious matter indeed. No hint

hint is given *which be* the ‘ancient Authorities’ so referred to: nor what proportion they bear numerically to the ‘ancient Authorities’ on the opposite side: nor whether they are the *most* ancient Authorities obtainable: nor what amount of attention their testimony is entitled to claim. But in the meantime a fatal assertion is hazarded in the Preface (p. xiv.), to the effect that *in cases where ‘it would not be safe to accept one reading to the absolute exclusion of others,’ ‘alternative readings’* have been given ‘in the margin.’ So that the ‘Agony and bloody sweat’ of the world’s REDEEMER (Lu. xxii. 43, 44),—and His prayer for His murderers (xxiii. 34),—and much beside of transcendent importance and inestimable value, may, *according to our Revisionists*, prove to rest upon no foundation whatever! At all events, ‘*it would not be safe,*’ (i.e. *it is not safe*) to place absolute reliance on them. Alas, how many a deadly blow at Revealed Truth hath been in this way aimed with fatal adroitness, which no amount of orthodox learning will ever be able hereafter to parry, much less to repel! . . . From the first verse of S. Mark’s Gospel we are informed that ‘Some ancient authorities omit the *Son of God*:’ but we are *not* informed that every known uncial codex *except one of bad character*, every cursive *but two*,—*every Version*,—and the following Fathers, all contain the precious clause: viz. Irenæus, Porphyry, Severianus of Gabala, Cyril Al., Victor Ant., and others, besides Ambrose and Augustine among the Latins: while the supposed adverse testimony of Serapion and Titus, Basil and Victorinus, Cyril of Jer. and Epiphanius, proves to be all a mistake. In other words, the clause is above suspicion.—In the 3rd verse of the first chapter of S. John’s Gospel, we are left to take our choice between,—‘without Him was not anything made that was made. In him was life; and the life,’ &c.,—and the following precious alternative,—‘Without him was not anything made. *That which hath been made was life in him; and the life,*’ &c. But we are *not* informed that this latter monstrous figment is known to have been the importation of the Gnostic heretics in the 2nd century, and to be as destitute of authority as it is of sense.—At S. John iii. 13, we are told that the last clause of that famous verse (‘No man hath ascended up to heaven, but He that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man—*which is in heaven*’), is not found in ‘many ancient authorities.’ But why are we not *also* told that the precious clause in question (ὁ ὢν ἐν τῷ οὐρανῷ) is found in every MS. in the world, except five of bad character? is recognized by *all* the Latin and *all* the Syriac versions; as well as by the Coptic, Ethiopic, Georgian,

Georgian, and Armenian :¹—is either quoted or insisted upon by Origen,² Hippolytus,³ Athanasius,⁴ Didymus,⁵ Aphraates the Persian,⁶ Basil the Great,⁷ Epiphanius,⁸ Nonnus, ps.-Dionysius Alex.,⁹ Eustathius;¹⁰ by Chrysostom,¹¹ Theodoret,¹² and Cyril,¹³ each 4 times; by Theodorus Mops.,¹⁴ Amphilochius,¹⁵ Severus,¹⁶ Theodorus Heracl.,¹⁷ Basil Cil.,¹⁸ Cosmas,¹⁹ J. Damascene, in 3 places,²⁰ and 4 other ancient Greek writers;²¹ besides Ambrose,²² Novatian,²³ Hilary,²⁴ Lucifer,²⁵ Victorinus, Jerome,²⁶ Cassian, Vigilius,²⁷ Zeno,²⁸ Marius,²⁹ Maximus Taur.,³⁰ Capreolus,³¹ Augustine, &c.:—is acknowledged by Lachmann, Tregelles, Tischendorf: in short, is *quite above suspicion*: why are we not told *that*? Those 10 Versions, those 37 Fathers, that host of copies in the proportion of 995 to 5,—why, concerning all these is there not so much as a hint let fall that such a mass of counter-evidence exists?³² . . . Alas! for the learning which comes abroad only to mislead the blind, and to perplex the weak, and to unsettle the doubting! . . . Why then (it will of course be asked) is the margin of S. Mark i. 1 and of S. John

¹ Malan's 'Gospel of S. John translated from the Eleven oldest Versions.'

² Int. ii. 72; iv. 622 dis.

³ c. Noet. § 4.

⁴ i. 1275.

⁵ Trin. 363.

⁶ ap. Gall. v. 67.

⁷ i. 282.

⁸ i. 486.

⁹ Ep. ad Paul. Sam. Concil. i. 872 e.

¹⁰ ap. Galland. iv. 563.

¹¹ vii. 546; viii. 153, 154, 277.

¹² iii. 570; iv. 226, 1049, 1153.

¹³ iv. 150 (text); vi. 30, 169. Mai, ii. 69. ¹⁴ Quoted by Leontius (Gall. xii. 693).

¹⁵ In Cat. Cord. 96.

¹⁶ Ibid. p. 94.

¹⁷ Cat. in Ps. ii. 323 and 343.

¹⁸ ap. Photium, p. 281.

¹⁹ Montf. ii. 286.

²⁰ i. 288, 559, 567.

²¹ ps.-Athan. ii. 464. Another, 625. Another, 630. ps.-Epiphanius. ii. 287.

²² i. 863, 903, 1428.

²³ Gall. iii. 296.

²⁴ 32 dis; 514; 1045 dis.

²⁵ Gall. vi. 192.

²⁶ iv. 679.

²⁷ ap. Athan. ii. 646.

²⁸ Gall. v. 124.

²⁹ Ib. iii. 628, 675.

³⁰ Ib. ix. 367.

³¹ Ib. ix. 493.

³² Let the reader, with a map spread before him, survey the whereabouts of the several VERSIONS above enumerated, and mentally assign each FATHER to his own approximate locality: then let him bear in mind that 995 out of 1000 of the extant Manuscripts agree with those Fathers and Versions; and let him further recognize that those MSS. (executed at different dates in different countries) must severally represent independent remote originals, inasmuch as *no two of them are found to be quite alike*. This done, let him decide whether it is reasonable that two worshippers of codex B in A.D. 1881 should attempt to thrust all this mass of ancient evidence out of sight merely by their magisterial assertion,—*'WESTERN AND SYRIAN.'*

Drs. Westcott and Hort inform us that '*the character of the attestation marks*' the clause (*ὁ υἱὸς τοῦ ἀνθρώπου*) '*as a WESTERN GLOSS.*' But the external evidence for retaining the clause comes demonstrably from every quarter of ancient Christendom: is more ancient (by 200 years) than the evidence for omitting it: is more numerous, in the proportion of 99 to 100: in point of respectability, stands absolutely alone. For since we have *proved* that Origen and Didymus, Epiphanius and Cyril, Ambrose and Jerome, *recognize* the words in dispute, of what possible Textual significance can it be if presently (because it suits their purpose) the same Fathers are observed to quote S. John iii. 13 no further than down to the words 'Son of Man'? No one who adds to his learning a little common sense and candour, can be misled by such a circumstance. . . . About the *internal* evidence for the clause, nothing has been said; but *this* is simply overwhelming.

i. 3, iii. 13, encumbered after this fashion? It is (we answer) only because *the Text of Drs. Westcott and Hort* is thus depraved in all three places. Those scholars enjoy the unenviable distinction of having dared to expel from S. John iii. 13 the words *ὁ ὢν ἐν τῷ οὐρανῷ*, which Lachman, Tregelles and Tischendorf were afraid to touch.

Only once more. And we will turn to the very end of the blessed volume. Against Rev. xiii. 18—('Here is wisdom. He that hath understanding, let him count the number of the beast; for it is the number of a man: and his number is six hundred and sixty and six'),—we find noted,—'Some ancient authorities read *six hundred and sixteen*.' But why is not the *whole* truth told? viz. that *only one* corrupt uncial (C): *only one* cursive copy (11): *only one* father (Tichonius): and *not one* ancient Version—advocates this reading,—which Irenæus (A.D. 170) knew of but rejected, remarking that 666, which is 'found in all the best and oldest copies and is attested by men who saw John face to face,' is unquestionably the true reading.¹ The same number (666) is expressly vouched for by Origen,² by Hippolytus,³ by Eusebius:⁴ as well as by Victorinus and Primasius,—not to mention Andreas and Arethas. *Why* therefore—for what possible reason—at the end of 1700 years and upwards, is this, which is so clearly nothing else but an ancient slip of the pen, to be forced upon the attention of 90 millions of English-speaking people? Was it done in order to perplex and mystify 'those that have understanding,' and would fain 'count the number of the beast' if they are able? Or was it because the margin of the N. T. is judged a proper place for reviving the memory of forgotten perversions of the Truth?

III. From the Text, the Revisionists pass on to the TRANSLATION; and surprise us by the avowal, that 'the character of the Revision was determined for us from the outset by the first Rule,—“to introduce as few alterations as possible, consistently with faithfulness.” Our task was revision, not retranslation.' (This is *naïve* certainly.) They proceed,—

'If the meaning was fairly expressed by the word or phrase that was before us in the Authorized Version, we made no change, even where rigid adherence to the rule of translating, as far as possible, the same Greek word by the same English word might have prescribed some modification.'—P. xvi. (The italics are our own.)

To the 'Rule' thus introduced to our notice, we shall be obliged to recur by and by. In the first instance, we have a

¹ pp. 798, 799.

² iii. 414.

³ *Ant.* c. 50; *Consem.* c. 28.

⁴ *Hist. Eccl.* v. 8.

few words to offer concerning each of the five principal Classes of alterations indicated by the Revisionists: the foremost being, —‘alterations positively required by change of reading in the Greek text’ (p. xv).

(1.) Thus, instead of ‘but one thing is needful,’—we find ‘but *few things are needful, or one*’ (Lu. x. 42):—instead of ‘as soon as JESUS heard the word,’—we are invited to choose between ‘not heeding,’ and ‘overhearing the word’ (Mk. v. 36): these being intended for renderings of παρακούσας,—an expression which S. Mark certainly never employed.—‘On earth peace among men *in whom he is well pleased*’ (Lu. ii. 14): where the margin informs us that ‘many ancient authorities read, *good pleasure among men.*’ But why not ‘good will,’—the rendering adopted in Phil. i. 15? . . . Take some more of the alterations which have resulted from the adoption of a corrupt text:—‘Why *askest thou me concerning that which is good?*’ (Matth. xix. 17,—an absurd fabrication).—‘He would fain *have been filled with the husks,*’ &c. . . . ‘and I perish *here with hunger!*’ (Χορτασθῆναι, borrowed from Lu. xvi. 21: and ἐγώδεωδε, a transparent blunder: Lu. xv. 16, 17).—‘When *it shall fail,* they may receive you into the everlasting tabernacle’ (xvi. 9).—Elizabeth ‘*lifted up her voice with a loud cry*’ (κραυγή—the private property of three bad MSS. and Origen: Lu. i. 42).—‘And they stood still *looking sad*’ (xxiv. 17,—a foolish transcriptional blunder).—‘The multitude *went up* and began to ask him,’ &c. (ἀναβὰς for ἀναβοήσας, Mk. xv. 8).—‘But is guilty of an *eternal sin*’ (iii. 29).—‘And the officers *received Him* with blows of their hands,’—marg. ‘or *strokes of rods:*’ ΕΛΑΒΟΝ for ΕΒΑΛΟΝ (xiv. 65).—‘Else, that which should fill it up taketh from it, *the new from the old*’ (ii. 21): and ‘No man *rendeth a piece from a new garment* and putteth it upon an old garment; else he will rend the new,’ &c. (Lu. v. 36).—‘What is this? *a new teaching!*’ (Mk. i. 27).—‘JESUS saith unto him, *If thou canst!*’ (Mk. xi. 3).—‘Because of your *little faith*’ (xvii. 20).—‘We must work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day’ (Jo. ix. 4).—‘The man that is called JESUS made clay’ (ver. 11).—‘If ye shall ask Me *anything in My name*’ (xiv. 14).—‘The Father abiding in Me *doeth His works*’ (xiv. 10).—‘If ye shall ask anything of the Father, *He will give it you in My name*’ (xvi. 23).—‘I glorified Thee on the earth, *having accomplished the work* which Thou hast given Me to do’ (xvii. 3).—‘Holy Father, keep them in *Thy name* which Thou hast given Me . . . I kept them in *Thy name* which Thou hast given me’ (ver. 11, 12).—‘She . . . saith unto Him in *Hebrew, Rabboni*’ (xx. 16).—‘These things said Isaiah, *because*

he

he saw his glory' (xii. 41,—ΟΤΙ for ΟΤΕ).—'*In tables that are hearts of flesh*' (καρδιας σαρκιναις, a 'perfectly absurd reading,' as Scrivener truly says, p. 442: 2 Cor. iii. 3).—'*Now if we put the horses' bridles [and pray, why not 'the horses' bits'?] into their mouths*' (ΕΙΔΕ, an ordinary itacism for ΙΔΕ, James iii. 3).—'*Insomuch that unto the sick were carried away from his body handkerchiefs,*' &c. (Acts xix. 12).—'*The word did not profit them, because they were not united by faith with them that heard*' (Heb. iv. 2).—'*Ye know all things once for all*' (Jude ver. 5).—'*We love because he first loved us*' (1 Jo. iv. 19). '*I have found no work of thine fulfilled before my GOD*' (Rev. iii. 2).—'*Seven Angels arrayed with [precious] stone*' (xv. 6), instead of '*clothed in linen,*' λιβον for λινον. (Fancy the Angels '*clothed in stone*'! '*Precious*' is an interpolation of the Revisers).—'*Dwelling in the things which he hath seen:*' for which the margin offers as an alternative, '*taking his stand upon*' (Col. ii. 18). But ἐμβατεύων here means neither. S. Paul is delivering a warning against unduly '*prying into the things not seen.*'¹ A few MSS. of bad character omit the '*not.*' That is all! . . . These then are a handful of the less conspicuous instances of a change in the English '*positively required by a change of reading in the Greek Text:*' every one of them being either a pitiful blunder or else a gross fabrication. Take only two more: '*I neither know, nor understand: thou, what sayest thou?*' (Mk. xiv. 68 margin):—'*And whither I go, ye know the way*' (Jo. xiii. 4). The A. V. is better in every instance.

(2.) and (3.) Next, alterations made because the A. V. '*appeared to be incorrect*' or else '*obscure.*' They must needs be such as the following:—'*He that is bathed needeth not save to wash his feet*' (Jo. xiii. 10).—'*LORD, if he is fallen asleep he will recover*' (σωθήσεται, xi. 12).—'*Go ye therefore into the partings of the highways*' (M. xxii. 9).—'*Being grieved at the hardening of their heart*' (Mk. iii. 5).—'*The supplication of a righteous man availeth much in its working*' (Ja. v. 16).—'*Awake up righteously*' (1 Cor. xv. 34).—'*Guarded through faith unto a salvation*' (1 Pet. i. 5).—'*Wandering in . . . the holes of the earth*' (Heb. xi. 38).—'*She that is in Babylon, elect together with you, saluteth you*' (1 Pet. v. 13).—'*Therefore do these powers work in Him*' (M. xiv. 2).—'*In danger of the hell of fire*' (v. 22).—'*Put out into the deep*' (Lu. v. 4).—'*Child, be of good cheer*' (Matth. ix. 2).—'*My boy lieth in the house sick of the palsy*' (viii. 6).—But take a graver instance,—

¹Εμβατεύσαι.—'Επιβῆναι τὰ ἔνδον ἐξερευνησαι ἢ σκοπήσαι. Phavorinus, quoted by Brüder.

'For no word from GOD shall be void of power' (Lu. i. 37): where the Greek being almost that of Gen. xviii. 14 ('*Is anything too hard for the LORD?*'), the A. V. ('*for with GOD nothing shall be impossible*') ought to have been let alone. It cannot be mended.

Has the reader any appetite for more specimens of 'incorrectness' remedied and 'obscurity' removed? Rather, as it seems, have *both* been largely imported into a Translation which was singularly intelligible before. 'Come and dine,' 'so when they had dined,' is a hundred times better than 'Come and break your fast,' 'so when they had broken their fast' (Jo. xxi. 12, 15),—expressions which are only introduced because the Revisionists were ashamed (as well they might be) to write 'breakfast' and 'breakfasted.' The seven had not been '*fasting*.' Then why introduce so strange a notion?—Why darken Rom. vii. 1 and xi. 2 by the introduction of the interrogative particle, and mistranslating it '*Or*'?—also, why translate γένος '*race*'? ('a man of Pontus *by race*,' 'an Alexandrian *by race*,' Acts xviii. 2, 24).—'*If* there is a natural body, there is also a spiritual body,' say the Revisionists: 'O death, where is thy victory? O death where is thy sting?' (Could they not let even 1 Cor. xv. 44 and 55 alone?).—'*And coming up* at that very hour,'—'*she came up* to Him,'—which are not correct renderings of Lu. ii. 38 and x. 40. The verb (ἐφίσταται) denotes a '*sudden coming upon*' a person; and is applied to Angelic appearances, as in Lu. ii. 9 (where, '*came upon*' is better than '*stood by them*,' and should have been left): xxiv. 4: Acts xii. 7: xxiii. 11.—Why alter 'For the bread of GOD is *He*,' into 'For the bread of GOD is *that* which cometh down from Heaven'? (Jo. vi. 33).—'*As long as I am* in the world,' was surely better than '*When I am* in the world, I am the light of the world' (ix. 5).—Is '*He went forth out of their hands*' supposed to be an improvement upon '*He escaped out of their hand*'? (x. 39): and is '*They loved the glory of men more than the glory of God*' an improvement upon '*the praise*'? (xii. 43).—'*Judas saith unto Him, LORD, what is come to pass that Thou wilt manifest Thyself to us*'?—is *that* supposed to be an improvement upon xiv. 22?—How is '*If then*' an improvement on '*Forasmuch then*' in xi. 17?—or how is this endurable in Rom. vii. 15,—'*For that which I do, I know not: for not what I would, that do I practise*'?—or this, in xvi. 25, '*The mystery which hath been kept in silence through times eternal, but now is manifested*,' &c.—'*Thou therefore, my child*,'—addressing the Bp. of Ephesus (2 Tim. ii. 1): and '*Titus, my true child*,'—addressing the Bp. of Crete (Tit. i. 4). Are the following deemed improvements? 'Every one that
doeth

doeth sin doeth also lawlessness: and sin is lawlessness' (1 Jo. iii. 4): 'I will move thy candlestick out of its place' (Rev. ii. 5):—'*a glassy sea*' (iv. 6):—'*a great voice*' (v. 12):—'*Verily, not of Angels doth He take hold, but He taketh hold of the seed of Abraham:*' '*He took hold of the blind man by the hand:*' '*They took hold of him and brought him unto the Areopagus*' (Heb. ii. 16: Mk. viii. 23: Acts xvii. 19):—'*wherefore GOD is not ashamed of them, to be called their GOD*' (xi. 16):—'*counted it not a prize to be on an equality with GOD*' (Phil. ii. 6).—Why are we to substitute '*court*' for '*palace*' in Matth. xxvi. 3 and Lu. xi. 32? (Consider Matth. xii. 29 and Mk. iii. 27).—'*Women received their dead by a resurrection*' (Heb. xi. 35):—'*If ye forgive not every one his brother from their hearts*' (Matth. xviii. 35):—'*If because of meat thy brother is grieved, thou walkest no longer in love*' (Rom. xiv. 15):—'*which GOD, who cannot lie, promised before times eternal; but in his own seasons manifested his word in the message*' (Tit. i. 3):—'*Your pleasures* [and why not '*lusts*'?] *that war in your members*' (James iv. 1):—'*Behold how much wood is kindled by how small a fire!*' (iii. 5):—are these really supposed to be less '*obscure*' than the passages they are severally intended to supersede?

But more painful by far it is to discover that a morbid striving after etymological accuracy,—added to a calamitous preference for a new text—has proved the ruin of one of the most affecting scenes in S. John's Gospel. '*Simon Peter beckoneth to him, and saith unto him, Tell us who it is of whom He speaketh*' (a fabulous statement evidently; for Peter beckoned because he might not speak). '*He leaning back, as he was, on JESUS' breast, saith unto Him, LORD who is it?*' (Jo. xiii. 24-5). Now S. John's word concerning himself in this place is certainly ἐπιπεσών. He '*just sank*,'—let his head fall—on his Master's breast, and whispered his question. For this, a few corrupt copies substitute ἀναπεσών. But ἀναπεσών never means '*leaning back*.' It is descriptive of the posture of one reclining at a meal (Jo. xiii. 12). Accordingly, it is 10 times rendered by the Revisionists to '*sit down*.' Why, in this place and in chapter xxi. 20, a new meaning is thrust upon the word, it is for the Revisionists to explain. But they must explain the matter a vast deal better than Bp. Lightfoot has done in his interesting little work on Revision (pp. 72-3), or they will never persuade.

Thus it happens that we never lay down the unfortunate production before us without exclaiming (with one in the Gospel), '*The old is better*.' Changes of any sort are unwelcome in such a book as the Bible; but the discovery that changes have

have been made *for the worse*, offends greatly. To take instances at random:—‘Ο πλείστος ὄχλος (in Matth. xxi. 8) is rightly rendered in our A.V. ‘a *very great* multitude.’¹ Why then has it been altered by the R.V. into ‘*the most part of the* multitude’?—‘Ο πολλὸς ὄχλος (Mk. xii. 37), in like manner, is rightly rendered ‘*the common people*,’ and ought not to have been glossed in the margin ‘*the great multitude*.’—In the R.V. of Acts x. 15, we find ‘*Make* thou not common,’ introduced as an improvement on, ‘*That call* not thou common.’ But ‘the old is better’: for, besides its idiomatic and helpful ‘*That*,’—the old alone states the case truly. Peter did not ‘*make*,’ he only ‘*called*,’ something ‘common.’—‘All the *male* children,’ as a translation of πάντας τοὺς παῖδας (in Matth. ii. 16) is an unauthorized statement. There is no reason for supposing that the female infants of Bethlehem were spared in the general massacre: and the Greek certainly conveys no such information.—‘When he came into the house, *JESUS spake first* to him’—is really an incorrect rendering of Matth. xvii. 25: at least, it imports into the narrative a notion which is not found in the Greek, and does not exhibit faithfully what the Evangelist actually says. ‘*Anticipated*’ in modern English,—‘*prevented*’ in ancient phraseology,—‘*was beforehand with him*’ in language neither new nor old,—conveys the sense of the original exactly.—In S. Lu. vi. 35, ‘Love your enemies, . . . and lend, *never despairing*,’ is simply a mistaken translation of ἀπελπίζοντες, as the context sufficiently proves. The old rendering is the true one. And so, learnedly, the Vulgate,—*nihil inde sperantes*. (Consider the use of ἀποβλέπειν [Heb. xi. 26], ἀφορᾶν [Phil. i. 23: Heb. xii. 2], *abutor*, as used by Jerome for *utor*, &c.).—‘Go with them *making no distinction*,’ is not the meaning of Acts xi. 12) which, however, is correctly given in the A. V. viz. ‘nothing doubting.’—The mischievous change (‘*save*’ in place of ‘*but*’) in Gal. ii. 16 has been ably exposed by Bp. Ollivant. In the words of the Bp. of Lincoln, ‘it is illogical and erroneous, and contradicts the whole drift of S. Paul’s argument in that Epistle, and in the Epistle to the Romans.’—‘*Flute-players*’ (for ‘*minstrels*’) in Mtt. ix. 23, is a mistake. An αὐλῆτης played the *pipe* (αὐλός, 1 Cor. xiv. 7),—hence ‘*pipers*’ in Rev. xviii. 22; (where by the way μουσικολοί [‘*musicians*’]) is perversely and less accurately rendered ‘*minstrels*’).—Why has ‘*the half-shekel*’ superseded the venerable ‘*tribute money*’ in Mtt. xvii. 24? and why has ‘*a shekel*’ thrust out ‘*a piece of money*’ in ver. 27? The margin is still obliged

¹ Cf. ch. xi. 20. So in Latin, *Illa plurima sacrificia*. (Cic. *De fin.* 2. 20. 63.)
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to explain that not one of these four words is found in the original!—Why ‘*undressed cloth*’ (for ‘*new*’) in Mk. ii. 21?,—‘*a soldier of his guard*’ (for ‘*an executioner*’) in Mk. vi. 27?,—‘*wallet*’ (for ‘*scrip*’) in Mtt. x. 10?,—‘*silver*’ (for ‘*money*’) in Acts viii. 20?,—and ‘*mindest*’ (for ‘*savourest*’) in Mtt. xvi. 23: Mk. viii. 33?—A friend points out that Dr. Field (a ‘*master in Israel*’) has examined 104 of the changes which have been made in the Revised Version. Of these, he finds that 8 are questionable: 13 unnecessary: 19 faulty (i. e. cases in which the A. V. required amendment, but which the R. V. has not succeeded in amending): 64 *changes for the worse*.¹

We really fail to understand how it has come to pass that, notwithstanding the amount of scholarship which sometimes sat in the Jerusalem Chamber, so many novelties are found in the present Revision which betoken a want of familiarity with the refinements of the Greek language on the one hand, and (what is even more inexcusable) only a slender acquaintance with the resources and proprieties of English speech on the other. A fair average instance of this occurs in Acts xxi. 37, where (instead of ‘*Canst thou speak Greek?*’) ‘*Ἑλληνιστὶ γινώσκεις*;’ is rendered ‘*Dost thou know Greek?*’ That *γινώσκειν* means ‘*to know*’ (and not ‘*to speak*’) is undeniable: and yet, in the account of all, except the driest and stupidest of pedagogues, ‘*Ἑλληνιστὶ γινώσκεις*;’ must be translated ‘*Canst thou speak Greek?*’ For (as every schoolboy is aware) ‘*Ἑλληνιστὶ*’ is an adverb, and signifies ‘*in Greek fashion*’: so that something has to be supplied: and the full expression, if it must needs be given, would be, ‘*Dost thou know [how to talk] in Greek?*’ But then, this condensation of phrase proves to be the established idiom of the language²: so that the rejection of the learned rendering of Tyndale, Cranmer, the Geneva, the Rheims, and the Translators of 1611 (‘*Canst thou speak Greek?*’)—the rejection of this, at the end of 270 years, in favour of ‘*Dost thou know Greek?*’ really betrays ignorance. It is something worse than bad taste. It is a deliberate blunder.

The substitution of ‘*they weighed unto him*’ (in place of ‘*they covenanted with him for*’) ‘*thirty pieces of silver*’ (S. Matth. xxvi. 25) is another of those plausible mistakes, into which a little learning (proverbially a dangerous thing) is for ever conducting its unfortunate possessor, but from which it was to have been expected that the undoubted attainments of some

¹ *Otium Norvicense*, pars tertia, 1881, pp. 155.

² Compare Xenophon (*Cyrop.* vii. 6, 8), τοὺς Συριστὶ ἐπισταμένους. The plena locutio is found in Nehem. xiii. 24,—οἱ υἱοὶ αὐτῶν ἡμῖν λαλοῦντες Ἀζωτιστὶ, καὶ οὐκ εἰς τὴν ἐπιγινώσκοντες λαλεῖν Ἰουδαῖστὶ (quoted by Wetstein).

who frequented the Jerusalem Chamber would have effectually preserved the Revisionists. That ἔστησαν is intended to recal Zech. xi. 12 is obvious; as well as that *there* it refers to the ancient practice of *weighing* uncoined money. It does not, however, by any means follow, that it was customary to *weigh* shekels in the days of the Gospel. Coined money, in fact, was never weighed, but always counted; and these were shekels, i. e. didrachms (M. xvii. 24). The truth (it lies on the surface) is, that there exists a happy ambiguity about the word ἔστησαν, of which the Evangelist has not been slow to avail himself. In the particular case before us, it is expressly recorded that in the first instance money did *not* pass,—only a bargain was made, and a certain sum promised. S. Mark's record is that the chief priests were glad at the proposal of Judas, '*and promised to give him money*' (xiv. 11): S. Luke's, that '*they covenanted*' to do so (xxii. 5, 6). And with this the statement of the first Evangelist is found to be in strictest agreement. The chief priests '*set*' or '*appointed*'¹ him a certain sum. The perfectly accurate rendering of S. Matth. xxvi. 25, therefore, exhibited by the A. V., has been set aside to make way for a misrepresentation of the Evangelist's meaning.

We respectfully think that it would have been more becoming in such a company as that which assembled in the Jerusalem Chamber, as well as more helpful to the reader, if *in really doubtful cases* they had abstained from touching the Authorized Version, but had simply recorded their own conjectural emendations in the margin. How rash and infelicitous, for example, is the following rendering of the famous words in Acts xxvi. 28, 29, which we find thrust upon us without apology or explanation; without, in fact, any marginal note at all:—'*And Agrippa said unto Paul, With but little persuasion thou wouldest fain make me a Christian. And Paul said, I would to GOD, that whether with little or with much, &c. Now this is indefensible. For, in the first place, to get any such meaning out of the words, our Revisionists have been obliged to substitute the fabricated ποιῆσαι (the peculiar property of KAB and a few cursives) for γενέσθαι in ver. 28. Moreover, even so, the words do not yield the required sense. We venture to point out, that this is precisely one of the occasions where the opinion of a first-rate Greek Father is of paramount importance. The moderns confess themselves unable to discover a single instance of the phrase ἐν ὀλίγῳ in the sense of 'within a little.' Cyril of*

¹ Cf. Acts i. 23; xvii. 31. The Latin is '*statuerunt*' or '*constituerunt*.' The Revisionists themselves give '*appointed*' in the second of these places, and '*put forward*' in the first. In both, what becomes of their uniformity?

Jerusalem (A.D. 350) and Chrysostom (A.D. 400), on the contrary, evidently knew that here the expression can mean no other thing; and they were competent judges, seeing that Greek was their native language. 'Such an amount of victorious grace and wisdom did Paul derive from the HOLY SPIRIT' (says Cyril), 'that even King Agrippa at last exclaimed,'¹ &c. From which it is evident that Cyril regarded Agrippa's words as an avowal that he was well-nigh overcome by the Apostle's argument. And so Chrysostom,² who says plainly that ἐν ὀλίγῳ means 'within a little,'³ and assumes that 'within a little' S. Paul had persuaded his judge⁴: even puts παρ' ὀλίγον into Agrippa's mouth.⁵ So also, in effect, Theodoret.⁶ From all which it is reasonable, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, to infer that our A. V. reflects faithfully what was the Church's traditionary interpretation of Acts xxvi. 28 in the first half of the fourth century. Let it only be added that a better judge of such matters than any who frequented the Jerusalem Chamber—the late President of Magdalen, Dr. Routh, —writes: '*Vertendum esse sequentia suadent, Me fere Christianum fieri suades. Interp. Vulgata habet, In modico suades me Christianum fieri.*'⁷ Yes, the Apostle's rejoinder fixes the meaning of what Agrippa had said before.—And this shall suffice. We pass on, only repeating our devout wish that what the Revisionists clearly failed to understand, they would have been so obliging as to let alone. In the present instance the A. V. is probably right and the R. V. wrong. To proceed however.

(4) and (5). There can be no question as to the absolute duty of rendering identical expressions in strictly parallel places of the Gospels by strictly identical language. So far we are wholly at one with the Revisionists. But 'alterations [supposed to be] rendered necessary by consequence' (*Preface*, p. xv), are quite a different matter: and we venture to think that it is precisely in their pursuit of a mechanical uniformity of rendering, that our Revisionists have most often as well as most seriously lost their way. We differ from them in fact in *limine*. 'When a particular word' (say they) 'is found to recur with characteristic frequency in any one of the Sacred Writers, it is obviously desirable to adopt for it some uniform

¹ p. 279.

² καὶ τὸν δικαστὴν εἶπεν ὁ τέως κατὰδικος εἶναι νομιζόμενος καὶ τὴν ἵνικην αὐτὸς δ' χειρωθεὶς ὁμολογεῖ λαμπρᾷ τῇ φωνῇ παρόντων ἀπάντων λέγων, ἐν ὀλίγῳ κ.τ.λ. x. 307 b. (= xii. 433 a).

³ ἐν ὀλίγῳ· τουτέστι παρὰ μικρόν. ix. 391 a.

⁴ καὶ τὸν δικάζοντα μικροῦ μεταπίσαι, ὡς καὶ αὐτὸν ἐκείνον λέγειν, ἐν ὀλίγῳ κ.τ.λ. ii. 516 d.

⁵ iii. 399 d.

⁶ v. 930 (παρ' ὀλίγον).

⁷ MS. Note.

rendering' (p. xvi). Desirable! Yes, but in what sense? It is much to be desired, no doubt, that the English language always contained the exact counterparts of Greek words: and of course, if it did, it would be in the highest degree desirable that a translator should always employ those words and no other. But then it happens unfortunately that *precisely equivalent words do not exist*. Take an ordinary Greek term, *σπλάγχνα*, which occurs 11 times in the N. T., and which the A. V. uniformly renders 'bowels.' Well, and 'bowels' confessedly *σπλάγχνα* are. Yet have our Revisionists felt themselves under the 'necessity' of rendering the word 'heart,' in Col. iii. 12,—*'very heart,'* in Philemon, ver. 12,—*'affections,'* in 2 Cor. vi. 12,—*'inward affection,'* in vii. 15,—*'tender mercies'* in Phil. i. 8,—*'compassion'* in 1 Jo. iii. 17,—*'bowels'* only in Acts i. 18.—These learned men, however, instance, in illustration of their own principle of translation, the word *εὐθέως*,—which occurs about 80 times in the N. T.: nearly half the instances being found in S. Mark's Gospel. We accept their challenge; and assert that it is tasteless barbarism to seek to impose upon *εὐθέως*,—no matter *what* the context in which it stands,—the sense of *'straightway,'* only because *εὐθύς*, the adjective, generally (not always) means 'straight.' Where a miracle of healing is described (as in Matth. viii. 3: xx. 34: Lu. v. 13), since the benefit was no doubt instantaneous, it is surely the mere instinct of 'faithfulness' to translate *εὐθέως* *'immediately.'* So, in respect of the sudden act which saved Peter from sinking (xiv. 31); and that punctual cock-crow (xxvi. 74), which (S. Luke says) did not so much follow, as *accompany* his denial (xxii. 60). But surely not so, when *the growth of a seed* is the thing spoken of (xiii. 5). Acts again, which must needs have occupied some little time in the doing, reasonably suggest some such rendering as *'forthwith'* or *'straightway,'*—(e.g. S. Matth. xiv. 22: xxi. 2 and S. John vi. 21): while, in 3 John ver. 14, the meaning (as the Revisionists confess) can only be *'shortly.'* So plain a matter really ought not to require so many words. We repeat, that the Revisionists set out with a mistaken principle. They clearly do not thoroughly understand their trade.

They invite our attention (*Preface*, p. xix) to their rendering of the Greek Tenses, and of the Greek Article. We regret to discover that, in both respects, their work is disfigured throughout by changes which convict a majority of their body alike of an imperfect acquaintance with the genius of the Greek language, and of scarcely a moderate appreciation of the idiom-atic proprieties of their own. Such a charge must of neces-
sity,

sity, when it has been substantiated, press heavily upon such a work as the present: for it is not as when a solitary error has been detected, which may be rectified. A vicious system of rendering Tenses and representing the Greek Article is sure to crop up in every part of the undertaking, and must occasionally be attended by consequences of a serious nature.

1. Now, that we may not be misunderstood, we admit at once that, in teaching *boys* how to turn Greek into English, we insist that every tense shall be marked by its own appropriate sign. There is no telling how helpful it will prove in the end, that every word shall at first have been rendered with painful accuracy. Let the Article be [mis-]represented—the Prepositions caricatured—the Particles magnified,—let the very order of the words at first, (however impossible), be religiously maintained. Merciless accuracy having been in this way acquired, a youth has to be *untaught* these servile habits. He has to be reminded of the requirements of the *English idiom*, and speedily becomes aware that the idiomatic rendering of a Greek author into English is a higher achievement by far than his former endeavour always to render the same word and tense in the same slavish way.

2. But what supremely annoys us in the work just now under review is, that the schoolboy method of translation already noticed is therein exhibited in constant operation throughout. It becomes oppressive. We are never permitted to believe that we are in the company of scholars who are altogether masters of their own language. Their solicitude ever seems to be twofold: (1) To exhibit a singular indifference to the proprieties of English speech, while they maintain a servile adherence (etymological or idiomatic, as the case may be) to the Greek: (2) Right or wrong, to part company from William Tyndale and the giants who gave us our Authorized Version.

Take a few illustrations of what precedes from the second chapter of S. Matthew's Gospel.

(1.) Thus, in ver. 2, the correct English rendering '*we have seen*' is made to give place to the incorrect '*we saw his star in the east.*'—In ver. 9, the idiomatic '*when they had heard the king, they departed,*' is rejected for the unidiomatic '*And they, having heard the king, went their way.*'—In ver. 15, we are treated to 'that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the LORD *through* the prophet, saying, Out of Egypt *did I call* my son.' And yet who sees not, that in both instances the old rendering is better? Important as it may be *in the lecture-room* to insist on what is implied by τὸ ῥηθὲν ὑπο τοῦ κυρίου δια τοῦ προφήτου, it is simply preposterous to *come abroad* with such refinements. It is to stultify oneself and to render one's author unintelligible.

unintelligible. Moreover, the attempt to be so wondrous literal is safe to break down at the end of a few verses. Thus, if *διά* is 'through' in ver. 15, why not in ver. 17 and in ver. 23?

(2.) Note how infelicitously, in Matth. ii. 1, 'there came wise men from the east' is changed into '*wise men from the east came*.'—In ver. 4, the accurate, 'And when [Herod] had gathered together' (*συναγαγόν*) &c., is displaced for the inaccurate, 'And *gathering together*' &c.—In ver. 6, we are presented with the unintelligible, 'And thou *Bethlehem, land of Judah*;' while in ver. 7, 'Then Herod *privily called* the wise men, and *learned of them carefully*,' is improperly put in the place of 'Then Herod, when he had *privily called* the wise men, enquired of them *diligently*' (*ἠκρίβωσε παρ' αὐτῶν*).—In ver. 11, the familiar 'And when they were come into the house, they saw' &c., is needlessly changed into 'They *came into the house*, and saw': while 'and when they had opened (*ἀνοίξαντες*) their treasures,' is also needlessly altered into 'and *opening* their treasures.'—In ver. 12, the R. V. is careful to print '*of GOD*' in italics, where italics are not necessary: seeing that *χρηματισθέντες* implies 'being warned of GOD' (as the translators of 1611 were well aware¹): whereas in countless other places the same Revisionists reject the use of italics where italics are absolutely required.—Their 'until I *tell thee*' (in ver. 13) is a most unworthy substitute for 'until I *bring thee word*.'—And will they pretend that they have improved the rendering of the concluding words of the chapter? If *Ναζωραῖος κληθήσεται* does not mean 'He shall be called a Nazarene,' what in the world *does* it mean? The *ὅτι* of quotation they elsewhere omit. Then why—'That it might be fulfilled . . . *that*'?—Surely, every one of these is an alteration made for alteration's sake, and always *for the worse*.

We began by surveying *the Greek* of the first chapter of S. Matthew's Gospel. We have now surveyed *the English* of the second chapter. What does the reader think of the result?

IV. Next, the Revisionists invite attention to certain points of detail: and first, to their rendering of THE TENSES OF THE VERB. They begin with the Greek Aorist,—(in their account) 'perhaps the most important' detail of all:—

'We have not attempted to violate the idiom of our language by forms of expression which it would not bear. But we have often ventured to represent the Greek aorist by the English preterite, even when the reader may find some passing difficulty in such a rendering, because we have felt convinced that the true meaning of the original

¹ And the Revisionists: for see Rom. xi. 4.

was obscured by the presence of the familiar auxiliary. A remarkable illustration may be found in the seventeenth chapter of S. John's Gospel.—*Preface*, p. xvii.

(a) We turn to the place indicated, and are constrained to assure these learned and excellent men, that the phenomenon we there witness is absolutely fatal to their pretensions as *Revisers* of our Authorized Version. Were it only 'some passing difficulty' which their method occasions us, we might have hoped that time would enable us to overcome it. But since it is the *genius of the English language* to which we find they have offered violence; the fixed and universally-understood idiom of our native tongue which they have systematically set at defiance; the matter is absolutely without remedy. The difference between the A. V. and the R. V. seems to ourselves to be simply this,—that the renderings in the former are the idiomatic English representations of certain well-understood Greek tenses: while the proposed substitutes are nothing else but the pedantic efforts of mere grammarians to reproduce in another language idioms which it disowns. But the reader shall judge for himself: for *this* at least is a point on which every educated Englishman is fully competent to pass sentence.

When our Divine LORD, at the close of His Ministry,—(He had in fact reached the very last night of His earthly life, and it wanted but a few hours of His Passion,)—when He, at such a moment, addressing the Eternal FATHER, says, *ἐγὼ σε ἐδόξασα ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς· τὸ ἔργον ἐτελείωσα . . . ἐφανέρωσά σου τὸ ὄνομα τοῖς ἀνθρώποις*, &c., there can be no doubt whatever that, had He pronounced those words in English, He would have said (with our A.V.) 'I have glorified Thee on the earth: I have finished the work: 'I have manifested Thy Name.' The pedantry which (on the plea that the Evangelist employs the aorist, not the perfect tense,) would twist all this into the indefinite past, — 'I glorified' . . . 'I finished' . . . 'I manifested,'—we vote altogether insufferable. We absolutely refuse it a hearing. Presently (in ver. 14) He says,—'I have given them Thy word; and the world *hath hated them*.' And in ver. 25,—'O righteous FATHER, the world *hath not known* Thee; but I *have known* Thee, and these *have known* that Thou *hast sent* Me.' *Who* would consent to substitute for these expressions,—'the world hated them: ' and 'the world knew Thee not, but I knew Thee; and these knew that Thou didst send Me'?—Or turn to another Gospel. *Which* is better in Matth. xvi. 7:—'we took no bread,' or 'It is because *we have taken* no bread'?—Again. When Simon Peter (in reply to the command that he should thrust out into deep water and let down

down his net for a draught,) is heard to exclaim,—‘Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing: nevertheless at Thy word I will let down the net’ (Lu. v. 5),—*who* would tolerate the proposal to put in the place of it,—‘Master, *we toiled all night*, and *took* nothing: but at Thy word,’ &c. It is not too much to declare that the idiom of the English language refuses peremptorily to submit to such handling. Quite in vain is it to encounter us with reminders that *κοπιάσαντες* and *ἐλάβομεν* are aorists. The answer is,—We know it: but we deny that it follows that the words are to be rendered ‘we *toiled* all night, and *took* nothing.’ There are laws of English idiom as well as laws of Greek grammar: and when these clash in what is meant to be a translation into English out of Greek, the latter must perforce give way to the former,—or we make ourselves ridiculous, and misrepresent what we propose to translate.

All this is so undeniable that it ought not to require to be insisted upon. But in fact our Revisionists by their occasional practice show that they fully admit the principle we are contending for. Thus, *ἦραν* (in Jo. xx. 2) is translated in the R.V. ‘they have taken’:—*ἵνατί με ἐγκατέλιπες*; (Matth. xxvii. 46) ‘Why hast Thou forsaken Me?’¹:—*ἔδειξα* (x. 32) ‘have I showed’:—*ἀπέστειλε* (vi. 29) ‘He hath sent’:—*ἡτιμάσατε* (Jam. ii. 6) ‘ye have despised’:—*ἐκαθάρισε* (Acts x. 15) ‘hath cleansed’:—*ἔστησεν* (xvii. 31) ‘He hath appointed’:—*οὐ γέγονε* (Mark xiii. 19) ‘hath not been.’ But now, *who* sees not that the admission, once and again deliberately made, that sometimes it is not only lawful, but even *necessary*, to accommodate the Greek aorist (when translated into English) with the sign of the perfect,—reduces the whole matter (of the signs of the tenses) to a mere question of *taste*? In view of such instances as the preceding, where severe logical necessity has compelled the Revisionists to abandon their position and fly, it is plain that their contention is at an end, so far as *right* and *wrong* are concerned. They virtually admit that they have been all along unjustly forcing on an independent language an alien yoke. Henceforth, it simply becomes a question to be repeated as every fresh emergency arises,—Which then is the *more idiomatic* of these two English renderings? Conversely, twice at least (Heb. xi. 17 and 28), the Revisionists have represented the *Greek perfect* by the English indefinite preterite.

(b) Besides this offensive pedantry in respect of the Aorist, we are often annoyed by an *unidiomatic* rendering of the Im-

¹ Even here they cannot abstain from putting in the margin the peculiarly infelicitous alternative,—‘Why didst thou forsake me?’

perfect. True enough it is that 'the servants and the officers *were standing* . . . and *were warming* themselves:' Peter also '*was standing* with them and *was warming* himself' (Jo. xviii. 18). But we do not so express ourselves in English unless we are about to add something which shall *account for* our particularity and precision. Anyone, for example, desirous of stating what had been for years his daily practice, would say—'*I left* my house.' Only when he wanted to explain that, on leaving it for the 1000th time, he met a friend coming up the steps to pay him a visit, would an Englishman think of saying, '*I was leaving* the house.' A Greek writer would not *trust* this to the imperfect. He would use the present participle in the dative case, ('*To me, leaving my house,*'¹ &c.). One is astonished to have to explain such things . . . 'If therefore thou *art offering* thy gift at the altar' (Matth. v. 23), may seem to some a clever translation. To ourselves, it reads like an exaggeration of the original.² It sounds (and *is*) as unnatural as to say (in Lu. ii. 33) 'And His father [a depravation of the text] and His mother *were marvelling* at the things which were spoken concerning Him:—or (in Heb. xi. 17) 'yea, he that had received the promises *was offering up* his only begotten son':—or, of the cripple at Lystra (Acts xiv. 9), 'the same heard Paul *speaking*.'

(c) On the other hand, there are occasions confessedly when the Greek Aorist absolutely demands to be rendered into English by the sign of the *Pluperfect*. An instance meets us while we write: *ὡς δὲ ἐπαύσατο λαλῶν* (Lu. v. 4),—where our Revisionists are found to retain the idiomatic rendering of our Authorized Version,—'When He *had left* speaking.' Of what possible avail could it be, on such an occasion, to insist that, because *ἐπαύσατο* is not in the pluperfect tense, it may not be accommodated with the *sign* of the pluperfect when it is being translated into English?—The R. V. has shown less consideration in Jo. xviii. 24,—where 'Now Annas *had sent* Him bound unto Caiaphas the high priest,' is right and wanted no revision.—Such places as Matth. xxvii. 60, Acts xii. 17, and Heb. iv. 8, on the other hand, simply defy the Revisionists. For perforce Joseph of Arimathea '*had hewn out*' (*ἐλατόμῃσε*) the new tomb which he gave to CHRIST: and S. Peter, of course, 'declared unto them how the LORD *had brought him out* of the prison' (*ἐξήγαγεν*): and it is impossible to substitute anything for 'If Jesus (Joshua) *had given* them rest' (*κατέπαυσεν*).—Then of course there are occasions, (not a few), where the aorist (often

¹ Comp. S. Matth. viii. 1, 5, 23, 28; ix. 27, 28; xxi. 23.

² Ἐάν οὖν προσφέρῃς.

an indefinite present in Greek) claims to be Englished by the sign of the present tense: as where S. John says (Rev. xix. 6), 'The LORD GOD Omnipotent reigneth' (*ἐβασίλευσε*).

It shall only be pointed out here in addition for the student's benefit that there is one highly interesting place (viz. S. Matth. xxviii. 2), which in every age has misled Divines (as Eusebius), Poets (as Rogers), Painters (as West),—yes, and will continue to mislead readers for many a year to come;—and all because men have failed to perceive that the aorist is used there for the pluperfect. Translate,—'There *had been* a great earthquake: for the Angel of the LORD *had* descended from heaven, and come and *rolled away* (*ἀπεκύλισε*) the stone from the door, and sat upon it.' Strange, that for 1800 years no Commentator should have perceived that the Evangelist is describing what terrified 'the keepers.' 'The women' saw no Angel sitting upon the stone!

(d) Then further (to dismiss the subject and pass on), there are occasions where the Greek *perfect* exacts the sign of the *present* at the hands of the English translator: as when Martha says,—'Yea LORD, *I believe* that Thou art the CHRIST' (Jo. xi. 27).¹ What else but the veriest pedantry is it to thrust in there '*I have believed*,' as the English equivalent for *πεπίστευκα*?—On the other hand, there are Greek *presents* (whatever the Revisionists may think) which are just as peremptory in requiring the *sign of the future*, at the hands of the idiomatic translator into English. Three such cases are found in Jo. xvi. 16, 17, 19. Surely the future is *inherent* in the present *ἔρχομαι*! In Jo. xiv. 18 (and many similar places), *who* can endure, 'I will not leave you desolate: *I come unto you*'?

(e) On the other hand, how does it happen that the inaccurate rendering of *ἐκκόπτεται*—*ἐκβάλλεται*—has been retained in Matth. iii. 10, Lu. iii. 9?

V. Next concerning the DEFINITE ARTICLE; in the case of which, say the Revisionists,

'many changes have been made': we have been careful to observe the use of the Article wherever it seemed to be idiomatically possible: where it did not seem to be possible, we have yielded to necessity.'—P. xix.

In reply, instead of offering counter-statements of our own, we content ourselves with submitting a few specimens to the Reader's judgment; and invite him to decide between the reviewer and the reviewed:—'*The sower went forth to sow*' (Matth. xiii. 3). '*It is greater than the herbs*' (ver. 32). '*Let*

¹ So also Heb. xi. 17, 28. And see the R.V. of S. James i. 11.

him be to thee as *the* Gentile and *the* publican' (xviii. 17). 'The unclean spirit, when he is gone out of *the* man' (xii. 43). 'Did I not choose you *the* twelve?' (Jo. vi. 70). 'If I then, *the* Lord and *the* master' (xiii. 14). 'For *the* joy that a man is born into the world' (xvi. 21). 'Alexander . . . would have made a defence unto the people' (Acts xix. 33). 'But as touching Apollos *the* brother' (1 Cor. xvi. 12). '*The* Bishop must be blameless . . . able to exhort in *the* sound doctrine' (Tit. i. 7, 9). '*The* lust when it hath conceived, beareth sin: and *the* sin, when it is full grown' &c. (Ja. i. 15). 'Doth *the* fountain send forth from the same opening sweet water and bitter' (iii. 11). 'Speak thou the things which befit *the* sound doctrine' (Tit. ii. 1). 'The time will come when they will not endure *the* sound doctrine' (2 Tim. iv. 3). 'Thus shall be richly supplied unto you *the* entrance,' &c. (2 Pet. i. 11). 'Who is *the* liar but he that denieth that JESUS is the CHRIST?' (1 Jo. ii. 22). 'Not with *the* water only, but with *the* water and with *the* blood' (v. 6). 'He that hath the SON, hath *the* life: he that hath not the SON of GOD hath not *the* life' (ver. 12). 'Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of a heavenly calling' (Heb. iii. 1). 'We had *the* fathers of our flesh to chasten us' (xii. 9). 'Follow after peace with all men, and *the* sanctification' (ver. 14). 'An eternal' (for '*the* everlasting') 'gospel to proclaim' (Rev. xiv. 6): 'and one like unto a son of man,' for 'one like unto *the* Son of Man' in ver. 14.—On the other hand, *Κρανίον* is rendered '*The* skull' in S. Lu. xxiii. 33. It is hard to see why.—These instances taken at random must suffice. They might be multiplied to any extent. If the reader considers that the idiomatic use of the English Article is understood by the authors of these specimen cases, we shall be surprised.

VI. The Revisionists announce that they 'have been particularly careful' as to THE PRONOUNS. We recal with regret that this is also a particular wherein we have been specially annoyed or offended. Annoyed—at their practice of *repeating the nominative* (e.g. in Mk. i. 13) to an extent unknown to our language, except indeed when a fresh substantive statement is made: offended—at their license of translation, *when it suits them* to be licentious. Thus (as the Bp. of S. Andrew's has well pointed out), '*it is He that*' is an incorrect translation of *αὐτός* in S. Matth. i. 21,—a famous passage. Even worse, because it is unfair, is '*He who*' as the rendering of *ὅς* in 1 Tim. iii. 16,—another famous passage, which we have discussed elsewhere.¹

VII. 'In the case of THE PARTICLES' (say the Revisionists),

¹ 'Quarterly Review,' No. 304, pp. 361-6.

'We have been able to maintain a reasonable amount of consistency. The Particles in the Greek Testament are, as is well known, comparatively few, and they are commonly used with precision. It has therefore been the more necessary here to preserve a general uniformity of rendering.'—P. xix.

Such an announcement, we submit, is calculated to occasion nothing so much as uneasiness and astonishment. Of all the parts of speech, the Greek Particles,—(especially at the period when the Greek language was in its decadence),—are the least capable of being drilled into 'a general uniformity of rendering'; and he who tries the experiment ought to be the first to be aware of the fact. The refinement and delicacy, which they impart to a narrative or a sentiment, are not to be told. But then, from the very nature of the case, '*uniformity of rendering*' is precisely the thing of which they are incapable. They take their colour from their context: often mean two quite different things in the course of two successive verses: sometimes are best rendered by a long and formidable word;¹ sometimes cannot (without a certain amount of impropriety or inconvenience) be rendered at all.² Let us illustrate what we have been saying by actual appeals to Scripture.

(a) And first, we will derive our proofs from the use which the sacred Writers make of the particle of most frequent recurrence—δέ. It is said to be employed in the N. T. 3115 times. As for its meaning, we have the unimpeachable authority of the Revisionists themselves for saying that it may be represented by any of the following words:—'and,'³ 'but,' 'yea,'⁴ 'what,'⁵ 'now,'⁶ 'and that,'⁷ 'howbeit,'⁸ 'even,'⁹ 'therefore,'¹⁰ 'I say,'¹¹ 'also,'¹² 'yet,'¹³ 'for,'¹⁴ To which 12 renderings, King James's translators (mostly following Tyndale) are observed to add at least these other 12:—'wherefore,'¹⁵ 'so,'¹⁶ 'moreover,'¹⁷ 'yea and,'¹⁸ 'furthermore,'¹⁹ 'nevertheless,'²⁰ 'notwithstanding,'²¹ 'yet but,'²² 'truly,'²³ 'or,'²⁴ 'as for,'²⁵ 'then,'²⁶ 'and

¹ As in S. Matth. xi. 11 and 2 Tim. iv. 17, where δέ is rendered "notwithstanding."

² Eight times in succession in 1 Cor. xii. 8-10, δέ is not represented in the A.V. The ancients felt so keenly what Tyndale, Cranmer, the Geneva, the Rheims, and the A.V. ventured to exhibit, that as often as not they leave out the δέ,—in which our Revisionists twice follow them. The reader of taste is invited to note the precious result of inserting 'and,' as the Revisionists have done six times, where according to the genius of the English language it is not wanted at all.

³ 38 times in the Genealogy, S. Matth. i.

⁴ Rom. ix. 22.

⁵ 1 Cor. xii. 27.

⁶ Rom. xiv. 4.

⁷ Acts xxvii. 26.

⁸ Rom. iii. 22.

⁹ Gal. ii. 4.

¹⁰ 2 Cor. v. 8.

¹¹ S. Mark xv. 31.

¹² S. Mark vi. 29.

¹³ 1 Cor. x. 1.

¹⁴ S. Matth. vi. 30.

¹⁵ S. John xx. 4.

¹⁶ 2 Cor. i. 23.

¹⁷ 2 Cor. vii. 13.

¹⁸ 2 Cor. ii. 12.

¹⁹ 2 Pet. iii. 13.

²⁰ S. Matth. ii. 22.

²¹ 1 Cor. xii. 20.

²² 1 S. John i. 3.

²³ S. Matth. xxv. 39.

²⁴ Acts viii. 3.

²⁵ Rom. xii. 6. yet.'

yet.¹ It shall suffice to add that, by the pitiful substitution of 'but' or 'and' on *most* of the foregoing occasions, the freshness and freedom of almost every passage has been made to disappear: the plain fact being that the men of 1611—above all, that William Tyndale 77 years before them—produced a work of real genius; seizing with generous warmth the meaning and intention of the sacred writers, and perpetually varying the phrase, as they felt or fancied that Evangelists and Apostles would have varied it, had they had to express themselves in English: whereas the men of 1881 have fulfilled their task in what can only be described as a *spirit of servile pedantry*. The Grammarian (pure and simple) crops up everywhere. We seem never to rise above the atmosphere of the lecture-room, and the hypothesis that μέν means 'indeed,' and δέ 'but.' We will subjoin a single specimen of the countless changes introduced in the rendering of particles, and then hasten on. In 1 Cor. xii. 20, for three centuries and a half, Englishmen have been contented to read (with William Tyndale), 'But now are they many members, YET BUT one body.' Our Revisionists, (overcome by the knowledge that δέ means 'but,' and yielding to the supposed 'necessity for preserving a general uniformity of rendering,') substitute,—'*But* now they are many members, *but* one body.' Comment ought to be superfluous. We neither overlook the fact that δέ occurs here twice, nor deny that it is fairly represented by 'but' in the first instance. We assert nevertheless that, on the second occasion, 'YET BUT' ought to have been let alone. And this is a fair sample of the changes which have been effected many times in every page. But to proceed.

(b) The interrogative particle ἤ occurs at the beginning of a sentence at least 8 or 10 times in the N.^oT.; first in S. Matth. vii. 9. It is often scarcely translateable,—being apparently invested with no more emphasis than belongs to our colloquial interrogative 'eh?' But sometimes it would evidently bear to be represented by 'Pray',²—being at least equivalent to φέρε in Greek or age in Latin. Once only (viz. in 1 Cor. xiv. 36) does this interrogative particle so eloquently plead for recognition in the text, that both our A. V. and the R. V. have rendered it 'what?'—by which word, by the way, it might very fairly have been represented in S. Matth. xxvi. 53 and Rom. vi. 3: vii. 1. In five of the places where this word occurs, King James's translators are observed to have given it up in despair.³ But what is to be thought of the adventurous dulness which (with the single exception already indicated) has

¹ S. Matth. vi. 29.

² As in S. Matth. vii. 9; xii. 29: xx. 15. Rom. iii. 29.

³ S. Matth. xx. 15: xxvi. 53. Rom. iii. 29: vi. 3: vii. 1.

invariably

invariably rendered ἢ by the conjunction 'or'? The blunder is the more inexcusable, because the intrusion of such an irrelevant conjunction into places where it is without either use or meaning cannot have failed to attract the notice of every member of the Revising body.

(c) At the risk of being wearisome, we must add a few words.—*Kai*, though no particle but a conjunction, may for our present purpose be reasonably spoken of under the same head; being diversely rendered 'and,' 'and yet',¹ 'then',² 'or',³ 'neither',⁴ 'though',⁵ 'so',⁶ 'but',⁷ 'for',⁸ 'that',⁹—in conformity with what may be called the genius of the English language. The last six of these renderings, however, our Revisionists disallow; everywhere thrusting out the word which the argument seems rather to demand, and with mechanical precision thrusting into its place every time the (perfectly safe, but often palpably inappropriate) word, 'and.' With what amount of benefit this has been effected, a single sample will sufficiently illustrate. The Apostle, having ended his argument, remarks,—*So* we see that they could not enter in because of unbelief' (Heb. iii. 19): for which, our Revisionists substitute 'And.' Begin the sentence with 'AND', (instead of 'So',) and, in compensation for what you have clearly *lost*, what have you *gained*? . . . Once more: consider what S. Paul writes concerning Apollos (in 1 Cor. xvi. 12), and then say what possible advantage is obtained by writing 'AND' (instead of 'BUT') his will was not at all to come at this time'. . . . Yet once more; and on *this* occasion, even scholarship is to some extent involved. When S. James (i. 11) says ἀνέτειλε γὰρ ὁ ἥλιος . . . καὶ ἐξήρανε τὸν χόρτον,—*who* knows not that what his language strictly means in idiomatic English, is,—*No sooner does the sun arise, 'than it withereth the grass'?* And so in effect our Translators of 1611. What possible improvement on this can it be to substitute, 'For the sun ariseth . . . and withereth the grass'?—Only once more. Though *καὶ* undeniably means 'and,' and πῶς, 'how,'—*who* knows not that *καὶ* πῶς means '*How then?*' And yet, (as if a little boy had been at work,) we find in two places '*And how*' mercilessly thrust in (Mk. iv. 13; Lu. xx. 44), to the great detriment of the discourse; while in other two (Jo. xiv. 5, 9), the text itself has been deprived of its characteristic *καὶ* by the Revisionists.—Let this suffice. One might fill a quire of paper with such instances of tasteless, senseless, vexatious, and even unscholarlike innovation.

¹ S. John xvi. 32.² S. Luke xix. 23.³ 2 Cor. xiii. 1.⁴ S. Luke xii. 2.⁵ S. Luke xviii. 7.⁶ S. Luke xiv. 21.⁷ 1 S. John ii. 27.⁸ 1 S. John i. 2.⁹ S. Mark ix. 39.

VIII. 'Many changes' (we are told) 'have been introduced in the rendering of the PREPOSITIONS.' [*Preface*, p. xix.] :—and we are speedily reminded of the truth of the statement, for (as was shown above [p. 22-3]) the second chapter of S. Matthew's Gospel exhibits the Revisionists 'all a-field' in respect of *διά*. 'We have rarely made any change' (they add) 'where the true meaning of the original would be apparent to a *Reader of ordinary intelligence*' (p. xx.). It would of course ill become such an one as the present Reviewer to lay claim to the foregoing flattering designation : but really, when he now for the first time reads (in Acts ix. 25) that the disciples of Damascus let S. Paul down '*through the wall*,' he must be pardoned for regretting the absence of a marginal reference to the history of Pyramus and Thisbe in order to suggest *how* the operation was effected : for, as it stands, the R. V. is to him simply unintelligible. Moreover, inasmuch as the basket (*σπυρίς*), in which the Apostle effected his escape was of considerable size, it is to be borne in mind that the hole must have been an exceedingly large one.

Was it then in order to bring Scripture within the *captus* of 'a Reader of ordinary intelligence' that the Revisers have introduced no less than *thirty changes* into *eight-and-thirty words* of S. Peter's 2nd Epistle? Particular attention is invited to the following interesting specimen of '*Revision*.' It is the only one we shall offer of the many *contrasts* we had marked for insertion. We venture also to enquire, whether the Revisers will consent to abide by it as a specimen of their skill in dealing with the Preposition *ἐν*?

A.V.

'And beside all this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity.'—[2 Pet. i. 5-7.]

R.V.

'Yea, and for this very cause¹ adding² on³ your⁴ part⁵ all diligence,⁶ in⁷ your⁸ faith supply⁹ virtue; and¹⁰ in¹¹ your¹² virtue knowledge; and¹³ in¹⁴ your¹⁵ knowledge temperance; and¹⁶ in¹⁷ your¹⁸ temperance patience; and¹⁹ in²⁰ your²¹ patience godliness; and²² in²³ your²⁴ godliness love of the²⁵ brethren; and²⁶ in²⁷ your²⁸ love of the²⁹ brethren love.'³⁰

IX. The

The foregoing strikes us as a singular illustration of the Revisionists' statement (*Preface*, p. xvi.),—‘we made no change if the meaning was fairly expressed by the word or phrase that was before us in the Authorized Version.’ To ourselves it appears that every one of the 30 changes is a change for the worse, and that one of the most exquisite passages in the N. T. has been hopelessly spoiled,—rendered in fact well-nigh unintelligible,—by the pedantic officiousness of the Revisers. As for their *wooden* rendering of *ἐν*, it ought to suffice to refer them to S. Luke vii. 17, to convince them that *ἐν* sometimes means ‘*throughout*’: and to Col. i. 16, and Heb. i. 1, 2, in proof that sometimes it means ‘*by*.’ On the other hand, their suggestion that *ἐν* may be rendered ‘*by*’ in S. Luke i. 51, convicts them of not being aware that ‘the proud-in-the-imagination-of-their-hearts’ is a *phrase*—in which perforce ‘*by*’ has no business whatever. They are further respectfully assured that it is absurd to speak of ‘casting his sickle *into the earth*’ (Rev. xiv. 19), and ‘pouring out his bowl *upon the air*’ (xvi. 17).

Returning to the preposition *διά*, followed by the genitive,—(in respect of which the Revisionists challenge criticism by their complaint that in the A. V. ‘ideas of instrumentality or of mediate agency, distinctly marked in the original, have been *confused or obscured in the translation*,’)—we have to complain (1) That these learned men seem not to be fully aware that the proprieties of English speech forbid the use of ‘*through*’ (as a substitute for ‘*by*’) in certain expressions where human instrumentality is concerned. Thus, ‘the Son of man’ was not betrayed ‘*through*’ Judas, but ‘*by*’ him (Matth. xxvi. 24: Lu. xxii. 22). Still less may it be said that a prophecy was ‘spoken’ nay ‘*written*’ ‘*through* the prophet’ (Matth. i. 22 and margin of ii. 5). ‘Who spake *by the Prophets*,’ is even an article of the Faith.—And (2) That these Scholars have in consequence adopted a see-saw method of rendering *διά*, sometimes in one way, sometimes in the other. First, they give us ‘wonders and signs done *by* the Apostles’ (Acts ii. 43; but in the margin, ‘Or, *through*’): presently, ‘a notable miracle hath been wrought *through* them’ (iv. 16; margin, ‘Or, *by*’). Is then ‘the true meaning’ of ‘*by*,’ in the former place, ‘apparent to a Reader of ordinary intelligence,’ but so obscure in the latter as to render *necessary* the alteration to ‘*through*’? Or (*sit venia verbo*),—was it a mere ‘toss up’ with the Revisionists *which* is the proper rendering of *διά*?—In an earlier place (ii. 22) we read of ‘miracles, wonders, and signs’ which ‘GOD did *by*’ JESUS of Nazareth. Did reverence, on that occasion, forbid ‘*through*’—even in the margin? We hope so: but the preposition is still

the same—*διὰ* not *ὑπὸ*. . . . Lastly, the doctrine that Creation is the work of the Divine WORD, all Scripture attests. 'All things were made *by* Him' (Jo. i. 3): 'the world was made *by* Him' (ver. 10): 'all things were created *by* Him and for Him' (Col. i. 16). Why then in 1 Cor. viii. 6,—('one GOD, the FATHER, of whom are all things . . . and one LORD JESUS CHRIST, *by* whom are all things'),—do we find '*through*' substituted for '*by*'? Why also, and especially, in Heb. i. 2, in place of '*by* whom also [viz. *by* THE SON] He made the worlds,' do we find substituted '*through* whom'? And why add to this glaring inconsistency the wretched vacillation of giving us the choice of '*through*' in the margin of S. John i. 3 and 10, and not even offering us the alternative of '*by*' in the two last-named places? . . . And so much for the Revisers' handling of the Prepositions.

IX. The MARGIN of the Revision is the last point to which our attention is invited, and in the following terms :—

'The subject of the Marginal Notes deserves special attention. They represent the results of a large amount of careful and elaborate discussion, and will, perhaps, by their very presence, indicate to some extent the intricacy of many of the questions that have almost daily come before us for decision. These Notes fall into four main groups: *first*, notes specifying such differences of reading as were judged to be of sufficient importance to require a particular notice; *secondly*, notes indicating the exact rendering of words to which, for the sake of English idiom, we were obliged to give a less exact rendering in the text; *thirdly*, notes, very few in number, affording some explanation which the original appeared to require; *fourthly*, alternative renderings in difficult or debateable passages. The notes of this last group are numerous, and largely in excess of those which were admitted by our predecessors. In the 270 years that have passed away since their labours were concluded, the Sacred Text has been minutely examined, discussed in every detail, and analysed with a grammatical precision unknown in the days of the last Revision. There has thus been accumulated a large amount of materials that have prepared the way for different renderings, which necessarily came under discussion.'—*Preface*, p. xxi.

When a body of distinguished Scholars bespeak attention to a certain part of their work in such terms as these, it is painful for a Critic to be obliged to declare that he has surveyed this department of their undertaking with even less satisfaction than the rest. So long, however, as he assigns *the grounds* of his dissatisfaction, the reviewed cannot complain. The Reviewer puts himself into their power. If he is mistaken in his censure, his credit is gone. Let us take the groups in order :—

- (1.) Having already stated our objections against the multitudinous

titudinous Notes which specify such *Textual errors* as the Revisionists declined to adopt,—we may be the briefer now. Two instances of the mischief we deplore shall alone be furnished :—

(a) Against the words, ‘And while they *abode* in Galilee’ (S. Matthew xvii. 22), we find it stated,—‘Some ancient authorities read *were gathering themselves together*.’ The plain English of which queer piece of information is that A and B exhibit in this place an impossible and untranslatable reading,—the substitution of which for ἀναστρεφόμενων δὲ αὐτῶν can only have proceeded from some Western critic, who was sufficiently unacquainted with the Greek language to suppose that ΣΤΝ-στρεφόμενων δὲ αὐτῶν, might possibly be the exact equivalent for *CON-versantibus autem illis*. This is not the place for discussing a kind of hallucination which prevailed largely in the earliest age, especially in regions where Greek was habitually read through Latin spectacles. (Thus it was, obviously, that the preposterous substitution of EURAQUILO for ‘Euroclydon,’ in Acts xxvii. 14, took its rise.) Such blunders would be laughable if encountered anywhere except on holy ground. Apart, however, from the lamentable lack of critical judgment which a marginal note like the present displays, what is to be thought of the scholarship which proposes to elicit ‘*While they were gathering themselves together*’ out of συστρεφόμενων δὲ αὐτῶν? Are we to suppose that the clue to the Revisers’ blunder is to be found in Acts xxviii. 3? We should be sorry to think it. They are assured that the source of the *Textual* blunder is Baruch iii. 38.

(b) For what imaginable reason is the world to be informed that, instead of *Melita*, ‘some ancient authorities read *Melitene*,’ in Acts xxviii. 1? Is every pitiful blunder of Cod. B to live on in the margin of every Englishman’s copy of the New Testament, for ever? Why, *all* other MSS.—the Syriac and the Latin versions,—Cyril of Jerusalem (p. 279), and Chrysostom (ix. 400), and John Damascene (ii. 707),—all the Fathers in short who quote the place;—the coins, the ancient geographers;—*all* read Μελίτη; which has also been acquiesced in by every critical editor of the N. T.—(excepting always Drs. Westcott and Hort), from the invention of printing till now. But because these two respected scholars, without apology, explanation, note or comment of any kind, have adopted ‘*Melitene*’ into their text, is the Church of England to be dragged through the mire also, and made ridiculous in the eyes of Christendom? This blunder moreover is ‘gross as a mountain, open, palpable.’ One glance at the place, written in uncials, explains how it

arose :—ΜελιτηΗΗΗσσοσκαλειται. Some stupid scribe (as the reader sees) has connected the first syllable of *νησος* with the last syllable of *Μελιτη*.¹ That is all!

(2) and (4). The second and the fourth group will be most conveniently considered together. The former comprises those words of which the *less exact* (but more idiomatic) rendering finds place in the Text :—the latter, comprehends '*Alternative renderings* in difficult and debateable passages.'

We presume that here our attention is specially invited to such notes as the following. Against S. John i. 14,—'*an only begotten from a father*':—against 1 Pet. iii. 20,—'*into which few, that is, eight souls, were brought safely through water*':—against 2 Pet. iii. 7,—'*stored with fire*':—against S. Jo. xviii. 37,—'*Thou sayest it, because I am a king*':—against Ephes. iii. 21,—'*All the generations of the age of the ages*':—against Jude ver. 14,—'*His holy myriads*':—against Heb. xii. 18,—'*a palpable and kindled fire*':—against Lu. xvi. 31,—'*Child, thou art ever with me*':—against Matth. xxi. 28,—'*Child, go work to-day in my vineyard*':—against xxiv. 3,—'*What shall be the sign of Thy presence, and of the consummation of the age*':—against Mk. iv. 29,—'*When the fruit alloweth [and why not 'yieldeth itself' ?], straightway he sendeth forth the sickle*':—against xiv. 65,—'*received Him with strokes of rods*':—against Lu. ii. 29,—'*Master, now lettest thou Thy bond-servant depart in peace*':—against Acts iv. 24,—'*O Master, thou that didst make the heaven and the earth*':—against Lu. i. 78,—'*Because of the heart of mercy of our GOD*.' Concerning all such renderings we will but say, that they are better in the margin than in the text: but would have been best in neither.

Not a few marginal glosses might have been dispensed with. Thus, against διδάσκαλος, upwards of 50 times stands the marginal note, '*Or, teacher*.'—ἄρτος, (another word of perpetual recurrence,) is every time explained to mean '*a loaf*.' It is hard to see why, seeing that φαγεῖν ἄρτον (Luke xiv. 1) can mean nothing else but '*to eat bread*': not to mention the petition for '*daily bread*' in the LORD's prayer. But these learned men do not spare us even when mention is made of '*taking the children's bread* and casting it to the dogs' (Mk. vii. 27): while in the inquiry,—'*If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father*' (Lu. xi. 11), '*loaf*' is actually thrust into the text.—May we be allowed to suggest, that it would have been better worth while to explain that ἀρχαί in S. Peter's vision (Acts x. 11; xi. 5) in strictness means not '*corners*,' but '*beginnings*,'

¹ The circumstance is noticed and explained in the same way by Dr. Field, in his *Otium Norvicense*.

[Cf. Gen. ii. 10]: that τὴν πρώτην (in Lu. xv. 22) is literally 'the first' [Cf. Gen. iii. 7] (not the best) robe': that ἀληθινός (e.g. in Lu. xvi. 11: Jo. i. 9: vi. 32; and especially in xv. 1 and Heb. viii. 2 and ix. 24) means 'very' or 'real' rather than 'true'? And when two different words are employed (as in S. Jo. xxi. 15, 16, 17:—S. Mk. vii. 33, 35, &c. &c.), would it not have been as well to try to represent them?

(3.) The third group consists of *Explanatory Notes* required by the obscurity of the original. Such must be the annotation against S. Matth. v. 22: 'Or, *Moreh*, a Hebrew expression of condemnation'; which statement by the way proves to be incorrect. The word is not Hebrew, but Greek.—And this, against 'Maran atha' in 1 Cor. xvi. 22,—'That is, *Our LORD cometh*:' which also proves to be a mistake. The phrase means '*Our LORD is come*,'—which represents a widely different notion.¹ Surely a room-full of learned men ought to have made more sure of their facts before they ventured to compromise the Church of England after this fashion!—By the way, is it quite certain that μύλος ὀνικός [in Matth. xvii. 6 and Lu. xvii. 2 (not Mk. ix. 42)] signifies 'a mill-stone turned by an ass'? Hilary certainly thought so: but is the thing at all likely? What if it should appear that μύλος ὀνικός merely denotes the upper mill-stone (λίθος μυλικός, as S. Mark calls it,—the stone that grinds), and which we know was called ὄνος by the ancients?²—Why is 'the brook Cedron' (Jo. xviii. 1) first spelt 'Kidron,' and then explained to mean 'of the cedars'? which 'Kidron' no more means than 'Kishon' means 'of the cypresses,'—(though the Septuagintal usage [Judges iv. 13: Ps. lxxxii. 9] shows that τῶν κισσῶν was its common Hellenistic designation). 'Infelicitous' is the mildest epithet we can bestow upon marginal annotations crude and inaccurate as these.—Then further, 'Simon, the son of Jona' (in Jo. i. 42 and xxi. 15) is for the first time introduced to our notice by the Revisionists as 'the son of John': with an officious marginal annotation that in Greek the name is written 'Ioanes.' But is it fair in the Revisers (we humbly ask) to thrust in this way the bêtises of their favourite codex B upon us? In no codex in the world, except the Vatican codex B, is 'Ioannes' spelt 'Ioanes' in this place. Besides, the name of Simon Peter's father was not 'John' at all, but 'Jona,'—as appears from S. Matth. xvi. 7, and the present two places in S. John's Gospel; where the evidence against

¹ See Dr. Field's delightful *Otium Norvicense* (Pars tertia), 1881, pp. 1-4 and 110, 111. This masterly contribution to Sacred Criticism ought to be in the hands of every student of Scripture.

² See Hesychius and the notes.

'Ioannes' is overwhelming. Surely the office of marginal notes ought to be to assist, not to perplex and mislead plain readers!—The information is volunteered (against Matth. xxvi. 36 and Mk. xiv. 32) that χωρίον means in Greek, '*an enclosed piece of ground.*' The statement seems to have proceeded from the same individual who translated ἀμφοδόν (in Mk. xi. 4) the '*open street*': whereas the word denotes nothing else but the '*high-way*,'—literally the '*thoroughfare.*' As for χωρίον, the information supplied is even incorrect.

A little familiarity with the Septuagint might have secured us from some of these notes. Πάσας τὰς ἡμέρας for instance (Matth. xxviii. 20) is a known expression for '*always*,' and therefore should hardly be exhibited as a curiosity,—'*Gr. all the days.*'—So with respect to the word αἰών, which seems to have greatly troubled the Revisionists. What need, *every time it occurs*, to explain that εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων means literally '*unto the ages of the ages*'? Surely (as in Ps. xlv. 6; quoted Heb. i. 8,) the established rendering ('*for ever and ever*') is plain enough and needs no gloss!—The numeral εἷς, representing the Hebrew substitute for the indefinite article, prevails throughout the Septuagint. Examples of its use occur in the N. T. in Matth. viii. 19 and ix. 18;—xxvi. 69 (μία παιδίσκη), Mk. xii. 42: and in Rev. viii. 13: ix. 13: xviii. 21 and xix. 17;—where '*one scribe*,' '*one ruler*,' '*one widow*,' '*one eagle*,' '*one voice*,' '*one angel*,' are really nothing else but mistranslations.—Far more serious, however, is the substitution of '*having a great priest over the house of God*' (Heb. x. 21), for '*having an high priest*': for this obscures 'the pointed reference to our LORD as the antitype of the Jewish high priest,'—who (except in Lev. iv. 3) is designated, not ἀρχιερεύς, but either ὁ ἱερεὺς ὁ μέγας, or else ὁ ἱερεὺς only,—as in Acts v. 24.¹

Two or three of the foregoing examples refer to matters of a recondite nature. Not so the majority of the annotations which belong to this third group; and which we have examined not without surprise and wonder. We find that singular partiality has been shown to certain words. Δούλος, occurring upwards of 100 times in the New Testament, is invariably honoured with 2 lines to itself, to explain that in Greek it is '*bondservant.*' About 60 times, δαιμόνια is explained in the margin to be '*demons*' in the Greek.²—Shall we be thought hard to please if we avow that we rather desiderate notes on matters which really

¹ See an interesting letter in the '*Guardian*' (14 Dec.), p. 1794.

² Was it necessary *fifteen times* to devote *three lines* to the value of '*a penny*'?
do

do call for explanation? as, to be reminded of what kind was the 'net' (*ἀμφίβληστρον*) mentioned in Matth. iv. 18 (*not* 20), and Mk. i. 16 (*not* 18):—to see it explained (against Matth. ii. 23) that *netser* (the root of 'Nazareth') denotes 'Branch':—and against Matth. iii. 5; Lu. iii. 3, that *ἡ περὶ ἰχθῶρος τοῦ Ἰορδάνου*, signifies 'the depressed valley of the Jordan,' as the usage of the LXX. proves.¹—At least in the margin, we might have been told that 'Olivet' is the true rendering of Lu. xix. 29 and xxi. 37: or were the Revisionists not aware of the fact? They are respectfully referred to the Bishop of Lincoln's note on the place last quoted.

(5.) Under which of the four previous 'groups' certain annotations which disfigure the margin of the first chapter of S. Matthew's Gospel, should fall,—we know not. Let them be briefly considered by themselves. So dull of comprehension are we, that we fail to see on what principle the information is supplied that 'Ram,' 'Asa,' 'Amon,' 'Shealtiel,' are in Greek ('Gr.') severally, 'Aram,' 'Asaph,' 'Amos,' 'Salathiel.' For (1),—Surely it was just as needful (or just as needless) to explain that 'Perez,' 'Zarah,' 'Hezron,' 'Nahson,' are in Greek 'Phares,' 'Zara,' 'Esrom,' 'Naasson.'—But (2), Through what 'necessity' are the names, which we have been hitherto contented to read as the Evangelist wrote them, now exhibited on the first page of the Gospel in any other way?—(3) Assuming, however, the O. T. spelling *is* to be adopted, then *let us have it explained to us why 'Jeconiah' in ver. 11 is not written 'Jehoiakim'?* (As for 'Jeconiah' in ver. 12,—it was for the Revisionists to settle whether they would call him 'Jehoiachin,' 'Jeconiah,' or 'Coniah.' [By the way,—Is it lawful to suppose that *they did not know* that 'Jechonias' here represents two different persons?])—On the other hand, (4) 'Amos' probably, —'Asaph' certainly,—are corrupt exhibitions of 'Amon' and 'Asa': and, if noticed at all, should have been introduced to the reader's notice with the customary formula, 'some ancient authorities,' &c.—To proceed, (5), Why write 'Immanuel' in ver. 23,—only to have to state in the margin that S. Matthew writes it 'Emmanuel'? By strict parity of reasoning, against 'Naphtali' (in ch. iv. 13, 15), should be written 'Gr. *Nephthaleim*.'—And (6), If this is to be the rule of Revision, then why are we not told that 'Mary is in "Gr. *Mariam*"?' and why is not Zacharias written 'Zachariah'? . . . But what is the object of all this officiousness? and (its unavoidable adjunct) all this inconsistency? Has the spelling of the 42 names

¹ From Professor Gandell.

been revolutionized, in order to sever with the Past and to make 'a fresh departure'? And were the four marginal notes added *only for the sake of magisterially assuming* that King Asa's name was written '*Asaph*' by the Evangelist—in conformity with six MSS. of bad character, but in plain defiance of history, documentary evidence, and internal probability?

X. We must needs advert again to the ominous admission made in the Revisionists' *Preface*, (p. xvi.), that to some extent they recognized the duty of a '*rigid adherence to the rule of translating, as far as possible, the same Greek word by the same English word.*' This mistaken principle of theirs lies at the root of so much of the mischief, that it calls for fuller consideration at our hands than it has yet received.

The 'Translators' of 1611, towards the close of their long and quaint address 'to the Reader,' offer the following statement concerning what had been their own practice:—'We have not tied ourselves' (say they) '*to an uniformity of phrasing, or to an identity of words, as some peradventure would wish that we had done.*' On this, they presently enlarge. We have been 'especially careful,' have even 'made a conscience,' 'not to vary from the sense of that which we had translated before, if the word signified the same thing in both places.' But then, (as they shrewdly point out in passing,) '*there be some words that be not of the same sense everywhere.*' And had this been the sum of their avowal, no one with a spark of taste or with the least appreciation of what constitutes real scholarship would have been found to differ from them. Nay, even when they go on to explain that they have not thought it desirable to insist on invariably expressing 'the same notion' by employing 'the same particular word';—(which they illustrate by instancing terms which, in their account, may with advantage be diversely rendered in different places;);—we are still disposed to avow ourselves of their mind. 'If' (say they,) 'we translate the Hebrew or Greek word once *purpose*, never to call it *intent*; if one where *journeying*, never *travelling*; if one where *think*, never *suppose*; if one where *pain*, never *ache*; if one where *joy*, never *gladness*;—thus to mince the matter, we thought to savour more of curiosity than of wisdom.' And yet it is plain that a different principle is here indicated from that which went before. The remark 'that niceness in words was always counted the next step to trifling,' suggests that, in the Translators' opinion, it matters little *which* word, in the several pairs of words they instance, is employed; and that, for their own parts, they rather rejoice in the ease and freedom which an enlarged vocabulary supplies to a Translator of Holy Scripture. Here
also

also however, as already hinted, we are disposed to go along with them. Rhythm, subtle associations of thought, proprieties of diction which are rather to be felt than analysed,—any of such causes may reasonably determine a translator to reject ‘purpose,’ ‘journey,’ ‘think,’ ‘pain,’ ‘joy,’—in favour of ‘intent,’ ‘travel,’ ‘suppose,’ ‘ache,’ ‘gladness.’

But then it speedily becomes evident that, at the bottom of all this, there existed in the minds of the Revisionists of 1611 a profound (shall we not rather say a *prophetic*?) consciousness, that the fate of the English language itself was bound up with the fate of their Translation. Hence their reluctance to incur the responsibility of tying themselves ‘to an uniformity of phrasing, or to an identity of words.’ We should be liable to censure (such is their plain avowal), ‘if we should say, as it were, unto certain words, Stand up higher, have a place in the Bible always; and to others of like quality, Get you hence, be banished for ever.’ This, to say the least, is to introduce a distinct and a somewhat novel consideration. We would not be thought to deny that there is some—perhaps a great deal—of truth in it: but by this time we seem to have entirely shifted our ground. And we more than suspect that, if a jury of English scholars of the highest mark could be impanelled to declare their mind on the subject thus submitted to their judgment, there would be practical unanimity among them in declaring, that these learned men,—with whom all avow hearty sympathy, and whose taste and skill all would eagerly acknowledge,—have occasionally pushed the license they enunciate so vigorously, a little—perhaps a great deal—too far. For ourselves, we are glad to be able to subscribe cordially to the sentiment on this head expressed by the author of the Preface of 1881:

‘They seem’ (he says, speaking of the Revisionists of 1611) ‘to have been guided by the feeling that their Version would secure for the words they used a lasting place in the language; and they express a fear lest they should “be charged (by scoffers) with some unequal dealing towards a great number of good English words,” which, without this liberty on their part, would not have a place in the pages of the English Bible. Still it cannot be doubted that their studied avoidance of uniformity in the rendering of the same words, even when occurring in the same context, is one of the blemishes in their work.’—P. vii.–viii.

Yes, it cannot be doubted. When S. Paul, in a long and familiar passage (2 Cor. i. 3–7), is observed studiously to linger over the same word (*παράκλησις* namely, which is generally rendered ‘comfort’);—to harp upon it;—to reproduce it *ten times* in the course of those five verses;—it is simply unreasonable

able that a Translator, as if in defiance of the Apostle, should on four occasions (viz. when the word comes back for the 6th, 7th, 9th, and 10th times), for '*comfort*' substitute '*consolation*.' And this one example may serve as well as a hundred. It would really seem as if the Revisionists of 1611 had thought it a graceful achievement to vary the English phrase even on occasions where a marked identity of expression characterizes the original Greek. '*Goodly apparel*,' in S. James ii. 2, in ver. 3 is turned into '*gay clothing*.'

But if the learned men who gave us our A. V. erred on the side of excess, our Revisionists have sinned far more grievously and with greater injury to the deposit, by their slavish proclivity to the opposite form of error. We must needs speak out plainly: for the question before us is not, What defects are discoverable in our Authorized Version?—but, What amount of gain would be likely to accrue to the Church if the present Revision were accepted as a substitute? And we assert without hesitation, that the amount of certain loss would so largely outweigh the amount of possible gain, that the proposal may not be seriously entertained. As well on grounds of Scholarship and Taste, as of Textual Criticism (as explained at large in a former Article), the work before us is immensely inferior and an utter failure.

XI. For the respected authors of it practically deny the truth of the principle enunciated by their predecessors of 1611, viz. that '*there be some words that be not of the same sense every-where*.' On such a fundamental truism we are ashamed to enlarge: but it becomes necessary that we should do so. We proceed to illustrate, by two familiar instances,—the first which come to hand,—the mischievous result which is inevitable to an enforced uniformity of rendering.

(a) The verb *αἰτεῖν* confessedly means '*to ask*.' And perhaps no better general English rendering could be suggested for it. But then, in a certain context, '*ask*' would be an inadequate rendering: in another, it would be improper: in a third, it would be simply intolerable. Of all this, the great scholars of 1611 showed themselves profoundly conscious. Accordingly, when this same verb (in the middle voice) is employed to describe how the clamorous rabble, besieging Pilate, claimed their accustomed privilege (viz. to have the prisoner of their choice released unto them), those ancient men, with a fine instinct, retain Tyndale's rendering '*desired*'¹ in S. Mark (xv. 8),—and his '*required*' in S. Luke (xxiii. 23).—When, however, the humble entreaty, which Joseph of Arimathea

¹ So, in S. Luke xxiii. 25, and Acts iii. 14: xiii. 28,—still following Tyndale.
addressed

addressed to the same Pilate (viz. that he might be allowed to take away the Body of JESUS), is in question, then the same scholars (following Tyndale and Cranmer), with the same propriety exhibit '*begged*.'—King David, inasmuch as he only '*desired* to find a habitation for the GOD of Jacob,' of course may not be said to have '*asked*' to do so; and yet S. Stephen (Acts vii. 46) does not hesitate to employ the verb *ἡτήσατο*.—So again, when they of Tyre and Sidon approached Herod whom they had offended: they did but '*desire*' peace.¹—So also, S. Paul, addressing the Ephesians: '*I desire* that ye faint not at my tribulations for you.'²

But our Revisionists,—as if possessed with the single idea that *αἰτέω* means 'to ask,' and *αἰτεῖσθαι* 'to ask for,'—have proceeded mechanically to inflict that rendering on each of the foregoing passages. In defiance of propriety,—of reason,—even (in David's case) of historical truth,³—they have thrust '*asked*' in, everywhere. At last, however, they are encountered by two places which absolutely refuse to submit to such bondage. The terror-stricken jailer of Philippi, when he '*asked*' for lights, must needs have done so after a truly imperious fashion. Accordingly, the '*called for*'⁴ of Tyndale and all subsequent translators, is *pro hac vice* allowed by our Revisionists to stand. And to conclude,—When S. Paul, speaking of his supplications on behalf of the Christians at Colosse, uses this same verb (*αἰτούμενοι*) in a context where 'to ask' would be intolerable, our Revisionists render the word 'to make request';⁵—though they might just as well have let alone the rendering of *all* their predecessors,—viz. 'to desire.'

These are many words, but we know not how to make them fewer. Let this one example, (only because it is the first which presents itself,) stand for a thousand others. Apart from the grievous lack of taste (not to say of scholarship) which such a method betrays,—*who* sees not that the only excuse which could have been invented for it has disappeared by the time we reach the end of our investigation? If *αἰτέω*, *αἰτούμαι* had been *invariably* translated 'ask,' 'ask for,' it might at least have been pretended that 'the English reader is in this way put entirely on a level with the Greek scholar:'—though it would have been a vain pretence, as all must admit who understand the power of language. Once make it apparent that just in a single place, perhaps in two, the translator found himself

¹ Acts xii. 20.

² Eph. iii. 13.

³ For, as the story plainly shows (2 Sam. vii. 2, 3; 1 Chron. xvii. 1, 2), it was only '*in his heart*' to build God an house (1 Kings viii. 17, 18). Hence Cranmer's '*he would fain*' have done so.

⁴ Acts xvi. 29.

⁵ Col. i. 9.

constrained

constrained to break through his rigid uniformity of rendering,—and *what* remains but an uneasy suspicion that then there must have been a strain put on the Evangelists' meaning in a vast proportion of the other seventy places where ἀλείν occurs? An unlearned reader's confidence in his guide vanishes; and he finds that he has had not a few deflections from the Authorized Version thrust upon him, of which he reasonably questions alike the taste and the necessity,—e.g. S. Matth. xx. 20.

(b) But take a more interesting example. In S. Mark i. 18, the A. V. has, 'and straightway they *forsook*' (which the Revisionists alter into '*left*') 'their nets.' Why? Because in verse 20, the same word ἀφέντες will recur; and because the Revisionists propose to let the statement ('they *left* their father Zebedee') stand. They 'level up' accordingly; and plume themselves on their consistency.

We venture to point out, however, that the verb ἀφέναι is one of the large family of verbs which,—always retaining their own essential signification,—yet depend for their English rendering entirely on the context in which they occur. Thus, it is rightly rendered 'to suffer,' in S. Matth. iii. 15;—'to leave,' in iv. 11;—'to let have,' in v. 40;—'to forgive,' in xxiii. 23;—'to let,' in vii. 4;—'to yield up,' in xxvii. 50;—'to let go,' in S. Mark xi. 6;—'to let alone,' in xiv. 6. Here then, by the admission of the Revisionists, are eight diversities of meaning in the same word. But they make the admission grudgingly; and, in order to render ἀφέναι as often as possible '*leave*,' they do violence to many a place of Scripture where some other word would have been more appropriate. Thus '*laying aside*' might have stood, in S. Mark vii. 8. '*Suffered*' (or '*let*') was preferable in S. Luke xii. 39. And, (to return to the place from which we started,) in S. Mark i. 18, '*forsook*' was better than '*left*.' And why? Because men '*leave* their father,' (as the Collect for S. James's Day bears witness); but '*forsake* all covetous desires' (as the Collect for S. Matthew's Day aptly attests). For which reason,—'*And they all forsook Him*' was infinitely preferable to '*and they all left Him, and fled*,' in S. Mark xiv. 50. We insist that a vast deal more is lost by this perpetual disregard of the idiomatic proprieties of the English language, than is gained by a pedantic striving after uniformity of rendering, only because the Greek word happens to be the same.

For it is sure sometimes to happen that what seems mere licentiousness proves on closer inspection to be unobtrusive scholarship of the best kind. An illustration presents itself in connection with the word just now before us. It is found to have been our SAVIOUR'S practice to '*send away*' the multitude whom

whom He had been feeding or teaching, in some formal manner,—whether with an act of solemn benediction, or words of commendatory prayer, or both. Accordingly, on the memorable occasion when, at the close of a long day of superhuman exertion, His bodily powers succumbed, and the Disciples were fain to take Him ‘as He was’ in the ship, and at once He ‘fell asleep;’—on that solitary occasion, *the Disciples* are related to have ‘*sent away* the multitudes,’—i.e. to have formally dismissed them as they had often seen their Master do. The word employed to designate this practice on two memorable occasions is ἀπολύειν:¹ on the other two, ἀφίεναι.² This proves to have been perfectly well understood as well by the learned authors of the Latin Version of the N. T., as by the scholars who translated the Gospels into the vernacular of Palestine. It has been reserved for the boasted learning of the 19th century to misunderstand this little circumstance entirely. The R. V. renders S. Matth. xiii. 36,—not ‘Then JESUS *sent the multitude away*,’ (‘*dimissis turbis*’ in every Latin copy,) but—‘Then He *left the multitudes*:’ also S. Mark iv. 36,—not ‘And when they had *sent away the multitude*,’ (which the Latin always renders ‘*et dimittentes turbam*,’) but—‘And *leaving the multitude*.’ Would it be altogether creditable, we respectfully ask, if at the end of 1800 years the Church of England were to put forth with authority such specimens of ‘revision’ as these?

Our contention, so far, has been but this,—that it does not by any means follow that identical Greek words and expressions, *wherever occurring*, are to be rendered by identical words and expressions in English. We desire to pass on to something of more importance.

Let it not be supposed that we make light of the difficulties which our Revisionists have had to encounter; or are wanting in generous appreciation of the conscientious toil of many men for many years; or overlook the perils of the enterprise in which they have seen fit to adventure their reputation. If ever a severe expression escapes us, it is because our Revisionists themselves seem to have so very imperfectly realized the responsibility of their undertaking, and the peculiar difficulties by which it is unavoidably beset. The truth is,—as all who have given real thought to the subject must be aware,—the phenomena of Language are among the most subtle and delicate

¹ S. Matth. xiv. 15, 22, 23 (= S. Mark vi. 36, 45, [and note the substitution of ἀποταξάμενος in ver. 46]: S. Luke ix. 12): and xv. 32, 39 (= S. Mark viii. 9).

² S. Matt. xiii. 36: and S. Mark iv. 36.

imaginable: the problem of Translation, one of the most many-sided and difficult that can be named. And if this holds universally, in how much greater a degree when the book to be translated is the Bible! Here, anything like a mechanical *levelling up* of terms, every attempt to impose a pre-arranged system of uniform rendering on words, every one of which has a history and (so to speak) a *will* of its own, is inevitably destined to result in discomfiture and disappointment. But what makes this so very serious a matter is that, because *Holy Scripture* is the Book experimented upon, the loftiest interests that can be named become imperilled; and it will constantly happen that what is not perhaps in itself a very serious mistake may yet inflict irreparable injury. We subjoin an humble illustration of our meaning—the rather, because it will afford us an opportunity for penetrating a little deeper into the proprieties of Scriptural translation:—

(c) The place of our LORD'S Burial, which is mentioned upwards of 30 times in the Gospels, is styled in the original, *μνημεῖον*. This appellation is applied to it three times by S. Matthew;—six times by S. Mark;—eight times by S. Luke;¹—eleven times by S. John. Only on four occasions, in close succession, does the first Evangelist call it by another name, viz. *τάφος*.² King James's translators (following Tyndale and Cranmer) decline to notice this diversity, and uniformly style it the '*sepulchre*.' So long as it belonged to Joseph of Arimathea, they call it a 'tomb' (Matth. xxvii. 60): when once it has been appropriated by 'the LORD of Glory,' in the same verse they give it a different English appellation. But our Revisionists of 1881, as if bent on 'making a fresh departure,' *everywhere* substitute '*tomb*' for '*sepulchre*' as the rendering of *μνημεῖον*.

Does any one ask, And why should they *not*? We answer, Because, in connection with '*the Sepulchre*' of our LORD, there has grown up such an ample literature and such a famous history, that we are no longer able to sever ourselves from those environments of the problem, even if we desired to do so. In all such cases as the present, we have to balance the loss against the gain. Quite idle is it for the pedant of 1881 to insist that *τάφος* and *μνημεῖον* are two different words. We do not dispute the fact. (Then, if he *must*, let him represent *τάφος* in some other way.) It remains true, notwithstanding, that the receptacle of our SAVIOUR'S Body after His dissolution will have to be spoken of as '*the Holy Sepulchre*' till the end

¹ Twice he calls it *μνήμα*.

² Ch. xxvii. 61, 64, 66; xxviii. 1.

of time; and it is altogether to be desired that its familiar designation should be suffered to survive unmolested on the eternal page, in consequence. There are, after all, mightier laws in the Universe than those of grammar. In the quaint language of our Translators of 1611: 'For is the Kingdom of GOD become words or syllables? Why should we be in bondage to them if we may be free?' And as for considerations of etymological propriety, the nearest English equivalent for *μνημεῖον* (be it remembered) is not 'tomb,' but 'monument.'

(d) Our Revisionists seem unaware that 270 years of undisturbed possession have given to certain words rights to which they could not else have pretended, but of which it is impossible any more to dispossess them. It savours of folly as well as of pedantry even to make the attempt. *Διδαχή*, etymologically, signifies 'teaching,' no doubt; but it does not follow that the Latin equivalent, 'doctrine' is therefore to be obliterated from the sacred page. The Evangelists relate that the people 'were astonished at our LORD'S doctrine':¹ and that He warned His disciples against 'the doctrine of the Pharisees and Sadducees.'² What possible benefit can result from substituting 'teaching' in places like these? Is it not admitted that the terms respectively connote somewhat different notions? Then, why—when 'doctrine' is meant—thrust 'doctrine' out, in order to bring 'teaching' in? . . . When S. Paul speaks of 'the doctrine of baptisms' (Heb. vi. 2), it is simply incomprehensible to us why 'the teaching of baptisms' should be deemed a preferable expression. But, in fact, the Revisionists are not consistent: for if the warning against being 'tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine,' may stand in Ephes. iv. 14, why is it not left standing in Heb. xiii. 9?

(e) In the same spirit, we can but wonder at the bad taste and singular lack of judgment which has ventured to substitute 'bowls' for 'vials' in the Book of Revelation.³ As a matter of fact, we venture to point out that *φιάλη* no more means 'a bowl' than 'saucer' means 'a cup.' But waiving this, we are confident that our Revisers would have shown more wisdom if they had let alone a word which, having no English equivalent, has passed into the sacred vocabulary of the language, and has acquired a conventional signification which will cleave to it for ever. 'Vials of wrath' are understood to signify the outpouring of GOD'S wrathful visitations on mankind: whereas

¹ S. Matth. vii. 28; xxii. 33. S. Mark i. 22. S. Luke iv. 32.

² S. Matth. xvi. 12.

³ Eight times in Rev. xvi.

'bowls'

'bowls' really conveys no meaning at all, except a mean and unworthy, not to say an ambiguous one. What must be the impression made on persons of very humble station,—labouring-men,—when they hear of 'the seven Angels that had *the seven bowls*'? (Rev. xvii. 1.) The *φιάλη*,—if we must needs talk like Antiquaries—is an almost flat, circular, very shallow vessel,—of which the contents can be discharged in an instant. It was used in pouring out libations. There is, at the back of it, in the centre, a hollow for the first joint of the forefinger to rest in. *Patera* the Latins called it. Specimens are to be seen in abundance.—The same Revisionists have also fallen foul of the 'alabaster *box* of ointment,'—for which they have substituted 'an alabaster *cruse* of ointment.'¹ But what is a 'cruse'? Their marginal note says, 'Or, *a flask*': but once more, what is 'a flask'? Certainly the vessel, to which that name is now commonly applied, bears no resemblance whatever to the vase called *ἀλάβαστρον*. The probability is that the receptacle for the precious ointment with which the sister of Lazarus provided herself, was likeliest of all to a small medicine-bottle (*lecythus* the ancients called it), made however of alabaster; of which specimens abound. But why not let such words alone? The same critics have had the good sense to leave standing 'the bag,' for what was confessedly *a box* (S. John xii. 6: xiii. 29); and 'your purses' for what in the Greek is unmistakably 'your *girdles*' (S. Matth. x. 9). We can but repeat that possession for three centuries conveys rights which it is always useless, and sometimes dangerous, to dispute. 'Vials' will have to be put back into the Apocalypse.

(f) Having said so much about the proposed rendering of such unpromising vocables as *μνημείον*—*δίδαχή*—*φιάλη*, it is time to invite the reader's attention to the calamitous fate which has befallen certain other words of infinitely greater importance. And first for *Ἀγάπη*—a substantive noun unknown to the heathen, even as the sentiment which the word expresses proves to be a grace of purely Christian growth. What else but a real calamity would be the sentence of perpetual banishment passed by our Revisionists on 'that most excellent gift, the gift of *Charity*,' and the general substitution of 'Love' in its place? Do not these learned men perceive that 'Love' is not an equivalent term? Can they require to be told that, because of S. Paul's exquisite and life-like portrait of 'CHARITY,' and the use which has been made of the word in

¹ S. Matth. xxvi. 7. S. Mark xiv. 3. S. Luke vii. 37.

sacred literature in consequence, it has come to pass that the word 'Charity' connotes many ideas to which the word 'Love' is an entire stranger? that 'Love,' on the contrary, has come to connote many unworthy notions which in 'Charity' find no place at all? And if this be so, how can our Revisionists expect that we shall endure the loss of the name of the very choicest of the Christian graces,—and which, if it is nowhere to be found in Scripture, will presently come to be only traditionally known among mankind, and will in the end cease to be a term clearly understood? Have the Revisionists of 1881 considered how firmly this word 'Charity' has established itself in the phraseology of the Church,—ancient, medieval, and modern,—and in our Book of Common Prayer? how thoroughly it has vindicated for itself the right of citizenship in the English language? how it has entered into our common vocabulary, and become one of the best understood of 'household words'? Of what can they have been thinking when they deliberately obliterated from the thirteenth chapter of S. Paul's 1st Epistle to the Corinthians the nine-fold recurrence of the name of 'that most excellent gift, the gift of CHARITY'?

(g) With equal displeasure, but with even sadder feelings, we recognize in the present Revision a deliberate elimination of 'MIRACLES' from the N. T.—Not so, (we shall be eagerly reminded,) but only of their *name*. True, but the two perforce go together, as every thoughtful man knows. At all events, the getting rid of the *name*,—(except in the few instances which are enumerated below,)—will in the account of millions be regarded as the getting rid of the *thing*. And in the esteem of all, learned and unlearned alike, the systematic obliteration of the signifying word from the pages of that Book to which we refer exclusively for our knowledge of the remarkable thing signified,—cannot but be looked upon as a memorable and momentous circumstance. Some, it may be, will be chiefly struck by the strangeness of the proceeding: for at the end of centuries of familiarity with such a word, we are no longer able to part company with it, even if we were inclined. The term has struck root firmly in our Literature: has established itself in the terminology of Divines: has grown into our common speech. But further, even were it possible to get rid of the words 'Miracle' and 'Miraculous,' what else but abiding inconvenience would be the result? for we must still desire to speak about the *things*; and it is a truism to remark that there are no other words in the language which connote the same ideas. What therefore has been gained by substituting 'sign' for

'miracle' on some 19 or 20 occasions—('this beginning of *his signs* did Jesus,'—'this is again the *second sign* that Jesus did')—we really fail to see. That the word in the original is *σημείον*, and that *σημείον* means 'a sign,' and no other thing, we are aware. But what then? Because *ἄγγελος*, in strictness, means 'a messenger,'—*γραφή*, 'a writing,'—*ὑποκριτής*, 'an actor,'—*ἐκκλησία*, 'an assembly,'—*εὐαγγέλιον*, 'good tidings,'—*ἐπίσκοπος*, 'an overseer,'—*βαπτιστής*, 'one that dips,'—*παράδεισος*, 'a garden,'—*μαθητής*, 'a learner,'—*χάρις*, 'favour':—are we to forego the established English equivalents for these words, and never more to hear of 'grace,' 'disciple,' 'Paradise,' 'Baptist,' 'Bishop,' 'Gospel,' 'Church,' 'hypocrite,' 'Scripture,' 'Angel'? Is it then desired to revolutionize our sacred terminology? or at all events to sever with the Past, and to translate the Scriptures into English on etymological principles? We are amazed that the first proposal to resort to such a preposterous method was not instantly scouted. The words are not only not equivalent, but they are quite dissimilar. All 'signs' are not 'miracles'; though all 'miracles'¹ are undeniably 'signs.' Would not a marginal annotation concerning the original word, as at S. Luke xxiii. 8, have sufficed? And *why* was the term 'miracle' as the rendering of *σημείον*² spared only on *that* occasion in the Gospels; and *only* in connection with S. Peter's miracle of healing the impotent man, in the Acts?³ We ask the question not caring for an answer. We are merely bent on submitting to our readers, whether, in an age like the present of wide-spread unbelief in the Miraculous, it was a judicious proceeding in our Revisionists almost everywhere to substitute 'sign' for 'miracle' as the rendering of *σημείον*.

(h) In a similar spirit, we altogether disapprove of the attempt to introduce 'is *epileptic*' as the rendering of *σεληνιάζεται* in S. Matth. xvii. 15. The miracle performed on 'the *lunatic child*' may never more come abroad under a different name. In a matter like this, 500 years of occupation (or rather 1700, for 'lunaticus' is the reading of all the Latin copies), constitute a title which may not be disputed. 'EPILEPTIC' is a *gloss*—not a translation. Even were it demonstrable that Epilepsy exclusively exhibits every feature related in connection with the present case;⁴ and that sufferers from Epilepsy are specially

¹ E.g. S. Matth. xxvi. 48. S. Luke ii. 12.

² *Δύναμις* is rendered 'miracle' in the R.V. about half-a-dozen times.

³ Acts iv. 16, 22.—On the other hand, 'sign' was allowed to represent *σημείον* repeatedly in the A.V.,—as in S. Matth. xii. 38, &c., and the parallel places: S. Mark xvi. 17, 20; S. John xx. 30.

⁴ S. Matth. xvii. 15: S. Mk. ix. 18, 20, 22, 26: S. Lu. ix. 39, 42.

affected by the moon's changes (neither of which things are *certainly* true): even so, men would not be warranted in doing violence to the Evangelist's language, in order to bring into prominence their own private opinion that what is called 'lunacy' here (and in ch. iv. 24) is to be identified with the ordinary malady called 'Epilepsy.' This was confessedly an extraordinary case of *demoniacal possession*¹ besides. Unless therefore it be claimed that all epileptic persons are possessed, (which is what few will venture to declare), it was clearly unlawful for the Revisionists to depart from their habitual literalness of rendering on the present occasion. They have gone out of their way, in order to introduce us to a set of difficulties with which before we had no acquaintance. After all, the English reader desires to know *what the child's father actually said*: and the father undeniably did *not* say that the child was 'epileptic,' but that he was '*lunatic*.' The man employed a term which (singular to relate) has its own precise English equivalent;—a term which embodies to this hour (as it did anciently) the popular belief that the moon influences certain forms of disease. With the advance of Science, civilized nations surrender such beliefs; but they do not *therefore* revolutionize their terminology. 'The advance of Science,' in fact, has nothing whatever to do with *the translation of the word* before us. The author of this particular rendering (begging his pardon) is open to a process '*de lunatico inquirendo*' for having imagined the contrary.

(i) The foregoing instances suggest the remark, that the ecclesiastical historian of future years will point with concern to the sad evidences that the Church had fallen on evil days when the present Revision was undertaken. With fatal fidelity does it, every here and there, reflect the sickly hues of 'modern thought,' which is often but another name for the latest phase of modern unfaithfulness. Thus, in view of the present controversy about the eternity of future punishment, which has brought into prominence a supposed distinction between the import of

¹ Consider our LORD's solemn words in ver. 21,—'*But this kind goeth not out save by prayer and fasting*,'—12 words left out by the R.V., though witnessed to by *all the Copies but 3*: by the Latin, Syriac, Coptic, and Armenian Versions: and by the following Fathers:—(1) Origen, (2) Tertullian, (3) the Syriac Clement, (4) the Syriac Canons of Eusebius, (5) Athanasius, (6) Basil, (7) Ambrose, (8) Juvenius, (9) Chrysostom, (10) Opus imp., (11) Hilary, (12) Augustine, (13) J. Damascene, and others. Then (it will be asked), Why have the Revisionists left them out? Because (we answer) they have been misled by B and ~~κ~~, Cureton's Syriac and the Coptic,—as untrustworthy a quaternion of witnesses to the text of Scripture as could be named.

the epithets 'ETERNAL' and 'EVERLASTING,'—how painful is it to discover that the latter epithet, (which is the one objected to by the unbelieving school,) has been by our Revisionists diligently excluded *every time it occurs* as the translation of *αἰώνιος*, in favour of the more palatable epithet 'eternal'!¹ King James's translators showed themselves impartial to a fault. As if to mark that, in their account, the words are of identical import, they even introduced *both words into the same verse*² of Scripture. Is it fair that such a body of men as the Revisionists of 1881, claiming the sanction of the Convocation of the Southern Province, should, in a matter like the present, throw all their weight into the scale of unbelief? to say the least, ought they in this indirect way to avow their sympathy with those who deny what has been the Church's teaching for 1800 years? Our Creeds, Te Deum, Litany, Offices, Articles,—our whole Prayer Book, breathes a different spirit and speaks a different language. Have our Revisionists persuaded the Old Testament company to follow their example? It will be calamitous if they *have*. There will be serious discrepancy of teaching between the Old and the New Testament if they have *not*.

What means also the fidgetty anxiety manifested throughout these pages to explain away, or at least to evacuate, expressions which have to do with Eternity? *Why*, for example, is 'the world (*αἰών*) to come,' invariably glossed 'the age to come'? and *εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας* so persistently explained in the margin to mean, 'unto the ages'? (See the margin of Rom. ix. 5. Are we to read 'GOD blessed unto the ages'?) Also *εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας τῶν αἰώνων*, 'unto the ages of the ages'? Surely we, whose language furnishes expressions of precisely similar character (viz. 'for ever' and 'for ever and ever'), might dispense with information hazy and unprofitable as this!

(j) Again. At a period of prevailing unbelief in the INSPIRATION of Scripture, nothing but real necessity could warrant any meddling with such a testimony on the subject as is found in 2 Tim. iii. 16. We have hitherto been taught to believe that 'All Scripture is given by inspiration of GOD, and is profitable,' &c. The ancients³ clearly so understood S. Paul's

¹ The word is only not banished entirely from the N. T. It occurs twice (viz. in Rom. i. 20, and Jude ver. 6), but only as the rendering of *αἰθῖος*.

² S. Matth. xxv. 46.

³ Clemens Al. (p. 71) says:—*τὰς γραφὰς δ' Ἀπόστολος θεοπνεύστους καλεῖ, ὡφελίμους ὄντας*. Tertullian,—*Legimus omnem Scripturam ædificationi habilem, divinitus inspirari*. Origen (ii. 443),—*πᾶσα γραφή θεόπνευστος ὅσα ὠφέλιμος ἐστὶ*. Gregory Nyss. (ii. 605),—*πᾶσα γραφή θεόπνευστος λέγεται*. Dial. (ap. Orig. i. 808),—*πᾶσα θεόπνευστος λέγεται παρὰ τοῦ Ἀποστόλου*. So Basil, Chrysostom, Cyril, Theodoret, &c.

words: and so do the most learned and thoughtful of the moderns. Πᾶσα γραφή, even if it be interpreted 'every Scripture,' can only mean every portion of those *ἑρὰ γράμματα* of which the Apostle had been speaking in the previous verse; and therefore must needs signify *the whole of Scripture*.¹ So that the expression 'all Scripture' expresses S. Paul's meaning exactly, and should not have been disturbed.—But 'it is very difficult' (says the learned Chairman of the Revisionists) 'to decide whether *θεόπνευστος* is a part of the predicate, *καί* being the simple copula; or whether it is a part of the subject. Lexicography and grammar contribute but little towards a decision.' Not so thought Bishop Middleton. 'I do not recollect' (he says) 'any passage in the N. T. in which two Adjectives, apparently connected by the copulative, were intended by the writer to be so unnaturally disjoined. He who can produce such an instance, will do much towards establishing the plausibility of a translation, which otherwise must appear, to say the least of it, to be forced and improbable.' And yet it is proposed to thrust this 'forced and improbable' translation on the acceptance of all English-speaking people, wherever found, on the plea of *necessity*! Our Revisionists translate, 'Every Scripture inspired of GOD is also profitable,' &c.,—which of course may be plausibly declared to imply that a distinction is drawn by the Apostle himself between inspired and uninspired Scripture. And pray, (we should be presently asked,) is not many a Scripture (or writing) 'profitable for teaching,' &c. which is *not* commonly held to be 'inspired of GOD'?—But in fact the proposed rendering is inadmissible, being without logical coherence and consistency. The utmost that could be pretended would be that S. Paul's assertion is that 'every portion of Scripture *being inspired*' (i.e. inasmuch as it is—because it is—inspired); 'is also profitable,' &c. Else there would be no meaning in the *καί*. But, in the name of common sense, if this be so, *why* have the blessed words been meddled with?

(k) A MARGINAL ANNOTATION set over against Romans ix. 5 is the last thing of this kind to which we shall invite attention. S. Paul declares it to be Israel's highest boast and glory that of them, 'as concerning the flesh [came] CHRIST, *who is over all [things], GOD blessed for ever! Amen.*' A grander or more unequivocal testimony to our LORD's eternal Godhead is nowhere to be found in Scripture. Accordingly, these words have been appealed to as confidently by faithful Doctors of the Church in every age, as they have been unsparingly assailed by

¹ See Archdeacon Lee on *Inspiration*, pp. 261-3, reading his notes.

unbelievers.

unbelievers. The dishonest shifts by which the latter seek to evacuate the record which they are powerless to refute or deny, are paraded by our Revisionists in the following terms :—

‘Some modern interpreters place a full stop after *flesh*, and translate, *He who is God over all be (is) blessed for ever*: or, *He who is over all is God, blessed for ever*. Others punctuate, *flesh, who is over all. God be (is) blessed for ever*.’

But is it then the function of Divines appointed to revise the *Authorized Version*, to give information to the 90 millions of English-speaking Christians scattered throughout the world as to the unfaithfulness of ‘some modern Interpreters’? We have hitherto supposed that it was ‘ancient authorities’ exclusively, —(whether ‘a few,’ or ‘some,’ or ‘many,’)—to which we are invited to submit our judgment. How does it come to pass that the *Socinian gloss* on this grand text has been brought into such extraordinary prominence? Did our Revisionists consider that their marginal note would travel to earth’s remotest verge,—give universal currency to the view of ‘some modern Interpreters,’—and in the end ‘tell it out among the heathen’ also? We refer to the Manuscripts and find that the *oldest codices*, besides the whole body of the *cursives*, know nothing about the method of ‘some modern Interpreters.’¹ ‘There is absolutely not a shadow, not a tittle of evidence, in any of the ancient Versions, to warrant what they do.’² How then about the old Fathers? for the sentiments of our best modern Divines, as Pearson and Bull, we know by heart. We find that the expression ‘*who is over all* [things], *GOD blessed for ever*’ is expressly acknowledged to refer to our SAVIOUR by the following 55 illustrious names :—

Irenæus,³—Hippolytus in 3 places,⁴—Origen,⁵—6 of the Bishops at the Council of Antioch, A.D. 269,⁶—ps.—Dionysius Alex.,⁷—the Constt. App.,⁸—Athanasius in 6 places,⁹—Basil in 2,¹⁰—Didymus in 5,¹¹—Greg. Nyss. in 3,¹²—Epiphanius in 5,¹³—Theodorus Mops.,¹⁴—Methodius,¹⁵—Eustathius,¹⁶—Eulogius, twice,¹⁷—Cæsarius, 3 times,¹⁸—Theophilus Alex., twice,¹⁹—Nestorius,²⁰—Theodotus of Ancyra,²¹—Proclus, twice,²²—Chry-

¹ C alone has a point between $\delta \omega \nu \epsilon \pi \iota \pi \acute{\alpha} \nu \tau \omega \nu$ and $\Theta \epsilon \upsilon \varsigma \epsilon \lambda \omicron \lambda \omicron \gamma \eta \tau \omicron \varsigma \epsilon \iota \varsigma \tau \omicron \upsilon \varsigma \alpha \iota \omega \nu \alpha \varsigma$. But this is an entirely different thing from what is noted in the margin.

² MS. communication from the Rev. S. C. Malan.

³ i. 506.

⁴ Opusc. i. 52, 58; Phil. 339.

⁵ iv. 612.

⁶ Routh, iii. 292. (Concil. i. 845.)

⁷ Concilia, i. 873 d.

⁸ vi. c. 26.

⁹ i. 414, 415, 429, 617, 684, 908.

¹⁰ i. 282. And in cat. 317.

¹¹ Trin. 21, 29, 327, 392. Mai, vii. 303.

¹² ii. 693, 697; iii. 287.

¹³ i. 481, 487, 894, 978; ii. 74.

¹⁴ ap. Cyril (ed. Pusey), v. 534.

¹⁵ ap. Gall. iii. 805.

¹⁶ ap. Gall. iv. 576.

¹⁷ ap. Phot. col. 761, 853.

¹⁸ ap. Gall. vi. 8, 9, 80.

¹⁹ ap. Gall. vii. 618, and ap. Hieron. i. 560.

²⁰ ap. Gall. viii. 667.

²¹ ap. Gall. ix. 474.

²² ap. Gall. ix. 690, 691.

sostom, 8 times,¹—Cyril Alex., 15,²—Theodoret, 12,³—Amphilochius,⁴—Gelasius Cyz.,⁵—Anastasius Ant.⁶—Leontius Byz., 3,⁷—Maximus,⁸—J. Damascene, 3 times.⁹ Besides of the Latins, Tertullian, twice,¹⁰—Cyprian,¹¹—Novatian, twice,¹²—Ambrose, 5 times,¹³—Hilary, 7 times,¹⁴—Jerome, twice,¹⁵—Augustine, about 30 times,¹⁶—Victorinus,¹⁷—the Breviarium, twice,¹⁸—Marius Mercator,¹⁹—Cassian, twice,¹⁹—Alcimus Avit.,²⁰—Fulgentius, twice,²¹—Ferrandus, twice,²²—Facundus;²³—to whom must be added 6 ancient writers, of whom 3²⁴ have been mistaken for Athanasius, and 3²⁵ for Chrysostom. These all see in Rom. ix. 5, a glorious assertion of the eternal Godhead of CHRIST. Against such a torrent of Patristic testimony, it will not surely be pretended that the Socinian interpretation, to which our Revisionists give such prominence, can stand. But why has it been introduced *at all*? We trust we shall have every Christian reader with us in our contention, that such imaginations of 'modern Interpreters' are not entitled to notice in the margin of the N. T. For our Revisionists to have even given them currency, and thereby a species of sanction, constitutes in our view a very grave offence.²⁶

(I) Are we to regard it as a kind of *set off* against all that goes before, that in an age when the personality of Satan is even freely questioned, 'THE EVIL ONE' has been actually thrust into the LORD'S Prayer? A more injudicious and unwarrantable innovation it would be impossible to indicate in any part of the present unhappy volume. The case has been argued out with much learning by two eminent Divines; but Bp. Lightfoot will find it quite impossible to dislodge Canon Cook from his main position: viz. that *the change ought never to have been made*. The grounds of this assertion are soon stated. To begin, (1) It is admitted on all hands that it must for

¹ i. 464, 483; vi. 534; vii. 51; viii. 191; ix. 604, 653; x. 172.

² v¹. 20, 503, 765, 792; v². 58, 105, 118, 148; vi. 328. ap. Mai, ii. 70, 86, 96, 104; iii. 84 in Luc. 26.

³ i. 103; ii. 1355; iii. 215, 470; iv. 17, 433, 1148, 1264, 1295, 1309; v. 67, 1093.

⁴ p. 166. ⁵ Concilia, ii. 195. ⁶ ap. Gall. xii. 251. ⁷ ap. Gall. xii. 682.

⁸ ii. 64. ⁹ i. 557; ii. 35, 88. ¹⁰ Prax. 13, 15. ¹¹ p. 287.

¹² ap. Gall. iii. 296, 313. ¹³ i. 1470; ii. 457, 546, 609, 790.

¹⁴ 78, 155, 393, 850, 970, 1125, 1232. ¹⁵ i. 870, 872.

¹⁶ ap. Gall. viii. 157. ¹⁷ ap. Gall. vii. 589, 590. ¹⁸ ap. Gall. viii. 627.

¹⁹ 709, 711. ²⁰ ap. Gall. x. 722. ²¹ ap. Gall. xi. 233, 237.

²² Ibid. 352, 357. ²³ Ibid. 674. ²⁴ ii. 16, 215, 413.

²⁵ i. 839; v. 769; xii. 421.

²⁶ These of our readers who wish to pursue this subject further may consult with advantage Dr. Gifford's learned note on the passage in the 'Speaker's Commentary.' Dr. Gifford justly remarks that 'it is the natural and simple construction, which every Greek scholar would adopt without hesitation, if no question of doctrine were involved.'

ever remain a matter of opinion only whether in the expression ἀπὸ τοῦ πονηροῦ, the nominative case is τὸ πονηρόν (as in Matth. v. 37, 39: Rom. xii. 9), or ὁ πονηρός (as in Matth. xiii. 19, 38: Eph. vi. 16),—either of which yields a good sense. But then (2) The Church of England in her formularies having clearly declared that, for her part, she adheres to the former alternative, it was in a very high degree unbecoming for the Revisionists to pretend to the enjoyment of *certain* knowledge that the Church of England in so doing was mistaken. Next (3), It can never be right to impose the narrower interpretation on words which have always been understood to bear the larger sense: especially when (as in the present instance) the larger meaning distinctly includes and covers the lesser: witness the paraphrase in our Church Catechism,—‘and that He will keep us (a) from all sin and wickedness, and (b) *from our ghostly enemy*, and (c) from everlasting death.’ (4) But indeed Catholic Tradition claims to be heard in this behalf. Every Christian at his Baptism renounces not only ‘the devil,’ but also ‘*all his works*, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the carnal desires of the flesh.’¹ And at this point (5) the voice of an inspired Apostle interposes in attestation that this is indeed the true acceptance of the last petition in the LORD’S Prayer: for when S. Paul says—‘the LORD will deliver me from every evil work and will preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen,’²—what else is he referring to but to the words just now under consideration? He explains that in the LORD’S Prayer it is ‘*from every evil work*’ that we pray to be ‘delivered.’ Compare the places:—

S. Matth. vi. 13.—ἀλλὰ ΡΥΣΑΙ ΗΜΑΣ ΑΠΟ ΤΟΥ ΠΟΝΗΡΟΥ. ΟΤΙ ΣΟΥ ΕΣΤΙΝ Η ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΑ . . . καὶ ἡ ΔΟΞΑ ΕΙΣ ΤΟΥΣ ΑΙΩΝΑΣ. ΑΜΗΝ.

2 Tim. iv. 18.—καὶ ΡΥΣΕΤΑΙ ΜΕ ὁ Κύριος ΑΠΟ ΠΑΝΤΟΣ ΕΡΓΟΥ ΠΟΝΗΡΟΥ καὶ σώσει εἰς τὴν ΒΑΣΙΛΕΙΑΝ ΑΥΤΟΥ . . . ᾧ ἡ ΔΟΞΑ ΕΙΣ ΤΟΥΣ ΑΙΩΝΑΣ . . . ΑΜΗΝ.

Then further (6), What more unlikely than that our LORD would end with giving such prominence to that rebel Angel

¹ Note, that this has been the language of the Church from the beginning. Thus Tertullian,—‘Aquam adituri . . . contestamur nos renuntiare diabolo, et pompæ et angelis ejus’ (i. 421): and Ambrose,—‘Quando te interrogavit, Abrenuntias diabolo et operibus ejus, quid respondisti? Abrenuntio. Abrenuntias sæculo et voluptatibus ejus, quid respondisti? Abrenuntio’ (ii. 350 c): and Ephraem Syrus,—‘Ἀποτάσσομαι τῷ Σατανᾷ καὶ πᾶσιν τοῖς ἔργοις αὐτοῦ’ (ii. 195 and iii. 399). And Cæsarius of Arles,—‘Abrenuntias diabolo, pompis et operibus ejus . . . Abrenuntio’ (Gulland. xi. 18 c).

² 2 Tim. iv. 18.

whom by dying He is declared to have 'destroyed'? (Heb. ii. 14: 1 John iii. 8.) For, take away the Doxology (as our Revisionists propose), and we shall begin the LORD'S Prayer with 'OUR FATHER,' and literally end it with—*the devil!*—But above all, (7) let it never be forgotten that this is *the pattern prayer*, a portion of every Christian child's daily utterance, on which it is attempted in this way to impose a new signification. Lastly (8), When it is called to mind that nothing short of *necessity* has warranted the Revisionists in introducing a single change into the A. V., and that no such plea can be feigned on the present occasion, the liberty which they have taken in this place must be admitted to be without excuse.

XII. It is often urged on behalf of the Revisionists that over not a few dark places of S. Paul's Epistles their labours have thrown important light. Let it not be supposed that we deny this. Many a Scriptural difficulty vanishes the instant a place is accurately translated: a far greater number when the rendering is idiomatic. It would be strange indeed if, at the end of ten years, the combined labours of upwards of twenty scholars, whose *raison d'être* as Revisionists was to do this very thing, had not resulted in the removal of many an obscurity in the A. V. of Gospels and Epistles alike. What offends us is the discovery that, for every obscurity which has been removed, at least half a dozen others have been introduced: in other words, that the result of their Revision has been the planting in of a *fresh crop of difficulties*, before undreamed of; so that a perpetual wrestling with *these* is what hereafter awaits the diligent student of the N. T. We speak not now of passages which have been merely altered for the worse: as when, (in S. James i. 17, 18,) we are invited to read,—'Every good gift and every perfect boon is from above, coming down from the Father of lights, with whom *can be no variation, neither shadow that is cast by turning.* Of his own will he brought us forth.' Grievous as such blemishes are, it is seen at a glance that they must be set down to nothing worse than tasteless assiduity. We complain that, misled by a depraved text, our Revisers have often made nonsense of what before was perfectly clear: and that not only are many of our LORD'S most precious utterances thrust out of sight, (e.g. Mtt. xvii. 21: Mk. x. 21: Lu. ix. 55, 56); but also that absurd sayings are attributed to Him which He certainly never uttered, (e.g. Mtt. xix. 17); or else, such a twist given to what He actually did say, that His blessed words are no longer recognizable, (as in Mtt. xi. 23: Mk. ix. 23: xi. 3).

(1.) Thus, we follow our SAVIOUR with ease when He says,—
'FATHER, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be
with

with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory.’¹ But we stare with astonishment on finding ourselves invited to read instead,—‘FATHER, that which Thou hast given Me I will that, where I am, they also may be with Me,’ &c. We suspect a misprint. The passage reads like nonsense. And nonsense it is, in Greek as well as in English: *ō* has been written for *oūs*—one of the countless *bêtises* for which *κ* *B* *D* are exclusively responsible; and which the weak superstition of these last days is for erecting into a new revelation. We appeal to the old Latin and to the Vulgate,—to the better Egyptian and to all the Syriac versions: to every known *Lectionary*: to Clemens Alex.,² to Eusebius,³ to Nonnus,⁴ to Basil,⁵ to Chrysostom,⁶ to Cyril,⁷ to Cælestinus,⁸ to Theodoret:⁹ not to mention Cyprian,¹⁰ Ambrose,¹¹ Hilary,¹² &c.:¹³ and above all, 16 uncials, beginning with *A* and *C*,—and the whole body of the cursives. So many words ought not to be required. If men prefer *their* ‘mumpsimus’ to *our* ‘sumpsimus,’ they might at least keep their property to themselves.

(2.) What is to be thought of *this*, as a substitute for the familiar language of 2 Cor. xii. 7?—‘*And by reason of the exceeding greatness of the revelations—wherefore, that I should not be exalted overmuch, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh.*’ The ‘wherefore’ (δῖό) which occasions all the difficulty—(breaking the back of the sentence and necessitating the hypothesis of a change of construction)—is due solely to the influence of *κ* *A* *B*. The ordinary text is recognized by almost every other copy; by the Latin, Syriac, Gothic, Armenian Versions;—as well as by Irenæus,¹⁴ Origen,¹⁵ Macarius,¹⁶ Athanasius,¹⁷ Chrysostom,¹⁸ Theodoret,¹⁹ John Damascene.²⁰ Even Tischendorf makes a stand and refuses to follow his accustomed guides.²¹ It is, in plain terms, beyond the reach of suspicion.

(3.) The foregoing instances must suffice. A brief enumeration of many more has been given already, at pp. 17–20.

Now in view of the phenomenon just discovered to us,—(viz. one crop of deformities industriously weeded out, and another crop of far grosser deformities as industriously planted in)—we confess to a feeling of distress and annoyance which altogether

¹ S. John xvii. 24.

² p. 140.

³ Marcell. p. 192.

⁴ *in loc. diserte.*

⁵ *Eth.* ii. 297.

⁶ viii. 485.

⁷ *Text*, iv. 1003; *Comm.* 1007, which are two distinct authorities, as learned readers of Cyril are aware.

⁸ *Concilia*, iii. 356 d.

⁹ iv. 450.

¹⁰ pp. 235, 321.

¹¹ i. 412; ii. 566, 649.

¹² pp. 1017, 1033.

¹³ Victorius ap. Gall. viii. 230. Also *ps.-Chrys.* v. 680.

¹⁴ i. 720.

¹⁵ ii. 381; iii. 962; iv. 601.

¹⁶ ap. Galland, vii. 183.

¹⁷ ap. Montf. ii. 67.

¹⁸ iii. 333; v. 444; x. 498, 620; xii. 329.

¹⁹ ii. 77; iii. 349.

²⁰ ii. 252.

²¹ ‘Deseruiinus fere quos sequi soleamus codices.’

indisposes

indisposes us to accord to the Revisionists that language of congratulation and gratitude with which it would have been so agreeable to receive their well-meant endeavours. The serious question at once arises,—Is it to be thought that upon the whole we are gainers, or losers, by the Revised Version? And there seems to be no certain way of resolving this doubt, but by opening a ‘Profit and Loss account’ with the Revisers,—crediting them with every item of gain, and debiting them with every item of loss. But then, (and we ask the question with sanguine simplicity), Why should it not be *all* gain and *no* loss, when, at the end of 270 years, a confessedly noble work,—a truly unique specimen of genius, taste and learning,—is submitted to a body of Scholars, equipped with every external advantage,—*only* in order that they may improve upon it—if *they are able*? These learned individuals have had upwards of ten years wherein to do their work. They have enjoyed the benefit of the tentative labours of a host of predecessors,—some for their warning, and some for their help and guidance. They have all along had before their eyes the solemn injunction that, whatever they were not able *certainly* to improve, they were to be careful to let alone. They were warned at the outset against any but ‘*necessary*’ changes. They pledged themselves to introduce ‘*as few alterations as possible*.’ Why then, we again ask,—*Why* should not every single innovation which they introduced into the grand old exemplar before them, prove to be a manifest, an undeniable change for the better?¹

The more we ponder over this unfortunate production, the more cordially do we regret that it was ever undertaken. Verily, the Northern Convocation displayed a far-sighted wisdom when it pronounced against the project from the first. We are constrained to declare that could we have conceived it possible that

¹ As these sheets are passing through the press, we have received a book by Sir Edmund Beckett, entitled, ‘Should the Revised New Testament be Authorized?’ In four Chapters, the author discusses with characteristic vigour, first, the principles and method of the Revisers, and then the Gospel of S. Matthew, the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the Apocalypse, as fair samples of their work, with a union of sound sense, forensic skill, and scholarship more skilful than to deserve his cautious disclaimer. Amidst details open, of course, to discussion, abundant proofs are set forth, in a most telling style, that the plea of ‘*necessity*’ and ‘*faithfulness*’ utterly fails, in justification of a mass of alterations, which, in point of English composition, carry their condemnation on their face, and, to sum up the great distinction between the two versions, illustrate ‘the difference between working by *discretion* and by *rules*—by which no great thing was ever done or ever will be.’ Sir Edmund Beckett is very happy in his exposure of the abuse of the famous canon of preferring the stranger reading to the more obvious, as if copyists never made stupid blunders or perpetrated wilful absurdities. The work deserves the notice of all English readers.

the persons originally appointed by the Southern Province would have co-opted into their body Scholars capable of executing their work with such extravagant licentiousness as well as such conspicuous bad taste, we should never have entertained one hopeful thought on the subject. For indeed every characteristic feature of the work of the Revisionists offends us,—as well in respect of what they have left undone, as of what they have been the first to venture to do. Charged ‘to introduce *as few alterations as possible* into the Text of the Authorized Version,’ they have evidently acted throughout on the principle of making *as many changes* in it as they could. Directed ‘to limit, *as far as possible*, the expression of such alterations to the language of the Authorized and earlier English Version,’ they have introduced such terms as ‘assassin,’ ‘apparition,’ ‘boon,’ ‘disparagement,’ ‘divinity,’ ‘effulgence,’ ‘epileptic,’ ‘fickleness,’ ‘irksome,’ ‘interpose,’ ‘pitiable,’ ‘sluggish,’ ‘stupor,’ ‘surpass,’ ‘tranquil’: such compounds as ‘self-control,’ ‘world-ruler’: such phrases as ‘*draw up a narrative*’: ‘*the impulse of the steersman*’: ‘*in lack of daily food*’: ‘*exercising oversight*.’ Do they really suppose that ‘*the hire of wrongdoing*’ is a better phrase than ‘*the wages of iniquity*’?

Whereas they were required ‘to revise the headings of the Chapters,’ they have not even retained them. We demand to have our headings back.—And what has become of our time-honoured ‘Marginal References,’—*the very best Commentary* on the Bible, as we believe,—certainly, the very best help for the right understanding of Scripture,—which the wit of man ever yet devised? The ‘Marginal References’ would be lost to the Church for ever, if the work of the Revisionists were allowed to stand: the space required for their insertion having been completely swallowed up in many places by the senseless, and worse than senseless, annotations which at present infest the margin of every sacred page. We are beyond measure amazed that they have even deprived the reader of the *essential aid* of references to the places of the O. T. which are quoted in the N. T.—Let the remark be added in passing, that we greatly dislike the affectation of printing quotations from the O. T. after the method adopted by our Revisionists from Drs. Westcott and Hort.—The further external assimilation of the Sacred Volume to an ordinary book by getting rid of the division into Verses, we also hold to be a great mistake. In the Greek, by all means let the verses be merely noted in the margin: but, for more than one weighty reason, in the *English Bible* let the established and peculiar method of printing the Word of God, by all means be scrupulously retained.

Infinitely

Infinitely more serious is *that* Error to the consideration of which we devoted our former Article. For THE NEW GREEK TEXT which, in defiance of their Instructions,¹ our Revisionists have constructed, proves to be utterly undeserving of confidence. Built up on a fallacy which since 1831 has been dominant in Germany, and which has lately found but too much favour among ourselves, it is in the main a reproduction of the recent labours of Doctors Westcott and Hort. But we have already recorded our conviction, that the results at which those eminent scholars have arrived are wholly inadmissible. It follows that, in our account, the revised English Version has been all along a foredoomed thing. If the 'revised Greek' be indeed a tissue of fabricated readings, the translation of these into English must needs prove lost labour. It is superfluous to enquire into the merits of the English rendering of words which Evangelists and Apostles demonstrably never wrote.

Even this, however, is not nearly all. As Translators, the majority of the Revisionists have shown themselves singularly deficient,—alike in their critical acquaintance with the language out of which they had to translate, and in their familiarity with the idiomatic requirements of their own tongue. They had a noble Version before them, which they have contrived to mar in every part. Its dignified simplicity and essential faithfulness, its manly grace and its delightful rhythm, they have shown themselves alike incapable of imitating and unwilling to retain. Their uncouth phraseology and their jerky sentences: their pedantic obscurity and their stiff, constrained manner: their fidgetty affectation of accuracy, and their habitual achievement of English which fails to exhibit the spirit of the original Greek,—are sorry substitutes for the living freshness, and elastic freedom, and habitual fidelity of the grand old Version which we

¹ It has been objected by certain of the Revisionists that it is not fair to say that 'they were appointed to do one thing, and have done another.' We are glad of this opportunity to explain. That *some* corrections of the Text were necessary, we are well aware: and had those *necessary* changes been made, we should only have had words of commendation and thanks to offer. But it is found that by Dr. Hort's suasive advocacy two-thirds of the Revisionists have made a vast number of *perfectly needless changes*:—(1) Changes which are *incapable of being represented in a Translation*: as ἐμοῦ for μου, πάντες for ἅπαντες, ὅτε for ὅπου. Again, since γέννησις, at least as much as γένεσις, means 'birth,' why γένεσις in Matth. i. 18? Why, also, inform us that instead of ἐν τῷ ἀμπελῶνι αὐτοῦ πεφυτευμένην, they read πεφυτευμένην ἐν τῷ ἀμπελῶνι αὐτοῦ? and instead of καρπὸν ἡτῶν, —ἡτῶν καρπὸν? Now this they have done *throughout*,—at least 316 times in S. Luke alone. But (what is far worse), (2) They suggest in the margin changes which yet they *do not adopt*. These numerous changes are, *by their own confession*, not 'necessary': and yet they are of a most serious character. In fact, it is of these we chiefly complain.—But, indeed (3), *How many* of their other alterations of the Text will the Revisionists undertake to defend publicly on the plea of 'Necessity'?

inherited

inherited from our Fathers, and which has sustained the spiritual life of the Church of England and of all English-speaking Christians for 350 years. Linked with all our holiest, happiest memories, and bound up with all our purest aspirations; part and parcel of whatever there is of good about us: fraught with men's hopes of a blessed Eternity and many a bright vision of the never ending life;—the Authorized Version, wherever it was possible, *should have been let alone*. But on the contrary. Every familiar cadence has been dislocated: the congenial flow of almost every verse of Scripture has been hopelessly marred: so many of those little connecting words, which give life and continuity to a narrative have been vexatiously displaced, that a perpetual sense of annoyance is created. The countless minute alterations which have been needlessly introduced into every familiar page prove at last as tormenting as a swarm of flies to the weary traveller on a summer's day. To speak plainly, the book becomes unreadable.

We lay the Revisers' volume down convinced that the case of their work is simply hopeless. *Non ego paucis offendar maculis*. Had the blemishes been capable of being reckoned up, it might have been worth while to try to remedy some of them. But when, instead of being disfigured by a few weeds scattered here and there, the whole field proves to be sown over in every direction with thorns and briars; above all when, deep beneath the surface, roots of bitterness to be counted by thousands, are found to have been silently planted in, which are sure to produce poisonous fruit after many days:—under *such* circumstances one only course can be prescribed. Let the entire area be ploughed up,—ploughed deep; and let the ground be left for a decent space of time without cultivation. It is idle—worse than idle—to dream of revising this Revision.

We are greatly concerned: greatly surprised: most of all disappointed. We had expected a vastly different result. It is partly (not quite) accounted for, by the rare attendance in the Jerusalem Chamber of some of the names on which we had chiefly relied. Bp. Moberly (of Salisbury) was present on only 121 occasions: Bp. Wordsworth (of S. Andrew's) on only 109: Abp. Trench (of Dublin) on only 63: Bp. Wilberforce on only *one*. Of these, the Bp. of S. Andrew's has already fully purged himself of complicity in the errors of the Revision. Abp. Trench, in his Charge, adverts to 'the not unfrequent sacrifice of grace and ease to the rigorous requirements of a literal accuracy;' and regards them 'as pushed to a faulty excess' (p. 22). Were three or four other famous Scholars (Scholars and Divines of the best type) who were often present, disposed at this late hour to come forward,

ward, they too would doubtless tell us that they heartily regretted what was done, but were powerless to prevent it.

All alike may at least enjoy the real satisfaction of knowing that, besides having stimulated, to an extraordinary extent, public attention to the contents of the Book of Life, they have been instrumental in awakening a living interest in one important but neglected department of Sacred Science, which will not easily be put to sleep again. It may reasonably prove a solace to them to reflect that they have besides, although perhaps in ways they did not anticipate, rendered excellent service to mankind. This work of theirs will discharge the office of a warning beacon to as many as shall hereafter embark on the same perilous enterprise with themselves. It will convince men of the danger of pursuing the same ill-omened course: trusting to the same unskillful guidance: venturing too near the same wreck-strewn shore.

Its effect will be to open men's eyes, as nothing else could possibly have done, to the dangers which beset the Revision of Scripture. It will teach faithful hearts to cling the closer to the priceless treasure which was bequeathed to them by the piety and wisdom of their fathers. It will dispel for ever the dream of those who have secretly imagined that a more exact Version, undertaken with the boasted helps of this nineteenth century of ours, would bring to light something which has been hitherto unfairly kept concealed or else misrepresented. Not the least service which the Revisionists have rendered has been the proof their work affords, how very seldom our Authorized Version is materially wrong: how faithful and trustworthy, on the contrary, it is throughout. Let it be also candidly admitted that, even where (in our judgment) the Revisionists have erred, they have never had the misfortune seriously to obscure a single feature of Divine truth; nor have they inadvertently in any quarter (as we hope) inflicted a wound which will leave an abiding scar behind it. It is but fair to add that their work bears marks of an amount of conscientious labour which those only can fully appreciate who have made the same province of study to some extent their own.

- ART. II.—1. *The Congressional Globe and Record*. Washington, 1865–70.
 2. *Macpherson's History of Reconstruction*. Washington, 1870.
 3. *The American Almanack for 1881*. New York.

BEFORE the War of Independence, the people who had journeyed from many distant lands to seek a home on the American Continent had no political history to record. The States which they had founded were entirely independent of each other, and, when they were all brought under the authority of the British Crown, it was to that alone they acknowledged allegiance. Their own charters confirmed them in all the rights and privileges which they specially valued. The only party names known among them were those which came from England. The din of political strife reached their ears merely as a far-off echo, and they had little time or opportunity to meet for the discussion of events which had taken place months before. Some called themselves Whigs and others Tories; but they were far removed from the scene of action, their farms were scattered and wide apart, and they took but little note of the course of political life in England, unless their own interests seemed to be imperilled. Tardy and imperfect scraps of news were talked over at the little village-store, where the minister himself—the greatest man in the community—would sometimes condescend to give his neighbours the benefit of his opinion. To gain a subsistence from the harsh and unkindly soil, and make some small provision for the future, was not so easy a matter as it became for many of their descendants. Sufferings and hardships, now almost unknown, contributed in no slight degree to mould the national character. It was the heroic and picturesque age of the American people, when all the nobler qualities of the race were developed, when the foundations of a great nation were being laid, and a wilderness was fashioned and prepared to receive millions of people. A few attractive glimpses of these early days are afforded in the pages of Whittier, Longfellow, and Hawthorne; but even these New England writers have not done full justice to the brave and self-denying people who first made it possible for a free race to inhabit North America. Sickness and privation were the grim visitors who haunted their firesides by day and night, and for many a weary year existence continued to be one long struggle against nature and man. Those who escaped from the poisoned arrows of the Indians were too liable to fall under the destructive assaults of fever. We know that out of the hundred
 and

and one emigrants who landed from the 'Mayflower,' fifty-five died the first year, and, ten years after the settlement was founded, the colony only numbered three hundred souls. The people were obliged to bury their dead in secret, lest the Indians should find out how many they had lost, and thus discover how helpless they were to resist any further attacks. Every man was armed to the teeth, even when he went to the house of prayer. These were the beginnings of the American nation in New England, and from New England most of the ruling ideas of the people have sprung. It was there that resistance to the Stamp Act and to the Tea Tax was organized, although Patrick Henry had prepared the way in Virginia. It was there that the first steps were taken to make the colonies independent of England. In that group of States, small and even insignificant as it is in area, compared with many other parts of the Union, the principles have ripened, which now control the government of the nation. Yet it is a singular fact that, although New England opinions have so often triumphed, thrice only since the beginning of the government has a man of New England birth been called to fill the office of Chief Magistrate. Virginia was the 'mother of Presidents'—Virginia, for generations the proudest and fairest of all the States, but cast down in our own day to the dust, and doomed to drain to the last dregs the bitter cup of humiliation and sorrow.

When Independence was secured, it became for the first time necessary to define a national policy, and it was at that period that a well-marked division of parties began to be visible. The various States, jealous as they were of their rights and of each other, were forced to confess that a stronger league was needed for their protection and welfare than that of the Confederation, which had, indeed, enabled them to carry the revolutionary war to success, but was not in any way adapted to the new circumstances that had arisen. There was a Congress, it is true, in which all the States were represented, but it was not in a position to fulfil any of the functions of a Legislative body. Washington described it as 'a shadow without the substance.' A central authority, armed with adequate powers, was obviously needed; and it was during the process of bringing this into some definite shape, and defining its prerogatives, that the two great parties were called into existence, which, under various forms, have ever since divided the country. The delegates from the thirteen States, who assembled at Philadelphia in 1787, succeeded in agreeing upon the provisions of a Constitution for the new Union, but the instrument itself had to be ratified by each State, and in several cases it met with great opposition. For some

few months its fate hung trembling in the balance. 'It was for a long time doubtful,' said Washington, 'whether we were to survive as an independent Republic, or decline from our Federal dignity into insignificant and withered fragments of empire.' The people feared that their State rights, which they prized so highly, would some day be infringed, perhaps destroyed, by this new device of a Federal government. Congress, many of them believed, would become tyrannical, and the liberties of the States would perish. Such apprehensions as these were dealt with on one occasion by a member of the Massachusetts Convention, a farmer named Smith. He was, he said, a plain man who got his living by the plough, and who begged to say a few words to his 'brother plough-joggers.' There had been disturbances the previous winter in his own county, and neither life nor property was safe. 'Some were taken captive, children [were] taken out of their schools and carried away. Had any person that was able to protect us come and set up his standard we should all have flocked to it, even if it had been a monarch, and that monarch might have proved a tyrant.* Better, in fact, was a strong government than anarchy. Farmer Smith perceived in the Constitution the sign and promise of such a government, and therefore he supported it. 'I did not go to any lawyer,' he said, 'to ask his opinion; we have no lawyer in our town, and we do well enough without.' And then, by a practical illustration, he disposed of some of the chief objections which had been brought forward. 'Suppose,' he said, 'two or three of you had been at the pains to break up a piece of rough land, and sow it with wheat; would you let it lie waste because you could not agree what sort of a fence to make? Would it not be better to put up a fence that did not please every one's fancy, rather than not fence it at all, or keep disputing about it until the wild beasts came in and devoured it?' Considerations of this nature, urged in simple and homely language, had their weight in other States besides Massachusetts, and prevailed against the arguments of those who were alarmed at what they deemed the dangerous powers to be entrusted to the President. For it was the Executive, and not the Legislative power, which was the particular object of dread. The authority exercised by the chief magistrate would be fatal, it was commonly thought, to the liberties of the people. Subsequent events have sufficiently proved that, if any branch of the government is likely to assume powers not originally conferred upon it, and not contemplated by any parties or statesmen from 1787 to

* 'Elliott's Debates on the Federal Constitution,' III. 102-3.

1860, it is the Legislative and not the Executive. Congress has shown that in time of stress and emergency it is able to take the whole powers of government into its own hands, without meeting with serious resistance. The President himself may be stripped of all but a nominal authority, if he is unwise enough to enter into a trial of strength with a Legislature which is supported and approved by the people. The first of the Presidents who ascertained this by actual experiment was Andrew Johnson, but the issue was tested under a combination of circumstances which, it is much to be hoped, will never be seen again. In the ordinary state of affairs, the several departments of the government could scarcely come into conflict with each other, or do any violence either to the rights of States or the liberties of the people.

American political history dates, as we have said, from the year 1786 or 1787; but the termination of the War of Secession in 1865 marked the beginning of a totally new epoch. All things were changed. Before the outbreak of that war, both the great parties which had governed the country had forsaken their old names and passed through various transformations; but they had acted within certain definite lines, and each could make sure of summoning a thoroughly equipped organization to its support in the periodical struggles for power. The Federalists, after the war with England in 1812, assumed the title of Whigs; and when in 1852 they deemed it expedient to discard that name in its turn, they called themselves Republicans, as they continue to do to this day. But it is the 'Democratic' party of our time which represents the 'Republican' party of the early days of the Union. The appellations now employed are no guide whatever to the principles of either organization, and are indeed wholly destitute of meaning, apart from that which is connected with the associations of the War of Secession. To be classed as a 'Republican' or a 'Democrat' denotes nothing in a country where every man is a Republican and every man a Democrat. The old names were not inaccurate or misleading at the time they were adopted. The Republican party of ninety years ago was really Republican—it was distinguished for its sympathy with the principles and leaders of the French Revolution, and was opposed to the concentration of great powers in a central government. Its leader was Thomas Jefferson, the author of the Declaration of Independence, whose predilection for France may have been partly due to his affectionate intimacy with Lafayette. One of his biographers has pointed out that the French politics with which he sympathized resulted in organized massacre and Buonaparte, while the party which he founded in

the United States led the people of the South into rebellion. But Jefferson was far from contemplating rebellion in his own country; and as for slavery, he was opposed to it quite as much as Washington. Both these eminent men were themselves slaveholders, and both saw that slavery could not last. As the Democrats of to-day look upon Jefferson as the originator of their party, so the Republicans, with a less unquestionable right, profess to have inherited the opinions of Washington. That Washington was a Federalist at heart there is little doubt, and the Republican party of 1882 professes to be lineally descended from the Federalists; but it must be borne in mind, that Washington endeavoured to keep as much as possible beyond the reach of party entanglements, and he gave evidence of his impartiality by appointing Jefferson and Hamilton to posts of equal importance in his Cabinet. Yet Washington's real or supposed partiality for the English form of government brought upon him many violent denunciations as a 'British Tory.' He, like all the Federalists, aimed at establishing a strong central, or Federal government, even, if need be, at the expense of the State Governments; the Jefferson party were inflexibly hostile to any such theory, and were consequently at first called Anti-Federalists, then Republicans, and finally Democrats. To the main principle of their faith they have always remained steadfast.

The Federalists, it has been explained, became Whigs, and afterwards Republicans; the old Republican party became the Democratic party; but a fair degree of historical continuity has been preserved by each of these organizations, and therefore it is impossible to comprehend the position which they occupy to-day without some knowledge of their past. Many of the characteristics which marked their birth and growth are still retained. The Federalists always derived their chief strength from the north and east, and the Republicans from the south. The advocates of a strong government ranged themselves on the side of the Federalists, while the defenders of State rights went with the Republicans. These broad and easily recognizable distinctions have been retained down to our own time. The Republicans, heirs of the Federalists, get nearly all their votes from the east, west, and north; and they have constantly sought to increase and consolidate the powers of the Federal government. The Democrats, successors to the old Republicans, still look for support largely to the south and south-west, although several of the Northern States may almost be looked upon as a part of their inheritance, in spite of occasional defections, such as those which lost them the Presidential election of 1880. But if some of the original principles of both parties remain, much has occurred
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that would have startled the early leaders on either side. Washington, although in favour of a Federal government, was far from rating the privileges of States so lightly as Senator Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens; and Jefferson or Jackson would, as their writings, words, and actions all attest, have repudiated the view regarding the rights of Secession, which a large section of the Democratic party upheld. Andrew Jackson was a Democrat of the Democrats, but his oath, when South Carolina threatened to secede in 1832 on the Tariff question—the famous ‘Nullification’ period—is not yet forgotten: ‘By the Eternal, the Union must and shall be preserved!’ If the Southern Democracy had but understood that the majority of the nation would infallibly abide by the spirit of these words, there would have been no war in 1861.

If Jefferson and Jackson, though Democrats, never advised or anticipated actual Secession, on the other hand no Federalist or Whig, from the days of Washington down to those of Clay and Webster, would have been ready to enter into a war for the abolition of slavery. All American statesmen hoped that time would provide some remedy, which they confessed themselves to be unable to discern, for the evil of slavery. None of them were willing to defend it, except as an ‘institution’ which had long existed in the colonies, and which, it was felt, could not be abolished without great danger. ‘As much as I deplore slavery,’ said Patrick Henry in 1788, when the Constitution was under discussion in Virginia, ‘I see that prudence forbids its abolition.’ He declared that it would ‘rejoice his very soul’ to see all the blacks emancipated, ‘but is it practicable,’ he asked, ‘by any human means, to liberate them without producing the most dreadful and serious consequences?’ The whole system was regarded with mingled dislike and apprehension. ‘I tremble,’ said Jefferson, ‘when I look at slavery, and remember that God is just.’ John Randolph, of Virginia, detested slavery, but saw no way of abolishing it. The one idea and hope of all the leading men on both sides was, that time and chance would solve the difficulty. Henry Clay merely acted upon the convenient principle of putting off the evil day, when he identified himself with the policy of ‘Compromise.’ It had been nothing but compromise from the very first. The word ‘slavery,’ as Everett reminded his countrymen, was purposely excluded from the Constitution, and a passage referring to it in Jefferson’s first draft of the Declaration of Independence was carefully struck out. The beginning and end of Henry Clay’s

* ‘Elliott’s Debates,’ III. 590.

statesmanship was compromise; and it would be a hard judgment even now upon his public life, to maintain that he was wrong, and that civil war was better than compromise. In his own day, no doubt was entertained concerning the wisdom of the policy which he pursued, or rather which he recommended, for Henry Clay never had an opportunity of carrying out a policy. No American that ever lived was more popular during his own life; 'men shed tears at his defeat,' as one of his countrymen has told us, 'and women went to bed sick from pure sympathy with his disappointment.' Yet for twenty-eight years he strove with all his might for the one thing which he cared to have—the Presidential office; and the people refused to confer it upon him. When he left his home, 'the public seized him and bore him along over the land, the committee of one State passing him on to the committee of another, and the hurrahs of one town dying away as those of the next caught his ear.' He was doomed to live and die a disappointed man. In his day a visit to the Capitol at Washington well repaid the stranger; for Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, were all in the Senate, and debates took place which have never been equalled since. Clay's aim throughout his life was as we have said, to defer the settlement of the slavery question; Calhoun's was to urge it forward before its time. It had seemed, in 1820, that the long-dreaded struggle was inevitable, over the admission of Missouri into the Union; but it was avoided by means of the celebrated Missouri compromise, under which slavery was permitted to continue south of the boundary line of that State, and prohibited on the north of it. Twenty years later, the anti-slavery party, acting with the Republicans, began to reveal itself as a formidable power in political conventions, and the feeling which it never failed to excite, on one side or the other, led to frequent scenes of violence and disorder in various parts of the country. But the agitation against slavery was largely stimulated by the dread of the South gaining a paramount influence in the Union by means of its slaves, who helped to increase the representation of the States in Congress. They were the 'other persons' of the Constitution, and three-fifths of their number were to be added to the free citizens, and on that basis representation was to be apportioned. Consequently, the more the South multiplied its slaves, the greater became its strength in the Legislature. It was that consideration, more than any other, which caused slavery to become a dangerous issue in 1820, and which brought it up again, in a still more menacing form, in 1845, when Texas was annexed to the Union. Texas was south of the line agreed upon in the Missouri compromise, and therefore it gave the South a new and invaluable territory for
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the growth and extension of slavery. The enormous size of Texas—it is nearly twice as large as the United Kingdom—brought home to every mind the importance of this acquisition. The South gained its object, but the great accumulation of jealousy and hatred, which had long been rolling up against it, became more threatening than ever. 1850 was the last year of ‘compromise.’ Henry Clay was for a time thought to have solved the great difficulty once for all, by procuring the admission of California into the Union as a free State, and by getting slavery abolished in the district of Columbia—the ‘no man’s land’ of about sixty square miles, in which the seat of government is placed. Against this little space the Southern States could set the 381,000 square miles of Texas, and feel that Clay’s ‘omnibus’ measures had left them unscathed.

But a stronger force than that of party was gradually growing up against slavery—the force of public opinion. The writers, preachers, and speakers, of New England—the ‘Free-soil’ or Abolition section of the Republican party—were beginning to draw the nation after them. In 1856, politicians of the old school were astonished to find that a body of ‘fanatics,’ which they had scarcely condescended to include among the forces in the field, had come within a stone’s throw of winning the Presidential election. From that time slavery was doomed. In 1858, both Mr. Seward and Mr. Lincoln warned the people that the collision between the two systems of free-labour and slave-labour was rapidly approaching, and could not by any means be long averted. It was then that Mr. Seward spoke of it as the ‘irrepressible conflict,’ a phrase which became a household word throughout the country. Events moved onwards with startling rapidity as the great crisis approached. In 1859, John Brown’s raid upon Harper’s Ferry, in pursuance of his frenzied design to abolish slavery single-handed, greatly roused and agitated the whole people of the North, and the execution of the enthusiast made a deep impression upon their imagination. In the blood-stained years which followed, the name of this ‘inspired madman’ rang through many a battle-field of the South; for the most spirit-stirring and martial air of the war was that in which the Union forces commemorated the exploits of John Brown, and boasted that his soul was still ‘marching on.’ Then, for the first time, an avowed Anti-Slavery candidate was elected President; and the Southern States determined to take the advice which Calhoun once gave them, and ‘force the issue’ upon the North. The first to go was South Carolina; among the last was ill-fated Virginia. Before Mr. Lincoln had actually entered upon his office, six States claimed the right of seceding from

from the Union; and the train was laid for one of the most sanguinary and appalling wars of which the history of any country bears record.*

We do not propose to touch, even in the briefest manner, upon the incidents of that war. Political history, like the Constitution itself, remained practically in abeyance from 1861 to 1865. When the smoke of the battle-fields had cleared away, it was seen that one of the old political parties had, to all outward show, perished in the contest. For half a century and more, the Democrats had enjoyed the lion's share of power, but in 1865 they made their appearance in Congress a mere shadow of a party, without numbers, without leaders, and without influence. When their names were called over in the House of Representatives, it was found that they mustered only forty-one. But this was not their true strength at Washington. The House had been organized by the Republicans, whose leaders now showed themselves consummate masters of party tactics. The Clerk was instructed by the Speaker to omit the States lately in rebellion from the roll-call, and thus the control of the Legislature was thrown entirely into the hands of the Republicans. The Southern States had annulled the ordinances of Secession, reconstituted their governments, and sent Representatives, duly elected according to all constitutional forms, to Congress. But the Republicans feared, and not without reason, that, if their opponents came back into the Legislature on equal terms, the victories they had won in the field would once more be lost in the Senate. The Southern States, it was contended, had lost their right to take part in the counsels of the Union. Day after day the delegates from those States knocked at the doors of Congress for admission, and were turned away. Day after day a strange and ghastly figure rose within the walls of the House, and heaped bitter imprecations upon the South, and upon all who came from it or went into it—a weird and shrunken-looking man, bent in figure and club-footed, over whose deeply-lined and pallid countenance a strange gleam was at times shot from his sunken eyes. Accustomed to all the dark and intricate ways which lead to political life in the United States, stern and pitiless in nature, and hating the Southern people with a super-human hatred, no more willing instrument for exciting sectional animosity could have been found than this veteran of the Pennsylvanian arena, Thaddeus Stevens. His voice was usually quavering and feeble, but when excitement stirred him—as it

* The loss of life in the war on both sides can never be accurately known; but the best authorities have estimated it at from seven hundred to eight hundred thousand men.

did whenever any plea was offered for the South—he threw a certain tone into it which made it ring all over the House, and inspired those who had been presumptuous enough to oppose him with an extraordinary dread of his influence and power. A fellow-member once asked him if he thought he could construct a penitentiary large enough to hold the entire people of the Southern States. ‘Yes, sir,’ replied Stevens, ‘that penitentiary which is guarded by bayonets down below, and if they undertake to come back we will shoot them.’ And again he declared that ‘flaming swords were set at the gates to secure their seclusion from the garden of Eden which they had deserted.’ Such was the man who took the lead of the Republican party in the House of Representatives at a most critical moment in its history. In the Senate the chief place was occupied by one of kindred spirit, but somewhat higher gifts—Mr. Sumner, a man who had many reasons for detesting the South. A brutal personal assault was once committed upon him in the Senate Chamber itself by a Southern ‘fire-eater’ named Brookes, and bitterly was the outrage avenged. The struggle which began in the winter of 1865 over the ‘Reconstruction’ of the Southern States, resulted in the addition of two important amendments to the Constitution, and of many stringent and unprecedented laws to the statute-books. Several of the States were thrown into a condition worse even than that of civil war. It is impossible to understand politics or parties, as they exist now in the United States, without some recollection of the chief incidents connected with this Reconstruction period. At the best, it will always be a melancholy story to recal, but we must endeavour to present a rapid sketch of its principal outlines.

Two methods of dealing with the Southern States might have been adopted at that time with a fair prospect of success. The first was to receive them back into the Union as soon as they had ratified the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery, and then leave the people to reconstruct their own governments. This was the plan which President Lincoln had resolved to follow, and which in the main was adhered to by President Johnson, although he was unable to carry it out. The second method was to treat the States as conquered territory, and keep them under military government, until peace was thoroughly restored and old feuds had faded into oblivion. Neither of these plans approved itself to the minds of the Republican leaders. They devised one of their own, which involved every possible disadvantage, and had not even the merit of securing the objects which they had expressly at heart. The States were excluded until they had formed new governments, but in the
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work of forming those governments the chief white citizens were allowed to take no part whatever. The negroes were not given 'equal rights'—they were placed over the whites as their rulers and governors. As it was expressed in a South Carolina song—

‘De bottom rail’s on the top
An’ we’s gwine to keep it dar.’

A more ingenious artifice for kindling a deadly hatred between the two races, no man, and no body of men, could possibly have devised. The white citizens, beaten and humiliated, were excluded from their own legislatures, while the negroes were ordered to go there and make laws for them. In South Carolina, Louisiana, and Alabama, the negroes for a long time exercised almost unchecked authority, and exercised it without mercy. Then came retaliation, not in an open or a manly form, but such as the people felt was *safe*—midnight raids and assassinations, committed by secret associations of armed men, many of whom had been loyal to the Union throughout the war, and now turned upon it in rage and despair. This was ‘Reconstruction’ according to the Radical wing of the Republican party, and its failure is now as palpable as the noonday sun to all who have watched its history. The authors of it are, for the most part, dead, but the evil they have done lives after them, and is likely to survive beyond the present generation. Let us go a little farther into this memorable chapter of American history.

Of all the shots which were fired between 1861 and 1865, none carried so much disaster to the South as that which slew President Lincoln, less than six weeks after he had entered upon his second term of office. He was a man incapable of vindictive feelings, and, when the South was finally subjugated, he had but one anxiety in reference to it—to bring it back into the Union without delay, and to give the people a fair chance in the new and arduous struggle for existence which they necessarily had to face, with their labour system destroyed, their property burnt or sacrificed, and their capital all dissipated. He spoke in his second inaugural address, just before the fall of Richmond, of ‘binding up the nation’s wounds,’ and of acting ‘with malice towards none, with charity for all.’ Those who were brought into daily association with him well knew, that frequently during the war he had been overcome by the widespread misery and suffering which he saw on almost every side, and that his anxieties and sorrows had much deepened the natural melancholy of his disposition. His keen sense of humour afforded him the only relief he ever knew from the heaviness of spirit which

which was constantly present with him. He was not, and never could have become, a violent partizan, and for that reason the extremists of his own party were always inclined to look upon him with suspicion. But he was popular in the country, his quaint sayings were everywhere repeated, and the people felt that he was doing his best to lead them through the perils which surrounded them. His public utterances were all couched in a solemn and lofty strain, well suited to the gravity of the times, and in harmony with the thoughts which were in all men's minds. The heart of the nation responded to him when he declared, in dedicating a cemetery to the soldiers who fell at Gettysburg, that the dead must not die in vain—'that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.' With sorrowful acquiescence they received that fine passage in his second inaugural Address:—'Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword; as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."' He was at once too just and too gentle-spirited a man to undertake the work which the Radical leaders wished to carry out. They had tried to induce him to accept their view, that the Southern States were practically out of the Union, although a war which had cost three-quarters of a million of lives had just been waged to prove that they were in it. In the last address which Mr. Lincoln ever delivered,* he referred to the attacks which had even then been opened upon him by the Sumner and Stevens party, in consequence of his unwillingness to subject the Southern States to any disabilities whatever. Some people, he said, had forced the question upon his attention, whether those States were in or out of the Union, but he regarded it as 'good for nothing at all.' The great thing was to bring the States back—'finding themselves safely at home, it would be utterly immaterial whether they had been abroad.' And, at a Cabinet meeting held on the very last day of his life, he expressed an earnest hope that there would be 'no persecution, no bloody work, after the war was over.' He advised the Cabinet to endeavour to get all the State governments in operation again before Congress met in December. 'There were men in Congress,' he said, 'who, if their motives

* At Washington, April 11th, 1865.

were good, were nevertheless impracticable, and who possessed feelings of hate and vindictiveness in which he did not sympathize and could not participate.' As for the Southern leaders, none of them, he declared, should be punished with his consent. 'Frighten them out of the country, open the gates, let down the bars, scare them off,' said he, throwing up his hands as if scaring sheep.* That night he had promised to go with General Grant to the theatre. The General was unwell, and could not keep the engagement, and so, rather than disappoint the people, the President decided, though most unwillingly, to go alone. In the morning he had spoken of the recurrence of a dream which had sometimes visited him during the war before a great battle. He imagined that he was in a vessel of strange shape and form, which was moving with great rapidity towards a dark and mysterious shore. It is said, too, that he had mentioned one or two other circumstances which struck him as remarkable, although they may have been no more than indications of a mind wearied by overwork and anxiety.† He kept his promise and went to the theatre, and was seated in a box, with his head leaning upon his hand in a fit of abstraction, when an assassin crept up to the door and shot him. He was carried home, and lingered a few hours, but never opened his eyes or lips again.

Mr. Lincoln's successor, President Johnson, was a thoroughly honest and well-meaning man, but once in his life he had been a Democrat, and by birth he belonged to a Southern State. Those two facts were capable of being turned greatly to his injury, and it was soon forgotten that he had been elected Vice-President on account of his fidelity to the Union, and of the sacrifices he had made for Republican opinions in the midst of a hostile community. At first it was believed by Radical-Republicans that they would be able to mould him to their own purposes; when they found they could not, they determined to destroy him. Mr. Johnson's temper was warm and quick, and his assailants took care that he should never be long in want of sufficient to provoke it. They heaped every variety of insult upon his head, and depicted him to the people as the base and willing tool of Southern traitors. It became almost fatal to the character of any public man to say a word in his defence. Soon he was left entirely alone in the White House; the throngs of visitors, which usually beset the corridors and ante-rooms, had all

* This account was given by Mr. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy, in the 'New York Galaxy,' April 1872. He was present at the Cabinet meeting.

† That he had seen a double reflection of himself that morning in the looking-glass was one of these circumstances.

vanished.

vanished. If a member of Congress ever called to see him, it was generally after dark, when no one was likely to know of the interview. 'Here I live in a corner of this house,' the President once said to a friend, 'cut off by a ban from both parties, and yet I have done nothing more than tried to do my plain duty under the Constitution. Rather would I be in the smallest cabin in Tennessee than here amid all this grandeur.' The 'grandeur' of the White House is, in truth, not remarkable; but to the ex-tailor of Tennessee it seemed at first like the realization of a splendid vision. Perhaps no man, not even Mr. Lincoln, could have passed with entire success through that stormy period, when party passions swept everything before them, and when a multitude of conflicting counsels bewildered and divided the nation. The exercise of great self-restraint and tact might, however, have been of some service to a President placed in so trying a position; but in these qualities Mr. Johnson was deficient. When struck, he was eager to strike back again, and many of his angry retorts only served the cause of his adversaries by giving offence to the people. In less than a year he had lost the last shred of influence over the mind of the country, and his attempts to serve the Southern people merely embittered popular feeling against them.

Disorders soon broke out in various parts of the South; the condition of the negroes was, in some States, very critical; in others, the lately emancipated race were revelling in the wildest and most shameless abuse of power. The negro soldiers had fought well for the Union during the war, and thus had established a fair claim to kindly and even generous treatment from the nation. The best gift, it was thought, which could be made to them was the ballot. Let them vote as freely as any white citizen, and they would soon learn to take care of themselves; but the white citizens were disfranchised, and thus the negroes were suddenly made the masters of those who had owned them as slaves. Some have called this a 'just retribution;' but, whether just or unjust, human nature being what it is, it excited the deepest passions on both sides. The negroes were imperious and aggressive; the whites were exasperated and vindictive. The whole South was divided by Congress into military districts; the existing State governments were set aside; and wherever the negroes were in a majority they were enabled to do as they pleased with the property of the State. South Carolina was pillaged more ruthlessly by its negro rulers than it would have been if legions of bandits had been let loose upon it. Louisiana fared very little better. It is not surprising that some of the States have not even yet, nearly seventeen years
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after the termination of the war, made any substantial progress towards recovery from this black saturnalia, following as it did closely upon the devastating march of invading armies, and the indiscriminate destruction of property. Prosperity is a word the meaning of which was long ago forgotten by most of the Southern people.

One party alone possessed any power throughout this period—the party which had won the confidence and gratitude of the nation by carrying the war to a successful termination. The Democrats could do nothing but look on. Even in 1868 they only succeeded in obtaining the votes of eight States in the Presidential election. Their old alliances with the South caused them to be regarded with distrust, and this disadvantage was not overcome by the strange freak which led them, in 1872, to adopt as their candidate for the Presidency a life-long opponent and a ‘Black Republican,’ Horace Greeley. The records of party in any country may be searched in vain for a parallel to this infatuated and unaccountable proceeding. It ended in another great disaster for the Democrats. They emerged from the Presidential contest of 1868, not only defeated, but ridiculous, and the soldier who had saved the Union was called upon to preside over its affairs. General Grant was far too shrewd to rush into a conflict with the leaders of the advanced section of his party. He saw that the people had been brought over to the views of these leaders, and that further opposition would be madness. That he strongly sympathized with the South cannot be doubted, and in 1866 he had made an official report upon the state of that region, in which he declared that the people had accepted the results of the war in good faith. But whatever may have been his personal opinions in reference to the question, he had no intention of permitting them to embroil him with the Republicans in Congress, or endanger his popularity in the country. If President Johnson had too few friends, President Grant had, perhaps, too many, and unfortunately they were not all gifted with ordinary prudence or discretion. Some of them were found to be associated with schemes involving gross corruption, and even then he sometimes refused to give them up. He prided himself on remaining true to his friends whatever might befall them; and this, no doubt, is in its way a good quality, but it should lead a man to be very choice and scrupulous in the selection of the persons upon whom he bestows his confidence. There cannot be a doubt that General Grant sometimes waged war with might and main for members of his *entourage*, whom he might better have helped to consign to the irretrievable disgrace which subsequently

quently overtook them. The whole of this period will be largely associated with corruption and jobbery in every form. It was the era of 'bosses.' There was a 'boss' in New York, under whose reign a sum nearly equal to five millions of pounds had been stolen bodily from the City Treasury. Unfortunately for the Democrats, this particular 'boss' was associated with their party, and the penalty of his misdeeds fell upon them. The truth is, that the war had led to a great demoralization of public life, for the attention of the nation had been concentrated exclusively on battles and military movements, and civil affairs had been left to take care of themselves, or to fall into the hands of 'bosses,'—men like Tweed in New York, Moses (a negro) in South Carolina, and the remarkable gentleman known as 'Poker Jack' in Arkansas. When the long account between the two parties is adjusted, it is doubtful on which side the advantage will rest. If the Democrats did not distinguish themselves so much as the Republicans, it must be acknowledged that it fell to their lot to have fewer opportunities.

President Johnson, as we have seen, failed utterly in his efforts to carry out his plan of Reconstruction, and in course of time the Sumner and Stevens policy was adopted. The Republicans alone must accept the responsibility for all that happened as the result of those measures. The first effect, visible to all parties alike, was the kindling of a fierce and blood-thirsty hatred between the opposing races in the South. The law might declare that the negro was the lord and master, but it could not compel the oppressed class to acknowledge the justice of the decree, or even to submit to it. In spite of Federal troops, an irregular kind of warfare was carried on in several States against the blacks. President Grant informed Congress, in his annual Message of 1871, that there had been 'frequent scourgings and occasional assassinations,' and that 'thousands of inoffensive and well-disposed citizens were the sufferers by this lawless violence.' Crime was chiefly prevalent in the Cotton States, where the negroes were the most numerous. At last the Southern leaders resolved to pursue a different system with their new masters—a system not unworthy of their traditional reputation for astuteness as politicians. They sought to lead the negro to the ballot-box, instead of trying to scare him from it, and, when there, to induce him to hand in a ballot of their own choosing. They endeavoured to convince him that, after all, their interests and his own were identical, and that, as they had to live together as neighbours, they might as well do so as friends. The results of the elections during the last few years prove that these tactics have been more successful than all the
'Ku-Klux-Klans'

'Ku-Klux-Klans' that ever went about at midnight, in hideous masks, making cowardly forays upon frightened blacks. The Southern States have once more cast in their lot with the Democratic party. They will some day recover their old ascendancy, aided by the Democrats of the North,—a result of 'Reconstruction' which is already distinctly foreseen by many Republicans. The writer of a very remarkable book, purporting to contain a true account of the experiences of a Union man in South Carolina,* declares that the Southern whites and the negroes are now agreed upon all questions 'touching the nation and its future;' and he expresses his opinion that the balance of power will again be held in the South. The people there, he says, are 'thoroughly united, and are instinctive natural rulers. The North is disunited, a part will adhere to the South for the sake of power; and, just as before the civil war, the South will again dominate and control the nation.' This is the testimony of an earnest Republican, and it is confirmed by all the materials which we possess for forming a judgment upon the state of feeling in the South, and for estimating the relative forces of the two parties which are now once more contending for the mastery. In the Presidential election of 1868, but eight States cast their votes for the Democratic candidate; in 1876—for we omit the Greeley year—the eight had grown to seventeen; in 1880, the number of States for the Republican and the Democratic candidate was equal—nineteen for each. The total popular vote stood thus: for General Garfield (Republican), 4,442,950; for General Hancock (Democrat), 4,412,035.† It needs no argument added to these figures to prove that the Reconstruction policy, so far as it was intended to secure the Southern vote for the Republican party, has failed—no less than it has failed to produce the moral effects which some of its advocates professed to expect from it.

What, it may now be asked, is the difference between the Republican and the Democratic parties to-day? Where, and on what great question, is the dividing line? Slavery made a clear and well-marked issue for at least a couple of generations. What has taken its place? Foreign politics can very seldom afford a convenient battle-ground for American parties, since the great principle of public life is to avoid them altogether. The United States are removed from the danger of entanglement in European affairs. But political parties must have a cause to contend for and to be identified with; and it is too late now

* 'A Fool's Errand.' New York, 1881.

† The 'American Almanac' for 1881.

for either side to talk about State rights. All the issues arising out of that dire controversy are dead and buried. There is nothing more strongly characteristic of the people of the United States, than their disinclination to revive old disputes, or to undo anything that has once actually been done by properly constituted authorities. Hence it is that they are averse from any tampering with their form of government, notwithstanding that there are some things in it which they might desire to see amended. Slavery itself, being countenanced by the Constitution, was not abolished till 1863, and it would probably have survived still longer if the South had not withdrawn from the Union and fired upon the national flag. It is the dread that the South will seek to reverse the legislation of the last few years, that causes the prospect of its renewed predominance to be regarded with so much uneasiness. Questions might be raised, which would cause a renewal of the old sectional strife in the Legislature, even if they led to no more serious results. But in all probability they never will be raised, for the American, whether of the North or South, quickly makes up his mind to accept the inevitable. In the business of private life, if a man fails he does not sit down and lament; or give up the day as lost, but begins over again, either in the same business or some other which holds out a better promise of success. The community amid which he lives is not hard either upon him or his failures. And the same indulgence is extended to political parties, provided they concern themselves with the future rather than with the past. At this moment we believe that it would perplex a Republican to define any principle professed by his party which the Democrats do not profess with equal earnestness and vigour. The Republicans have declared themselves in favour of Civil Service Reform, and so have the Democrats, with even greater vehemence; but the Republicans have been in power twenty years, and have had the opportunity of reducing theory to practice; and it must in all candour be admitted that the result of their labours in this direction is singularly small. What have they done to overthrow the celebrated Jacksonian precept, 'to the victors belong the spoils'? What, in fact, is it possible for them to do under the present system? The political labourer holds that he is worthy of his hire, and if nothing is given to him, nothing will he give in return. There are tens of thousands of offices at the bestowal of every administration, and the persons who have helped to bring that administration into power expect to receive them. 'In Great Britain,' once remarked the American paper which enjoys the largest circulation in the country, 'the ruling classes

have it all to themselves, and the poor man rarely or ever gets a nibble at the public crib. Here we take our turn. We know that, if our political rivals have the opportunity to-day, we shall have it to-morrow. This is the philosophy of the whole thing compressed into a nutshell.' If President Arthur were to begin to-day to distribute offices to the men who were most worthy to receive them, without reference to political services, his own party would rebel, and assuredly his path would not be strewn with roses. He was himself the victim of a gross injustice perpetrated under the name of reform. He filled the important post of Collector of the Port of New York, and filled it to the entire satisfaction of the mercantile community. President Hayes did not consider General Arthur sufficiently devoted to his interests, and he removed him in favour of a confirmed wire-puller and caucus-monger, and the administration papers had the address to represent this as the outcome of an honest effort to reform the Civil Service. No one really supposed that the New York Custom House was less a political engine than it had been before. The rule of General Arthur had been, in point of fact, singularly free from jobbery and corruption, and not a breath of suspicion was ever attached to his personal character. If he had been less faithful in the discharge of his difficult duties, he would have made fewer enemies. He discovered several gross cases of fraud upon the revenue, and brought the perpetrators to justice; but the culprits were not without influence in the press, and they contrived to make the worse appear the better cause. Their view was taken at second-hand by many of the English journals, and even recently the public here were gravely assured that General Arthur represented all that was base in American politics, and moreover that he was an enemy of England, for he had been elected by the Irish vote. The authors of these foolish calumnies did not perceive that, if their statements had been correct, General Garfield, whom they so much honoured, must also have been elected by the Irish vote; for he came to power on the very same 'ticket.' In reality, the Irish vote may be able to accomplish many things in America, but we may safely predict that it will never elect a President. General Arthur had not been many weeks in power, before he was enabled to give a remarkable proof of the injustice that had been done to him in this particular respect. The salute of the English flag at Yorktown is one of the most graceful incidents recorded in American history, and the order originated solely with the President. A man of higher character or, it may be added, of greater accomplishments and fitness for his office,
never

never sat in the Presidential chair. His first appointments are now admitted to be better than those which were made by his predecessor for the same posts. Senator Frelinghuysen, the new Secretary of State, or Foreign Secretary, is a man of great ability, of most excellent judgment, and of the highest personal character. He stands far beyond the reach of all unworthy influences. Mr. Folger, the Secretary of the Treasury, possesses the confidence of the entire country, and the nomination of the new Attorney-General was received with universal satisfaction. All this little accords with the dark and forbidding descriptions of President Arthur which were placed before the public here on his accession to office. It is surely time that English writers became alive to the danger of accepting without question the distorted views which they find ready to their hands in the most bigoted or most malicious of American journals.

Democrats and Republicans, then, alike profess to be in favour of a thorough reform in the Civil Service, and at the present moment there is no other very prominent question which could be used as a test for the admission of members into either party. The old issue, which no one could possibly mistake, is gone. How much the public really care for the new one, it would be a difficult point to decide. A Civil Service system, such as that which we have in England, would scarcely be suited to the 'poor man,' who, as the New York paper says, thinks he has a right occasionally to 'get a nibble at the public crib.' If a man has worked hard to bring his party into power, he is apt, in the United States, to think that he is entitled to some 'recognition,' and neither he nor his friends would be well pleased if they were told that, before anything could be done for him, it would be necessary to examine him in modern languages and mathematics. Moreover, a service such as that which exists in England requires to be worked with a system of pensions; and pensions, it is held in America, are opposed to the 'Republican idea.*' If it were not for this objection, it may be presumed that some provision would have been made for more than one of the ex-Presidents, whose circumstances placed them or their families much in need of it. President Monroe spent his last years in wretched circumstances, and died bankrupt. Mrs. Madison 'knew what it was to want bread.' A negro servant, who had once

* Enormous sums are, however, given to soldiers who were wounded during the war, or who pretend that they were—for jobbery on an unheard of scale is practised in connection with these pensions. It is estimated that \$120,000,000 (24,000,000*l.*) will have to be paid during the present fiscal year for 'arrears of pensions,' and the number of claimants is constantly increasing.

been a slave in the family, used furtively to give her 'small sums'—they must have been very small—out of his own pocket. Mr. Pierce was, we believe, not far removed from indigence; and it has been stated that after Andrew Johnson left the White House, he was reduced to the necessity of following his old trade. General Grant was much more fortunate; and we have recently seen that the American people have subscribed for Mrs. Garfield a sum nearly equal to 70,000*l*. But a pension system for Civil Servants is not likely to be adopted. Permanence in office is another principle which has found no favour with the rank and file of either party in America, although it has sometimes been introduced into party platforms for the sake of producing a good effect. The plan of 'quick rotation' is far more attractive to the popular sense. Divide the spoils, and divide them often. It is true that the public indignation is sometimes aroused, when too eager and rapacious a spirit is exhibited. Such a feeling was displayed in 1873, in consequence of an Act passed by Congress increasing the pay of its own members and certain officers of the Government. Each member of Congress was to receive \$7500 a year, or 1500*l*. The sum paid before that date, down to 1865, was \$5000 a year, or 1000*l*, and 'mileage' fees added—that is to say, members were entitled to be paid twenty cents a mile for travelling expenses to or from Washington. This Bill soon became known as the 'Salary Grab' Act, and popular feeling against it was so great that it was repealed in the following Session, and the former pay was restored. As a general rule, however, the 'spoils' system has not been heartily condemned by the nation; if it had been so condemned, it must have fallen long ago.

President Arthur has been admonished by his English counsellors to take heed that he follows closely in the steps of his predecessor. General Garfield was not long enough in office to give any decided indication of the policy which he intended to pursue; but, so far as he had gone, impartial observers could detect very little difference between his course of conduct in regard to patronage and that of former Presidents. He simply preferred the friends of Mr. Blaine to the friends of Mr. Conkling; but Mr. Blaine is a politician of precisely the same class as Mr. Conkling—both are men intimately versed in all the intricacies of 'primaries,' the 'caucus,' and the general working of the 'machine.' They are precisely the kind of men which American politics, as at present practised and understood, are adapted to produce. Mr. Conkling, however, is of more imperious a disposition than Mr. Blaine; the first disappoint-
ment

ment or contradiction turns him from a friend into an enemy. President Garfield removed the Collector of New York—the most lucrative and most coveted post in the entire Union—and instead of nominating a friend of Mr. Conkling's for the vacancy, he nominated a friend of Mr. Blaine's. Now Mr. Conkling had done much to secure New York State for the Republicans, and thus gave them the victory; and he thought himself entitled to better treatment than he received. But was it in the spirit of true reform to remove the Collector, against whom no complaint had been made, merely for the purpose of creating a vacancy, and then of putting a friend of Mr. Blaine's into it—a friend, moreover, who had been largely instrumental in securing General Garfield's own nomination at Chicago? * Is this all that is meant, when the Reform party talk of the great changes which they desire to see carried out? Again, the new President has been fairly warned by his advisers in this country, that he must abolish every abuse, new or old, connected with the distribution of patronage. If he is to execute this commission, not one term of office, nor three terms, will be sufficient for him. Over every appointment there will inevitably arise a dispute: if a totally untried man is chosen, he will be suspected as a wolf coming in sheep's clothing; if a well-known partizan is nominated, he will be denounced as a mere tool of the leaders, and there will be another outcry against 'machine politics.' 'One party or other,' said an American journal not long ago, 'must begin the work of administering the Government on business principles,' and the writer admitted that the work would 'cost salt tears to many a politician.' The honour of making this beginning has not been sought for with remarkable eagerness by either party; but it seems to be deemed necessary to promise that something shall be done, and the Democrats, being out of power, are naturally in the position to bid the highest. The reform will come, as we have intimated, when the people demand it; it cannot come before, for few, indeed, are the politicians in the United States, who venture to trust themselves far in advance of public opinion. And even of that few, there are some who have found out, by hard experience, that there is little honour or profit to be gained by undertaking to act as pioneers.

It is doubtless a step in advance, that both parties now admit the absolute necessity of devising measures to elevate the character of the public service, to check the progress of corrup-

* The undeniable facts of the case were as we have briefly indicated above. See, for example, a letter to the 'New York Nation,' Nov. 3, 1881.

tion, and to introduce a better class of men into the offices which are held under the Government. The necessity of great reforms in these respect has been avowed over and over again by most of the leading journals and influential men in the country. The most radical of the Republicans, and the most conservative of the Democrats, are of one mind on this point. Mr. Wendell Phillips, an old abolitionist and Radical, once publicly declared that Republican government in cities had been a complete failure.* An equally good Radical, the late Mr. Horace Greeley, made the following still more candid statement:— 'There are probably at no time less than twenty thousand men in this city [New York] who would readily commit a safe murder for a hundred dollars, break open a house for twenty, and take a false oath for five. Most of these are of European birth, though we have also native miscreants who are ready for any crime that will pay.† Strong testimony against the working of the suffrage—and it must have been most unwilling testimony—was given in 1875 by a politician whose long familiarity with caucuses and 'wire-pulling' in every form renders him an undeniable authority. 'Let it be widely proclaimed,' he wrote, 'that the experience and teachings of a republican form of government prove nothing so alarmingly suggestive of and pregnant with danger as that cheap suffrage involves and entails cheap representation.'‡ Another Republican, of high character, has stated that 'the methods of politics have now become so repulsive, the corruption so open, the intrigues and personal hostilities are so shameless, that it is very difficult to engage in them without a sense of humiliation.'§ The President of the Union League Club—an association of Republicans, largely political in its character—gave similar evidence in 1871. 'There has been a growing disinclination,' he said, 'among people of condition to enter political life. Many of our most intelligent and respectable citizens have as little to do with shaping and directing public affairs as if they lived in Austria or Russia.' A recent writer has confirmed all this, and assured the world that 'Boss' government is now becoming the rule and not the exception in the United States.

'If it be true,' he says, 'that democracy is destined to spread all over the world, and that the type of government to which all countries are coming is the one now represented by the United States, Europeans cannot do better than send over their young men to study the institutions which have given us our present race of "Bosses,"'

* Speech in New York, March 7, 1881.

† 'New York Tribune,' Feb. 25, 1870.

‡ Letter in New York papers, Feb. 20, 1875.

§ Mr. George William Curtis, in 'Harper's Magazine,' 1870.

for it is unquestionably the Bosses who are the successors of Webster, Clay, and Calhoun. No country in the world could make such a "Boss"-show as the United States. The reason why such a condition of affairs gradually drives "great men" of the other kind out of public life is, partly, that men with a liking for it, who are at the same time men of education and intellectual tastes, find that to succeed they must leave those behind, and devote themselves to the acquisition of power by the aid of the "machine," or else abandon politics and take up some other calling. "Politics" thus gradually gets among people of this sort a bad name, as being a low sort of pursuit, which a man of character and intellectual ambition had better keep out of.*

If these were the criticisms of foreigners, we should be inclined to suspect that they were overcharged, or inspired by prejudice; but they proceed from sources which are open to no such imputation, and which we, at least, confess ourselves unable to challenge. That public life will long be allowed to remain in the condition here described, we refuse to believe; it will be swept away eventually, like other and even greater evils; but all must admit that it is high time for the great and urgent work of reform to be taken in hand, by one party or the other, or by both.

Although corruption has been suspected at one time or other in almost every Department of the Government, the Presidential office has hitherto been kept free from its stain. And yet, by an anomaly of the Constitution, the President has sometimes been exposed to suspicion, and still more frequently to injustice and misrepresentation, in consequence of the practical irresponsibility of his Cabinet officers. They are his chief advisers in regard to the distribution of places, as well as in the higher affairs of State, and the discredit of any mismanagement on their part falls upon him. It is true that he chooses them, and may dismiss them, with the concurrence of the Senate; but, when once appointed, they are beyond reach of all effective criticism—for newspaper attacks are easily explained by the suggestion of party malice. They cannot be questioned in Congress, for they are absolutely prohibited from sitting in either House. For months together it is quite possible for the Cabinet to pursue a course which is in direct opposition to the wishes of the people. This was seen, among other occasions, in 1873-4, when Mr. Richardson was Secretary of the Treasury, and at a time when his management of the finances caused great dissatisfaction. At last a particularly case of gross

* The 'New York Nation,' Feb. 3, 1881.

negligence, to use no harsher word, known as the 'Sanborn contracts,' caused his retirement; that is to say, the demand for his withdrawal became so persistent and so general, that the President could no longer refuse to listen to it. His objectionable policy might have been pursued till the end of the Presidential term, but for the accidental discovery of a scandal, which exhausted the patience of his friends as well as his enemies. Now had Mr. Richardson been a member of either House, and liable to be subjected to a rigorous cross-questioning as to his proceedings, the mismanagement of which he was accused, and which was carried on in the dark, never could have occurred. Why the founders of the Constitution should have thrown this protection round the persons who happen to fill the chief offices of State, is difficult to conjecture, but the clause is clear:—'No person holding any office under the United States shall be a member of either House during his continuance in office.'* Mr. Justice Story declares that this provision 'has been vindicated upon the highest grounds of public authority,' but he also admits that, as applied to the heads of departments, it leads to many evils. He adds a warning which many events of our own time have shown to be not unnecessary:—'If corruption ever eats its way silently into the vitals of this Republic, it will be because the people are unable to bring responsibility home to the Executive through his chosen Ministers. They will be betrayed when their suspicions are most lulled by the Executive, under the guise of an obedience to the will of Congress.† The inconveniences occasioned to the public service under the present system are very great. There is no official personage in either House to explain the provisions of any Bill, or to give information on pressing matters of public business. Cabinet officers are only brought into communication with the nation when they send in their annual reports, or when a special report is called for by some unusual emergency. Sometimes the President himself goes down to the Capitol to talk over the merits of a Bill with members. The Department which happens to be interested in any particular measure puts it under the charge of some friend of the Administration, and if a member particularly desires any further information respecting it he may, if he thinks proper, go to the Department and ask for it. But Congress and Ministers are never brought face to face. It is possible that American 'Secretaries' may escape some of the inconvenience which English Ministers are at times called upon to undergo; but the most capable and honest of them forfeit

* Article I, sect. vi. 2.

† 'Commentaries,' I., book iii. sect. 869.

many advantages, not the least of which is the opportunity of making the exact nature of their work known to their countrymen, and of meeting party misrepresentations and calumnies in the most effectual way. In like manner, the incapable members of the Cabinet would not be able, under a different system, to shift the burden of responsibility for their blunders upon the President. No President suffered more in reputation for the faults of others than General Grant. It is true that he did not always choose his Secretaries with sufficient care or discrimination, but he was made to bear more than a just proportion of the censure which was provoked by their mistakes. And it was not in General Grant's disposition to defend himself. In ordinary intercourse he was sparing of his words, and could never be induced to talk about himself, or to make a single speech in defence of any portion of his conduct. The consequence was, that his second term of office was far from being worthy of the man who enjoyed a popularity, just after the war, which Washington himself might have envied, and who is still, and very justly, regarded with respect and gratitude for his memorable services in the field.

The same sentiment, to which we have referred as specially characteristic of the American people—hostility to all changes in their method of government which are not absolutely essential—will keep the Cabinet surrounded by irresponsible, and sometimes incapable, advisers. Contrary to general supposition, there is no nation in the world so little disposed to look favourably on Radicalism and a restless desire for change, as the Americans. The Constitution itself can only be altered by a long and tedious process, and after every State in the Union has been asked its opinion on the question. There is no hesitation in enforcing the law in case of disorder, as the railroad rioters in Pennsylvania found out a few years ago. The state of affairs, which the English Government has permitted to exist in Ireland for upwards of a year, would not have been tolerated twenty-four hours in the United States. The maintenance of the law first, the discussion of grievances afterwards; such is, and always has been, the policy of every American Government, until the evil day of James Buchanan. The governor of every State is a real ruler, and not a mere ornament, and the President wields a hundredfold more power than has been left to the Sovereign of Great Britain. Both parties, as a rule, combine to uphold his authority, and, in the event of any dispute with a foreign Power, all party distinctions disappear as if by magic. There are no longer Democrats and Republicans, but only Americans. The species of politician, who endeavours to gain a
reputation

reputation for himself by destroying the reputation of his country, was not taken over to America in the 'Mayflower,' and it would be more difficult than ever to establish it on American ground to-day. A man may hold any opinions that may strike his fancy on other subjects, but in reference to the Government, he is expected, while he lives under it, to give it his hearty support, especially as against foreign nations. There was once a faction, called the 'Know-Nothings,' the guiding principle of which was inveterate hostility to foreigners; but a party based upon the opposite principle, of hostility to one's own country, has not yet ventured to lift up its head across the Atlantic. That is an invention in politics which England has introduced, and of which she is allowed to enjoy the undisputed monopoly.

Misled by mere sounds, a member of Mr. Gladstone's Administration was pleased not long ago to describe the party which has the advantage of possessing his services as the counterpart of the Republicans in the United States. There is no analogy to be drawn between the great parties in the two countries; and a little reflection might have convinced the President of the Board of Trade, that the Republicanism which is so precious to his mind cannot possibly be the end sought for by any American organization. If the English Radical wishes to find a party across the Atlantic with which he may claim a sort of historic kinship, it is to the Democrats that he must turn. They have generally represented 'levelling' opinions, although the war and the events arising out of it obliged them to become to some extent Conservative. In former days, the Federal party was not only Conservative, but was even tinged with prejudices which some were disposed to call aristocratic. Display and ceremonial were by no means absent from the Government in the beginning of its history. President Washington never went to Congress on public business except in a State coach, drawn by six cream-coloured horses. The coach was an object which would excite the admiration of the throng even now in the streets of London. It was built in the shape of a hemisphere, and its panels were adorned with cupids, surrounded with flowers worthy of Florida, and of fruit not to be equalled out of California. The coachman and postilions were arrayed in gorgeous liveries of white and scarlet. The Philadelphia 'Gazette,' a Government organ, regularly gave a supply of Court news for the edification of the citizens. From that the people were allowed to learn as much as it was deemed proper for them to know about the President's movements, and a fair amount of space was also devoted to Mrs. Washington—who was
not

not referred to as Mrs. Washington, but as 'the amiable consort of our beloved President.' When the President made his appearance at a ball or public reception, a dais was erected for him upon which he might stand apart from the vulgar throng, and the guests or visitors bowed to him in solemn silence. 'Republican simplicity' has only come in later times. In our day, the hack-driver who takes a visitor to a public reception at the White House is quite free to get off his box, walk in side by side with his fare, and shake hands with the President with as much familiarity as anybody else. Very few persons presumed to offer to shake hands with General Washington. One of his friends, Gouverneur Morris, rashly undertook, for a foolish wager, to go up to him and slap him on the shoulder, saying, 'My dear General, I am happy to see you look so well.' The moment fixed upon arrived, and Mr. Morris, already half-repenting of his wager, went up to the President, placed his hand upon his shoulder, and uttered the prescribed words, 'Washington,' as an eye-witness described the scene, 'withdrew his hand, stepped suddenly back, fixed his eye on Morris for several minutes with an angry frown, until the latter retreated abashed, and sought refuge in the crowd.' No one else ever tried a similar experiment. It is recorded of Washington, that he wished the official title of the President to be 'High Mightiness,' and at one time it was proposed to engrave his portrait upon the national coinage. No royal levées were more punctiliously arranged and ordered, than those of the First President. It was Jefferson, the founder of the Democratic party, who introduced Democratic manners into the Republic. He refused to hold weekly receptions, and when he went to Congress to read his Address, he rode up unattended, tied his horse to a post, and came away with the same disregard for outward show. After his inauguration, he did not even take the trouble to go to Congress with his Message, but sent it by the hands of his Secretary—a custom which has been found so convenient that it has been followed ever since. A clerk now mumbles through the President's Message, while members sit at their desks writing letters, or reading the Message itself, if they do not happen to have made themselves masters of its contents beforehand.

There are two questions, in addition to those which we have briefly reviewed, that must necessarily occupy the attention of Democrats and Republicans alike for some time to come. The first relates to the continually growing power of railroad monopolies; the second to the maintenance of the present Tariff, in which is involved the issue between Free Trade and Protection.

With

With regard to the railroads, it will be hard to find a legitimate remedy for the grievances which are occasioned by the 'one man power.' It is true that State Legislatures have before now undertaken to compel the chief owners of the railroads to serve the public well and cheaply, but the sole result has generally been to transfer a certain sum of money from the coffers of the railroad which happened to be 'struck' to the pockets of the virtuous reformers. It would be interesting to know how much money has been disbursed in this way by the New York Central Railroad at Albany, and by the Pennsylvania Railroad at Harrisburg. The railroad kings of the United States are now a power, not only in State Legislatures, but at Washington. Their affairs are entirely in their own hands, for they are beyond the supervision of Shareholders, they hold no annual meetings for the discussion of business and for criticism on their conduct, and they merely present such accounts as they choose to prepare—accounts from which nothing whatever is to be gleaned concerning the true state of the Company. No one but the railroad king himself knows how deeply the property is encumbered, or what is the real extent of its share capital. The history of American railroads is replete with incidents which would be pronounced beyond the range of probability if they were recounted in a romance. When the chief of a line has found himself in want of a certain number of shares, owing to some miscalculation in his speculations, he has been known ere now to print as many as were needful at his private press, and sell them for their full value on the Stock Exchange, without taking the trouble to explain how he came by them. In that way one great fortune was built up; another was founded by means which might, perhaps, be considered still more questionable. Railroads have been stolen outright, or made over to persons who had no sort of claim to them, by the order of corrupt judges. The complaint of the American public now is, not that there has been dishonesty in the management of these roads, but that they are badly served. The railroad magnates are, it is said, becoming too rich and too powerful; they disregard the interests of the community, and enter into contests with each other, by which the rights of shareholders are recklessly sacrificed. All this is very likely to be true, but Congress will not pass a law restricting the operation of private enterprise, or having a tendency to deter capitalists from embarking in the management of railroads. If a particular monopoly becomes intolerable, measures will doubtless be taken to break it up, but the 'millionaires' who at present attract so much attention

attention know that they have little to fear. Some of them have had much experience in warding off hostile legislation. And even a great political party will hesitate a long time before entering into a needless conflict with a potentate who has it in his power to render it material aid at the next election. On this subject, therefore, it is not surprising to find that both the parties of the day are taking up their ground very cautiously, and moving only in obedience to spasmodic manifestations of the popular will.

On the Tariff question the Republicans, as a body, are strongly in favour of Protection, while a section of the Democrats ask, not for Free Trade, but for Tariff revision. In both parties there are some persons who profess Free Trade principles, but in no State have they ever succeeded in carrying a single election on that issue. The Democrats indiscreetly uttered certain sentiments in 1880, which were thought to foreshadow the adoption of a Free Trade policy, and it was the universal opinion that they lost the Presidential election in consequence. The West once felt itself aggrieved by the rigid system of Protection which was kept up chiefly for the benefit of the East; but now that the manufacturing business is rapidly extending westwards, these complaints are no longer heard. Self-interest will make the West even more strongly Protectionist than the East. In November last, the Protectionist Convention held its Sessions, not in Massachusetts or Pennsylvania, as it would once have done, but in Chicago itself, where Free Trade seemed, if anywhere, to have a chance. But cotton and iron are now being manufactured in that region, and the people have come to the conclusion that Protection will be found fully as advantageous to them as it has proved to the Eastern States. At another Convention, held in New York—also in November—a letter was read from Mr. Blaine, in which he declared that the principle of Protection was never so popular as now in the United States; but it was instantly shown by our own Free-Trade papers that Mr. Blaine knew nothing whatever about public opinion in his own country. At the Chicago Convention, Congress was called upon to increase the tariff on English goods, and to take still more resolute measures than heretofore for the protection of native industries. The correspondent of one of the London newspapers endeavoured to console the British public by assuring them that this Convention was ‘only a caucus.’ It may be charitably hoped that the writer did not quite understand his own meaning, or he would not have spoken so disrespectfully of a caucus. ‘Only a caucus!’

—What

—What, then, is anything in the United States which is connected with political life? Every post of any importance, and every movement in politics, is settled in the caucus. When an election is impending, the candidates are selected by this machinery, and, after they are elected, the course they are to pursue is dictated by the same efficient means. An open Convention is not, as the newspaper correspondent supposes, a caucus; but its business is generally all arranged beforehand in the caucus, and the members have nothing to do but to obey. Even the business of Congress is often settled in this secret manner, the debates which go on inside the House being of small importance in comparison with those which take place outside, and which never come to the knowledge of the public. The business of a community, or of the nation, is thus placed in a few hands, and the bulk of the people are practically deprived of power, although the semblance of power is still left to them. A free choice of candidates is no longer possible in any community where the caucus is in thorough working operation. We need not go across the Atlantic for evidence of this; any intelligent man in Birmingham could tell us how entirely the bulk of the people have transferred their power into the hands of six hundred, who in their turn are absolutely 'run' by a dexterous 'politician' and his family. It is perhaps not altogether surprising that Americans should remind us, that we need not be at the pains to go to them when we are desirous of pointing out examples of men who have gained place and power by 'wire-pulling' and 'running the machine;' we have only to look at home.

The controversies which have yet to be fought out on these issues may sometimes become formidable, but we may hope that the really dangerous questions that once confronted the American people are set at rest for ever. The States once more stand in their proper relation to the Union, and any interference with their self-government is never again likely to be attempted, for the feeling of the whole people would condemn it. It was a highly Conservative system which the framers of the Constitution adopted, when they decided that each State should be entitled to make its own laws, to regulate its own franchise, to raise its own taxes, and settle everything in connection with its own affairs in its own way. The general government has no right whatever to send a single soldier into any State, even to preserve order, until it has been called upon to act by the Governor of that State. The Federal government, as it has been said by the Supreme Court, is 'one of enumerated powers;' and if it has ever acted in excess of those powers, it was only when certain States

States broke the compact which existed, and took up arms for its destruction. They abandoned their place in the Union, and were held to have thereby forfeited their rights as States. In ordinary times there is ample security against the abuse of power in any direction. If a State government exceeds its authority, the people can at the next election expel the parties who have been guilty of the offence; if Congress trespasses upon the functions of the States, there is the remedy of an appeal to the Supreme Court, the 'final interpreter of the Constitution;' if usurpation should be attempted in spite of these safeguards, there is the final remedy of an appeal to the whole nation under the form of a Constitutional Amendment, which may at any time be adopted with the consent of three-fourths of the States. Only, therefore, as Mr. Justice Story has pointed out, when three-fourths of the States have combined to practise usurpation, is the case 'irremediable under any known forms of the Constitution.' It would be difficult to conceive of any circumstances under which such a combination as this could arise. No form of government ever yet devised has proved to be faultless in its operation; but that of the United States is well adapted to the genius and character of the people, and the very dangers which it has passed through renders it more precious in their eyes than it was before it had been tried in the fire. It assures freedom to all who live under it; and it provides for the rigid observance of law, and the due protection of every man in his rights. There is much in the events which are now taking place around us to suggest serious doubts, whether these great and indispensable advantages are afforded by some of the older European systems of government which we have been accustomed to look upon as better and wiser than the American Constitution.

ART. III.—*Life, Letters and Journals of Sir Charles Lyell, Bart., Author of 'Principles of Geology,' &c.* Edited by his Sister-in-Law, Mrs. Lyell. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1881.

THE life of a man of science can rarely or never present the same stirring interest or variety, as that of a man engaged in an active profession or who has taken a prominent part in public life. His life is to be found in his works, and his biography, if it is to be much more than a *catalogue raisonné* of these, must depend upon assuming something of an autobiographical interest from being based upon the journals or letters of its subject. In this respect Mrs. Lyell has been fortunate in finding ample materials ready to her hand. Sir Charles Lyell maintained through life an extensive correspondence, which was not confined to scientific subjects, but extended over a wide range of topics, while he possessed in no ordinary degree the gift of a fluent and agreeable letter-writer. On several occasions also he kept for a time a regular journal, especially during some of his many tours on the continent of Europe, in which he recorded his observations on men and things, as well as on geological facts. All these journals, as well as those of his letters that are not of a purely scientific character, are marked by a racy spirit and liveliness of observation, ever ready to seize on whatever was of real interest, combined with a sense of humour not often to be found in his countrymen. The great value of Mrs. Lyell's biography must of course consist in the light it throws upon the career of her brother-in-law as a man of science, but the non-scientific reader also will find in it much to interest and amuse him; and those whose memory goes back to the elder generation to which Lyell himself belonged will meet with many reminiscences of the past, recalled in a lively and agreeable manner.

Sir Charles Lyell's position as a geologist has long been securely established. In the words of one who was very competent to judge, written immediately after his death: 'For upwards of half a century he exercised a most important influence on the progress of geological science, and for the last twenty-five years of his life he was the most prominent geologist in the world, equally eminent for the extent of his labours and the breadth of his philosophical views.' He may be considered as holding much the same place in the history of geology that Charles Darwin has more recently assumed in that of biology, as the acknowledged leader of the science, who has marked out for the future the lines from which it is never likely to deviate, and on which alone true progress can be made. In neither case were their views strictly original. The doctrine of the trans-

mutation

mutation of species had been put forward by Lamarck, many years before it was taken up by Darwin: and the theory that the operation of such causes as we now witness in action would suffice, if only time enough were allowed, to account for all geological changes, had been first advanced by Hutton before the close of the last century, and supported with much ability by Playfair a few years later.* But the contrary opinion generally prevailed both in this country and on the Continent, until the subject was taken up by Lyell, who, 'with rare sagacity and great eloquence, with a wealth of illustration and most powerful reasoning,'† established the truth of the long-neglected theory in a position that can hardly be shaken.

The only danger is that the younger generations of geologists, who have been trained up to regard Lyell's views as the orthodox and established faith, may be apt to forget how long and hard a struggle it cost to procure their recognition, and how much energy and perseverance were required before their author, while still a young man, could break through the formidable array of authorities opposed to him, which comprised at first all the leading geologists of Europe. It is here that Mrs. Lyell's book comes in most opportunely, and enables those who have no personal recollections of the earlier days of geology to realize, to a degree that would not otherwise be possible, the struggles and difficulties which none but those who remember them can fully appreciate.

Charles Lyell was born on the 14th of November, 1797, at Kinnordy, in Forfarshire, an estate which had been for some time in his family. His father, who bore the same name, was not only a man of cultivation and refinement far beyond what was usually to be found in a Scotch laird of moderate fortune, but he had devoted himself to both literary and scientific pursuits with energy and success. In early life he had principally directed his attention to botany, especially to the more obscure portions of the study relating to the cryptogamous plants, which he pursued with such success as to render his name familiar to Humboldt and other *savans*, whom his son subsequently met at Paris. At one time he appears to have occupied himself almost as zealously with entomology; but this was but a short-lived taste. During the latter part of his life he was engaged principally in studies of a very different character, having been led to take so great an interest in Dante, that he not only devoted a large portion of his time to the study of the

* Hutton's 'Theory of the Earth' was published in 1795: Playfair's 'Illustrations of the Huttonian Theory' in 1802.

† Sir John Lubbock, 'Address to the British Association,' Sept. 1881.

great Florentine poet, but published several works upon the subject, including translations of the minor poems contained in the 'Vita Nuova' and the 'Convito,' which are in general but little familiar to the English reader. The influence, which his highly cultivated mind, and enlarged interest in a variety of subjects, exercised over his son in early life, is clearly to be seen in the letters addressed by the young man to his father, which form a large portion of the first volume.

In common with many other men of eminence, whose lives have been of late years given to the public, the account of his earliest days is supplied by a fragment of an autobiography, which was written for the information of his wife, after he was first engaged to her. It does not, however, extend even to the end of his school-days, and though these early reminiscences are related with spirit and humour, the only real point of interest they contain is the record of his early devotion to natural history. Entomology was in the first instance the special object of his attention, and though he himself owns, as might have been expected, that at this period mere *acquisitiveness*—the desire of forming a collection and adding to the number of his specimens—had more influence than any love of scientific knowledge, it is evident that this pursuit, ridiculed as it naturally was by his schoolfellows, but encouraged and kept alive by his father and other relations during the holidays, contributed to nourish in him that turn for scientific observation which afterwards found so much wider a field for its exercise. A more questionable form of collection—in which, however, he had the full sympathy of his schoolfellows—was that of birds' eggs, including those of pheasants and partridges from the adjoining manors, which frequently afforded them materials for a substantial breakfast: their enjoyment of the unusual treat being greatly heightened by 'a vague notion that, if detected, they were liable to be transported to Botany Bay for this kind of poaching'!—Vol. i. p. 31.

Though he was born in Scotland, Lyell's education was entirely English. He was yet an infant when his father hired a place called Bartley Lodge, in the New Forest, where he continued to reside for twenty-eight years. The boy's earliest associations were thus connected with the beautiful scenery of that neighbourhood, and the first school to which he was sent, at a very early age, was at Ringwood, a few miles from his home. From thence he was transferred to a school at Salisbury, and thence again, when about twelve years old, to one at Midhurst, where he appears to have imbibed about as much Latin and Greek as boys usually carry away from a public school.

At the age of seventeen he was entered at Exeter College, Oxford, and went through the regular university course; but he does not appear to have applied himself with much zeal to the pursuits of the place, though he ultimately obtained a Second Class in Classics. Those who knew him only in after life will be more surprised to learn that he was a candidate, though an unsuccessful one, for the prize for English poetry.

But if his residence at Oxford was not remarkable for his proficiency in the studies of the University, in another respect it undoubtedly influenced his whole subsequent career. For it was there that he first directed his attention to geology, having attended a course of Dr. Buckland's lectures, who was at that time at the height of his popularity. According to Mrs. Lyell, it was Bakewell's *Geology*—at that time a well-known popular introduction to the subject, which he found in his father's library—that first excited his interest in what was to him a wholly new science, and led him to seek the opportunity of pursuing its study under the guidance of Dr. Buckland, whose animated and vigorous mode of treating his subject was well calculated to seize on the imagination of a youth like Charles Lyell.

From this moment he became a geologist, and though, of course, he could not devote himself wholly to his favourite pursuit, we find him, while still at Oxford, taking the opportunity of a visit to Mr. Dawson Turner at Yarmouth, to investigate the mode of formation of that singular port and the estuary of the Yare, and arriving at conclusions undoubtedly correct, though opposed to the obvious inference from present appearances, and combatted as erroneous by his intelligent and highly cultivated host. In a short tour with his father, in the same year, we find him carefully noting all the geological peculiarities he met with on his way; while an excursion with some friends to Staffa and Iona gave him the opportunity of seeing some of the most interesting objects, in a geological point of view, to be met with in the British Islands. The next year (1818) he travelled with his father and other members of his family through France, Switzerland, and Italy, and the extracts given from his journal of this tour are characterized by that freshness of impression and variety of observation which he retained through life, and for which such a journey afforded ample scope in those days, when people really travelled in the countries that they visited, instead of being whirled at railway speed from one end to another, without seeing or learning anything.

After taking his degree at Oxford in 1819, the young student was entered at Lincoln's Inn, and for a time devoted himself to the study of the law in a special pleader's office. But the weak-

ness of his eyes, a disadvantage with which he had to struggle throughout his life, soon compelled him to desist from the pursuit of this laborious profession : and though, after a period of rest, he was able to resume his legal studies, so as to be called to the bar in 1825, and even went the Western Circuit for two years, his increasing devotion to geology made it abundantly manifest that his vocation was for science, and not for the law. As early as 1819 he had become a member of the Geological Society, then a body of very limited extent, but comprising a number of men full of zeal, talents, and energy : in 1823 he became secretary of that society, and in the same year contributed his first paper to their transactions. This, as well as one published by him in 1825 in Brewster's 'Edinburgh Journal of Science' related to the geological formation of his native county of Forfarshire : and throughout his letters it is interesting to observe how continually he refers to the geological phenomena in the immediate vicinity of his home, which he had thoroughly investigated at this early period. Prominent among these were the deposits of shell marl, found in certain small lakes in Forfarshire, which afforded him a clue to the formation of the far more extensive freshwater deposits that in some countries occupy a large portion of the surface. It was fortunate for him also that during this period of his life his father continued to reside principally at the house which he had taken in the New Forest, a position which brought him into the immediate proximity of the interesting tertiary deposits of the coast of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight ; and thus drew his attention to that branch of geology on which, above all others, he has left his mark.

In 1826 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in the following year he contributed to this journal an article on Scrope's 'Geology of Central France,'* which attracted general attention, and afforded the first evidence of the remarkable power he possessed of giving a popular form to his scientific views ; a power which undoubtedly contributed in no small degree to the influence exercised by his writings over the general public as well as the scientific world.

Meantime his name was beginning to become generally known as that of a rising young geologist ; and when he visited Paris in 1823, he was received with open arms by Humboldt, Cuvier, Brongniart, and other *savans*, and found himself at once admitted to all the scientific society of the French capital. But while he profited to the utmost by the opportunities thus afforded him,

* 'Quarterly Review,' vol. xxxvi.

he was keenly alive to the other objects of interest that presented themselves, and his letters to his father give a lively picture of the state of political feeling at Paris, where the reaction that followed the restoration of the Bourbons was in full force, and the clerical party was continually increasing in power and influence.

The Duke of Angoulême was the hero of the hour, and the expedition into Spain; in which hardly a shot was fired, was regarded as an important advantage to the Bourbons, as tending to secure the attachment of the army! Talking of the unusually wet weather at Paris, a lady observed to Lyell, 'There is a revolution in the heavens; and the Duc d'Angoulême should be sent to quell it, *for in truth he is too good for us here.*'

The men of science in general naturally took a more liberal view, and regarded the ultra-clerical movement with aversion and contempt. But there was unfortunately one exception, and that the most illustrious of all, Cuvier. Humboldt, who viewed the matter with more impartial eyes as a stranger, though half a Frenchman from habit and association, remarked of him:

"No, Cuvier gives no lectures, and the reason I regret to say is, that he is still a Politician. No, you were mistaken, if you imagined that the ministry have reached a pitch of ultraism beyond him, and sent him back to his books. That time is yet to come. You observe that his *soirées* are mostly attended by English; the truth is, the French *savans* have in general cut him; his continual changing over to each new party that came into power at length disgusted almost all, and you know that it has been long a charge against men of science, that they were pliant tools in the hands of princes and ministers, and might be turned which way they pleased. That such a man as Cuvier should have given a sanction to such an accusation was felt by all as a deep wound to the whole body. . . . Cuvier's situation was a proud one while he stood in the very foremost rank of men of science in France, but when he betrayed the weakness of coveting ribbons, crosses, titles, and Court favour, he fell down to the lowest among his new competitors."—Vol. i. pp. 126-7.

A striking picture was given at the same time by the great Prussian *savant*—whose unrivalled powers of conversation made the same impression upon the young English geologist that they did upon all who were fortunate enough to come in his way—of the state of French society in general at this time.

"You cannot conceive how striking and ludicrous a feature it is in Parisian society at present, that every other man one meets is either minister or ex-minister. So frequent have been the changes. They are scattered as thick as the leaves in autumn, stratum above stratum, and before one set have time to rot away, they are covered by another and another, and on the last are sure soon to fall those which are now
blooming

blooming in full verdure above them. The instant a new ministry is formed, a body of sappers and miners is organised. They work industriously night and day. They are more religious, more constant at mass, more loyal, and, above all, they know better how to ape exactly not only the ideas and manners, but the very air and the expression, of their ancestors of some centuries back. At last the ministers, as Chateaubriand and Villèle for instance at this moment, find they are become heretics, Jacobins, infidels, revolutionists—in a word that they are supplanted by the very arts by which a few months ago they raised themselves to power.”—Vol. i. pp. 127–8.

Some time afterwards, Lyell sums up his experience of the two great rivals in science, with the remark: ‘There are few heroes who lose so little by being approached, as Humboldt. Of Cuvier this cannot be said.’

In 1828 he set out on a tour to Auvergne and the north of Italy, in company with Mr. (afterwards Sir Roderick) Murchison and his wife; and afterwards continued his journey alone to Rome, Naples, and Sicily. It was this tour that, more than any other in the course of his life, contributed to lay the foundation of his geological fame. He had already conceived the design of his great work, and made notes for, as well as sketched out the plan of, the ‘Principles of Geology’: but it was only by following out his views step by step in the countries which above all others afforded the true key to his system, that he was able to establish his theory upon a base that could not be shaken, and that continually acquired increasing confirmation from all his subsequent researches. It was undoubtedly also fortunate for him, that the greater part of this tour was made in company with a brother geologist, who, though far inferior to him in original power and that kind of imagination which can alone lead to great discoveries in science, was possessed of unrivalled powers of observation, and an amount of energy and activity in the pursuit of his objects, which did not yield to that of Lyell himself. Even his companion was obliged to admit that Murchison had ‘a little too much of what Mathews used to ridicule in his slang as “the keep-moving, go-it-if-it-kills-you” system, and to fight sometimes, for the sake of geology, as his wife had for her strength, to make him proceed with somewhat less precipitation.’ When on one occasion his overtasked strength broke down, and he was for a time unable to take the field again, the two brother geologists occupied themselves in composing a joint paper on the excavation of valleys, which, as Charles Lyell jocosely informs his sister, ‘is intended to reform the Geological Society, and afterwards the world, on this hitherto-not-in-the-least-degree-understood subject.’ The
boast,

boast, though uttered in jest, was no idle one. The views of the 'fluvialists'—as the advocates of the new theory were called in derision by their adversaries, who adhered to the old idea (stoutly advocated by Buckland as well as by Conybeare and Greenough) that existing valleys were scooped out at once by a mighty rush of waters causing a gigantic, if not universal deluge,—were vigorously combatted on their first announcement in the Geological Society, and on many subsequent occasions; but the new view gradually met with a tacit acquiescence, and ultimately came to be regarded as beyond the reach of controversy.

The geological phenomena of Auvergne were already in a certain sense well known to the scientific world, and had recently been made the subject of an elaborate investigation by Mr. Poulett Scrope, which may be considered as having given the *coup de grâce* to the long dominant Wernerian theory.* Nevertheless, there still remained much to be done in the way of observation, as well as of interpretation. It was reserved for the English visitors, among other things, to point out the connection between the volcanic remains, which form so striking a feature of the whole country, and the extensive freshwater formation which covers large portions of the adjoining plains and valleys. Here Lyell especially found himself quite at home, and he dwells with great interest upon the perfect correspondence of these deposits, demonstrably of an older date than all the volcanoes of the country, with the beds 'which are at our own door in the marl loch' near Kinnordy.

He was not, however, so much engrossed with his scientific pursuits, as not to be fully alive to the natural beauties of the country through which they led him, and in one of his letters to his sisters he gives an animated description of one of the most beautiful districts in France—the Vivarais—still, we believe, almost entirely unknown to all English travellers who are not geologists.

Equally graphic and amusing are his sketches of his travelling experiences in Sicily, where he encountered almost all kinds of difficulties and *désagréments* which could well be met with, except what his friends seem most to have apprehended—banditti, of whom he neither saw nor heard anything in any part of the island he visited—about two-thirds of the whole. We can

* See the Preface to the second edition of his work on the 'Geology and Extinct Volcanos of Central France,' 8vo., 1858, in which he is able to boast with justice that the 'Wernerian notion of the aqueous precipitation of "Trap" has since that date (the publication of his first edition in 1826) never held up its head.'

answer for the same having been the case a few years afterwards (in 1836), and we believe that, bad as the Bourbon government of the island was, it kept down this greatest of all pests to the security of life and property, far more effectually than has been accomplished since its overthrow.

In a geological point of view, his visit to Sicily was even more instructive than that to Auvergne, not only from the opportunities it afforded him for observing the operations of recent volcanic action, which could at the same time be traced back through a continuous series from a very remote period, but from the ample proofs of the extremely recent date (geologically speaking) of the extensive tertiary formations which constitute a large portion of that great island. It was undoubtedly to the observations made on this occasion that we owe the first conception of those general views, in regard to the classification of the Tertiary Formations, which speedily became a part of the received creed of all geologists; while they were gradually extended to the earlier strata, and formed the necessary foundation for the theories of Darwin, and the modern systems of evolution. It is interesting to trace in his letters at this period the gradual development of Lyell's views upon this subject, from the first dawning of his theory to its ultimate establishment in his own mind, in the definite form in which it appeared in the 'Principles.' The notion of the entire distinctness of the animal remains in different geological formations—even in strata of conformable position and no great thickness, as in the case of the Paris Basin—sanctioned as it was by the high authority of Cuvier, had assumed so firm a hold upon the minds of all geologists, that it required no little courage on the part of a young man like Charles Lyell to take up a directly opposite view, and maintain that the transition was a gradual one, and that the successive assemblages of fossils in different tertiary strata, from those of the Paris Basin to those of Sicily, presented a continually increasing approximation to the fauna of the existing seas.

Fortunately for him, the ground had been in some measure cleared before him by the labours of local Italian *savans*—for the most part very ignorant of geology, but good conchologists and diligent collectors of fossil shells. By this means they had prepared considerable materials for the use of the scientific observer, and in some instances even veteran collectors were stimulated to fresh zeal by the glimpses afforded them by their foreign visitor of his wider generalizations. Professor Guidotti at Parma told him he should collect the next winter with quite new eyes after his *cramming*. On the other hand, the examination

examination of these extensive collections led Lyell himself to a more careful and accurate study of conchology than he had before bestowed upon a branch of science which, though apparently of little interest in itself, is an indispensable handmaid of geology, and is aptly compared by him to the demotic character of the ancient Egyptian in its relation with the hieroglyphics. After his Italian tour, Lyell worked with characteristic ardour at this branch of study, under the direction of M. Deshayes at Paris, and at a later period under Dr. Beck at Copenhagen. It was only by this assiduous labour at what might be regarded at the first glance as the *minutiæ* of the science, that Lyell was able to arrive at that comprehensive classification of the tertiary formations, with which his name will ever be inseparably connected.

The germ of his theory was already in his mind before he started on his southern tour. He writes to his sister from Naples before his visit to Sicily: 'My wish was to find this peninsula get younger and younger as I travelled towards the active volcanoes, and it has hitherto been all that I could desire, and I have little fear of bringing a great part of Trinacria into our own times, as it were, in regard to 'origin.' His wish was amply fulfilled; and, before returning to England, he could boast of having 'got full proof that half Sicily was formed since the Mediterranean was inhabited by present species of testacea,' and that the island of Ischia and the Monte Mario near Rome were of equally recent date—mere things of yesterday in the eyes of the geologist! Very astounding were these results in the eyes of the Italian geologists, who belonged altogether to the old school. One of them, to whom Lyell communicated some of his facts before recrossing the Alps, was fain to admit: 'I begin to think the day may come when the retiring of the ocean will be doubted and disputed by many.' At the present day we believe there are many young geologists who have forgotten that such a theory was ever entertained.

In England, on the other hand, his views on this subject were admitted with little difficulty by his brother geologists. The field was in great measure new, the Tertiary Formations in England being of comparatively little interest; while the facts spoke for themselves, and the result of continued conchological researches only served to confirm the results previously obtained. Thus the classification first introduced by Lyell came to be universally accepted, and, though the nomenclature was at first regarded as not very happily chosen, the names of Eocene, Miocene, and Pliocene, have become indelibly fixed in geological

logical science, and have been gradually extended to the Tertiary Formations in all parts of the world.

But if Lyell's authority was speedily established as paramount in respect to tertiary geology, it was far otherwise with his more general theory, which sought to refer all geological changes to the operation of known and existing causes: a departure from the spirit in which the science had been hitherto pursued, so wide that we cannot wonder if it was long before it commanded general assent. The theories generally adopted by all the leading geologists up to that time were, indeed, uniformly based upon the assumption, that there existed in the early ages of the world a state of things wholly different from the present, and that the geological record bore witness to a series of great and violent changes, produced by causes either altogether different from any now in operation, or acting with an intensity so enormously exceeding anything now known to us, as to remove them altogether into a different class. As Lyell himself repeatedly observes, the occurrence of such catastrophes, wholly at variance as they were with the existing course of nature, had come to be regarded, not as a theoretical assumption requiring to be established by irrefragable proofs, but as a natural suggestion in order to account for any difficulties in the observed phenomena. Thus, when it was found that Buckland's theory of one universal deluge was absolutely disproved by the facts, Sedgwick had recourse to the supposition of three, or even four, successive deluges—all, of course, equally departures from any known order of things, and all, as subsequent investigation has shown, equally uncalled for as an hypothesis.

Still more remarkable was the eager adhesion given by the same eminent geologist to the bold theory advanced by Elie de Beaumont of the contemporaneous elevation of parallel mountain chains; certainly one of the most hasty generalizations that have been put forth in modern times. Yet the Cambridge professor, whose unquestionably powerful intellect gave him great influence over those around him, in an Anniversary Address to the Geological Society in 1831, 'caught up and embraced the whole of what he termed De Beaumont's "noble generalization": declared that it was little short of physical demonstration, and that it had given him (Sedgwick) "a new geological sense, a new faculty of induction."'

This address was delivered within a few months after the publication of the first volume of the '*Principles of Geology*': and De Beaumont's system was, as Lyell himself remarks,
judiciously

judiciously selected as directly opposed to his own. For a considerable period, the contests waged by the 'Catastrophists' and 'Uniformitarians,' as the rival sects were named by Dr. Whewell, were repeated at successive meetings of the Geological Society, and, though it was long before the views of Lyell were formally adopted by any of the leading geologists of the older school, the opposition gradually waxed fainter and feebler, and theories that had at first been scouted as absurd and unphilosophical came to be treated with respect, and regarded as worthy at least of attentive consideration. Writing in 1838, Lyell, after relating to his father-in-law, Mr. Leonard Horner, one of these animated debates, remarks:

'I was much struck with the different tone in which my theory of gradual causes was treated by all, even including De la Bèche, from that which they experienced in the same room four years ago, when Buckland, De la Bèche, Sedgwick, Whewell, and some others, treated them with as much ridicule as was consistent with personal politeness in my presence.'

It has been the same with all the successive steps of real importance in geology. No one who was present when Agassiz first expounded his theory of glacial action at a meeting of the Geological Society in 1841—of which unfortunately no record is preserved in Lyell's letters—will forget the tone of mingled contempt and ridicule with which it was received by the greater part of those present, with Whewell at their head, who dealt with it at once in his sledge-hammer style of oratory. Yet the inexorable logic of facts has long since established the conclusions of Agassiz among those landmarks of geological theory, which are not likely again to be disputed, and certain never to be overthrown.

Other attacks were not wanting from a different quarter. The suspicion with which some narrow-minded zealots for the truth of Scripture (according to their own assumption of its meaning) had regarded Geology from the first, was especially awakened by such a theory as Lyell's. Shortly before the appearance of the 'Principles' Lyell writes to one of his sisters: 'Longman has paid down 500 guineas to Mr. Ure of Dublin for a popular work on geology, just coming out. It is to prove the Hebrew cosmogony, and that we ought all to be burnt in Smithfield.' Of course the last words are a jocular exaggeration; but Mr. Ure and his book are alike utterly forgotten. The attack on the new theories was made with the greater confidence because the last book on geology that had made a great sensation in the world, Buckland's '*Reliquiæ Diluvianæ*,' had been written with the express view of reconciling existing appearances with the Mosaic account

account of the Deluge, and so far at least might be considered as confirming, rather than impugning, the Scripture record. But when Lyell came out with his views, or rather with his statement of facts, proving to the conviction of all impartial minds, not only that there was no evidence of an universal deluge, but that it was certain that nothing of the kind had swept over the surface of the earth for countless ages;—still more when he maintained that things had been going on in the same uniform manner as far back as the geological record extended, and that this comprised periods to which the supposed antiquity of the earth was a mere trifle: a feeling was excited which Lyell recognizes with his characteristic moderation in a letter to his friend Poulett Scrope: ‘Even some of the moderates have already hinted to members of our family, that my work, though certainly creditable to the author’s talents, contains opinions that may well cause some alarm.’

Whatever opposition might arise either from this or other quarters, one fact was certain. The book was from the first a complete success, and attracted the attention of a public far wider than the mere students of science. An able and well-written review of the first volume (by Mr. Poulett Scrope) which appeared in this *Journal** almost immediately after its publication, contributed greatly to its popularity; and Mr. Murray was soon able to announce to the author that, if he could give him the second volume within six months, he was convinced that within twelve months not a single copy of either volume would remain unsold. But Lyell was far too conscientious a labourer in the field of science to hurry over his work. He soon found that his second volume must be divided into two: one of which was published in January 1832, at the same time with a second edition of the first volume, while the third did not make its appearance till April 1833. A new edition of all three was called for in the following year; and from that time the position of Lyell was established, not only as one of the leading geologists of the day, but as the most popular exponent of a science which was continually attracting increased interest with the world at large. Much of this was undoubtedly owing to the merit of his style. He himself in one of his letters, written while he was engaged in the composition of his first volume, complains how much harder it was to write for the general public than for men of science (vol. i. p. 260). This is a difficulty which all scientific writers feel, but very few overcome; hardly any conquer it to the degree that was attained

* ‘Quarterly Review,’ vol. xliii.

by Lyell. But no one, who has had the advantage of being first introduced into the fascinating pursuits of geology by one of the earlier editions of his great work, can ever forget the charm of its perusal, or how he seemed to catch, as he read on and on, some portion of that enthusiasm and freshness of tone, which lighted up a mass of dry details, and kept them still subordinate to the grand conception of the whole.

Long before the publication of his 'Principles,' Lyell had made up his mind to abandon altogether the profession of the law, and devote his life wholly to the pursuit of geology; a resolution from which he never afterwards swerved. At first indeed he appears to have entertained the delusive hope, that science might become a profession to him in the ordinary sense of the word; and when, after the first success of his book, the booksellers told him that it would 'prove an annuity to him,' he writes to his sister that he has 'the moral certainty of earning a small but honourable independence.' Yet we believe that, popular as his works continued to be throughout the remainder of his life, he never realized from their profits a sufficient amount to pay the expenses which he incurred in his geological investigations, and the numerous tours that they necessarily required.

At first, indeed, he took a step which promised to secure him some immediate remuneration. He was persuaded in 1831, though with some reluctance, to accept the Professorship of Geology at King's College, London, an appointment certainly creditable to the liberality of those who selected him, as the nomination was entirely in the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London and Llandaff, and 'two strictly orthodox doctors.' Nor does he appear to have had reason to complain of any interference with the free expression of his views; but he soon found that, though his lectures were sufficiently popular to attract for a time a numerous and fashionable array of visitors, he could command but a very small class of real students; and that the utility to be derived from lecturing to such a small number was no equivalent for the demand upon his time, and the interference with his power of carrying on fresh scientific investigations. He therefore determined 'to cut himself loose from King's College' after lecturing there for only two years, and he never afterwards entered into any engagement of a permanent kind that would interfere with the unfettered pursuit of his scientific objects.

Few people have ever been more independent than Charles Lyell of any craving after wealth or social position, other than what

what was justly due to his scientific celebrity. Before he had made up his mind to abandon the profession of the law, we find him writing to his father :

‘I am quite clear, from all that I have yet seen of the world, that there is most real independence in that class of society who, possessing moderate means, are engaged in literary and scientific hobbies; and that in ascending from them upwards, the feeling of independence decreases pretty nearly in the same ratio as the fortunes increase.’—Vol. i. p. 171.

And again, after his engagement to Miss Horner, he writes to his future wife (after mentioning the case of an astronomer who had married and become rich, and was in consequence ‘doing nothing’):

‘We have at least no danger on one score, that of being *rich*, which I am sure, much as money is wanted in science, does stop men’s careers more than anything, and gives them innumerable duties, by which they become stewards of their property, rather than men who have time to devote to philosophical pursuits.’—Vol. i. p. 385.

Notwithstanding the labour of composing and passing through the press the three volumes of his ‘*Principles*,’ Lyell was still able to find time for successive tours, with a view to fresh geological observations. The first of these (in 1830), on which he started immediately after the publication of his first volume, was undertaken principally for the exploration of a group of extinct volcanoes, near Olot, in Catalonia; and the letters in which he gives an account of it are full of interest, not only as describing a corner of Europe almost utterly unknown to any but geologists, but because the locality was at that very time in a state of political disturbance which would have deterred most travellers from venturing to cross the frontier. He re-entered France to learn the news of the Revolution of July, and to find the towns of the south in an amusing state of excitement and confusion, and on his return through Paris he came across a specimen of what a Parisian mob was like, when in a state of excitement, of which he gives in one of his letters a lively and characteristic picture (vol. i. p. 308).

His next tour, in 1831, to the volcanic district of the Eifel, between the Rhine and the Moselle, was of less interest in itself, but assumed a vital importance to Lyell, because in the course of it he became engaged to Miss Horner, the eldest daughter of Mr. Leonard Horner, who was at the time residing at Bonn on the Rhine. Their marriage was, however, delayed till the following summer; and in the meantime he kept a journal for her amusement, which is certainly one of the most interesting
portions

portions of the present work, both as placing in the fullest light his own amiable and affectionate character, and on account of the notices it contains of the society in which he lived, and of people whom he met, who will always be remembered with interest by the generation that is fast passing away, while they are known to their successors only by their works, or by such incidental notices as are contained in the present volumes.

Conspicuous among these stands the well-known name of Mrs. Somerville—which is indeed familiar to the rising generation as a name, though her earlier works, by which alone she achieved her real reputation, are known to but few at the present day, and, indeed, were never calculated to be popular. Her ‘*Mechanism of the Heavens*,’ which was at this time just come out, found indeed few readers, for there were very few whose mathematical attainments were equal to the task; and Lyell reports:—

‘Young Murray tells me Mrs. Somerville’s book does not sell at all;’ but he adds, ‘The State might award her 5000*l.* for the benefit conferred by a woman, who could thus teach what Dr. Johnson justly called “the most overbearing of all aristocracies, that of mathematicians,” how most of them can be equalled and surpassed by a lady who was merely reading for her amusement.’—Vol. i. p. 371.

It was only those who were privileged to join her domestic circle, and go down, as Lyell frequently did at this time, to dine with the family at Chelsea, that could thoroughly appreciate the engaging simplicity and frankness of her character, combined with a gentleness of manner that is not often found to the same degree even in the most unlearned of women. So far from being in the slightest degree ‘blue,’ she was the very antithesis of all that is conveyed by that obnoxious but expressive term—so absolutely free from every tinge of affectation, and so little disposed to put forward her great attainments in society, that those who were not admitted to her intimacy might rather complain of a difficulty in ‘drawing her out,’ even upon her favourite subjects.

Babbage also, who—cantankerous as he unfortunately was in controversy—was one of the most sociable and pleasantest of companions in the society of his intimates, was at this time a constant member of the social circle frequented by Lyell, while all the elder geologists, Sedgwick, Conybeare, Buckland, &c., fiercely as they opposed his new heretical doctrines at the Geological Society, always met him at the Club on the most friendly terms. When he was at length induced by the manner in which, as he says, ‘Buckland, Sedgwick, and Co. blazed away at him,’ to retaliate with such effect that, as one of his friends
phrased

phrased it, he 'floored Buckland,' and 'tore his theory to tatters before his face,' the veteran Oxford professor was only more good-humoured than before.

A visit to Edinburgh at this period introduced him to a different set of celebrities, among others to Lord Cockburn, then Solicitor-General for Scotland, of whom he gives a charming account, doing complete justice to the genial simplicity of character for which he was so remarkable, while his conversation, if less brilliant than that of his contemporary Jeffrey, was not less varied and interesting. After a brief sketch of the topics of a long conversation which they had together at Bonaly (Cockburn's country seat), Lyell writes: 'On these and fifty other subjects did we enlarge, and I think exchanged more ideas than I have often done with men with whom I have been acquainted for years.'

A very different, though equally characteristic, picture does he draw of a foreign celebrity who visited England at this time—August von Schlegel, who was well known to his correspondent Miss Horner, from her residence at Bonn, and she was naturally desirous to know the impression he had made.

'You asked me in one of your letters how I liked Schlegel—so little, that I avoided him. I met him three times, and exchanged some words each time. He is full of conceit, talks incessantly and of everything, not like Humboldt, whose loquacity bored some people, but never me, because unmixed with self-conceit, like Schlegel's. He called at Chelsea and annoyed Mrs. Somerville. He wanted to be pressed, he said, to lecture at the Royal Institution, and wished to know if he could be seen from all parts of the theatre, because *the change* of the expression of his countenance would add great effect to his delivery of certain passages; and, "I will lecture in French, for although I read and speak English *well*, I should be more at home in French."—Vol. i. p. 378.

In July 1832 Lyell was married to Miss Horner; and never did a man of science find more cause to congratulate himself on the choice he had made of a partner for life. With great personal attractions, and a charm of manner that made her welcome in every society that she entered, she devoted herself heart and soul to the furtherance of her husband's pursuits; and when the weakness of his eyes interfered, as it frequently did, with his laborious studies, she was ever ready to act as his amanuensis, or rather as a most intelligent secretary. With an understanding fully capable of comprehending and appreciating all her husband's discoveries, she was so little disposed to put herself forward, that none but their most intimate friends would suspect how much knowledge she really possessed on the subjects

jects of their common interest. As his father and sisters—of whom six out of seven remained always unmarried—continued to reside almost entirely at Kinnordy, while they warmly sympathized with Charles Lyell's scientific pursuits, he constantly maintained with them an active correspondence, which at the same time ranged over a great variety of topics. In his father-in-law, Leonard Horner, one of the earliest members of the Geological Society, and, somewhat later, in his brother-in-law, Sir Charles Bunbury, a distinguished authority in fossil botany, he found correspondents of a more strictly scientific character, besides frequent letters to Sir John Herschel, the present Sir Joseph Hooker, and Charles Darwin, with whom he had been from an early period on a footing of intimate friendship.

In 1834 he made a tour of three months to Denmark and Sweden, principally with the view of investigating for himself the question of the alleged gradual rise of the land in Sweden: a fact of which he had expressed his doubts in the earliest editions of his works, but which he considered as fully established by the evidences he saw on this occasion. His altered views, and the facts upon which they were based, were embodied in a paper read before the Royal Society in November 1834, and were afterwards incorporated in the later editions of his 'Principles.' But it must be admitted that subsequent observations have thrown considerable doubt on the extent and permanence of the supposed changes of level; a phenomenon to which Lyell himself continually referred in his later writings, as an undoubted proof of the elevation of land still in progress in our own times.

'Another line of research (he writes to Mr. Horner from Stockholm) has been the huge drift blocks, or Baltic boulders, or "erratic blocks," which cover all Denmark and Sweden. Their size is often enormous. Some I have ascertained have been placed where they are in times exceedingly modern, geologically speaking, certainly late in the Newer Pliocene period. I believe that ice has brought them. I have questioned the pilots closely about the agency of ice, in which they believe. *I am persuaded that ice can do much for us.*'—Vol. i. p. 437.

These last words are remarkable, as one of the earliest references to the operation, as a geological cause, of that which is now regarded as one of the most important of all geological agencies. At the time when Lyell wrote these words, all such transported blocks were universally ascribed to some great *débâcle* or diluvial wave sweeping over the whole of Northern Europe.

On this tour he was not accompanied by his wife: but this
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was the last occasion for many years on which they were thus separated. From this time she was the constant partner of his travels: every ready to bear the fatigues and discomfort incident to geological explorations, and to put up with a kind of accommodation very different from what is required by most ladies in these days of luxurious travelling. But for some years after this, none of his journeys have any special interest, though they were all directed to some field of geological research, with a view to clearing up doubts, or obtaining fresh proofs in support of his theories. Meanwhile he was continually employed in preparing fresh editions of his great work, in each of which he incorporated all the additional information that he had acquired since the one preceding it, while he endeavoured at the same time to meet any arguments that had been put forward by his adversaries, and occasionally modified his views in deference to well-considered criticisms. It was indeed one of the peculiarities of Lyell's mind that, enthusiastic as he was in the pursuit of his own theories, he was always unwilling to enter into controversy, rightly estimating that much of the time thus occupied was in reality wasted, without any real advancement of scientific truth. In an able letter to Dr. Fleming—a Scotch geologist of considerable note in his day, but who unfortunately belonged to the 'genus irritabile,' a class not unknown among men of science as well as literature—he writes:

. . . 'I dare say I shall not keep my resolution, but I shall try to do it firmly, that when my book is attacked,—as it will be by a greater hornets' nest than a small sally of yours in Jamieson can be, however pointedly against popular doctrines,—I will not go to the expense of time in pamphleteering. I shall work steadily on at Vol. ii., and afterwards, if the work succeeds, at edition 2, and I have sworn to myself that I will not go to the expense of giving time to combat in controversy. It is interminable work.'—Vol. i. p. 260.

Again at a later period we find him writing to Sir J. Herschel in reference to the attacks of some German writers:

'I have not wasted time in controversies with them or others, except so far as modifying in new editions some opinions or expressions, and fortifying others, and by this means I have spared a great deal of inkshed, and have upon the whole been very fairly treated by the critics.'—Vol. i. p. 468.

But while he thus avoided public controversy in print, he naturally did not shrink from defending his views in his private letters, as well as at the Geological Society. Two letters in the early part of the second volume may be taken as models of able but temperate argument; the one addressed to Dr. Whewell, who

who was at this time engaged in writing his 'History of the Inductive Sciences,' in which Lyell naturally desired to see justice done to his own views; the other to Dr. Fitton, who in an otherwise favourable and friendly article in the 'Edinburgh Review' had accused him of not having done justice to Hutton, who was the first to suggest the theory of 'actual causes,' so ably followed out by Lyell himself. Far from being disposed to ignore the merits of his predecessor, or his able expounder Playfair, Lyell had, as he himself points out, placed on the very title-page of his work a motto taken from the latter writer, which contains in a few words the germ of his whole theory.

The celebrity which Lyell had now attained naturally became the means of introducing him to a much wider circle of society than he had before frequented; and though no man ever was less disposed to play the 'lion,' no one, on the other hand, could more keenly appreciate and enjoy the charm of social intercourse with a circle that comprised all the leading celebrities of his day, literary as well as scientific. Milman, Lockhart, Hallam, Rogers, Sydney Smith, Macaulay, Lord Lansdowne, and the Chevalier Bunsen, were among his friends or habitual associates, and rarely have better materials for society been brought together. From this time we find him, in his letters to his father and sisters, who continued to lead a secluded life at Kinnordy, not unfrequently giving them his reminiscences of people and conversations, which show no slight amount of the rare gift of 'Boswellizing,' as he himself terms it. A few instances are all that we can afford to give. At a dinner at Miss Rogers's (the sister of the well-known poet) he met for the first time Lord and Lady Holland, with their constant attendant, Mr. Allen, whom he describes as an 'agreeable man of Lord Holland's age.' Of Lord Holland himself he says that—

'He has a cheerful, good-humoured expression, talking in a lively way, but never too much, of literary rather than political subjects, and of anecdotes of political men, rather than politics. Mr. Allen was saying how strange a contrast Erskine used to be in and out of his lawyer's wig and gown. Out of it he talked in a most *gauche* and foolish way, in it so that you would trust your life and fortune in his hands. Lord Holland, among other stories to confirm this, said that one day when he and Lord Erskine were in council in the Cabinet, and Lord Erskine's opinion on a measure was asked, he said in a hasty manner, "Oh, yes, depend upon it, it must be, for I remember it was in an old Presbyterian book of prophecies which my mother had." When Erskine first came to the bar, he spoke very broad Scotch; he had never read more than the Bible, Shakespeare, Milton; and in three years he spoke eloquent English, and was quite a gentleman in manners.'—Vol. ii. p. 8.

After touching upon various topics of conversation, such as the authorship of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' the Etruscan Tombs, Niebuhr and his Roman History—of which Lord Holland remarked 'that he never would give up the real existence of such men as Romulus and Numa, however much fable might be mixed up with them'—they came to Buckland's 'Bridgewater Treatise,' then just published. This led to a talk on new species, and 'that mystery of mysteries, the creation of man.' Lord Holland said 'that we were no further on that point than Lucretius, out of whom he could take mottoes that would have done for each of my volumes.' Then follows a characteristic portrait of Lady Holland, a remarkable personage whose memory is fast fading with the generation that is now dying out:

'I have said nothing of Lady Holland, who took her share in the talk. She asked me about the Danes and Swedes, knew the names, at least, of many of them distinguished in science, said how much energy and love of truth there was in the Northern men of letters, as compared to her favourites the French and Italians, yet the French could be deep and persevering. I spoke of La Place and Cuvier. She said that the latter once wished her to compliment him on his promotion to a higher political place, but she gave him fairly to understand how much she lamented his having abandoned the line in which he was so great, to meddle with politics, in which he played so inferior and, in her opinion, unworthy a part. It is impossible to say in a letter anything which will give an idea of the singularity of Lady Holland's way of questioning people, like a royal personage. It is impossible not to be sometimes amused, and sometimes a little indignant, with her. I cannot say I formed so high an estimate of her talent and power as to explain to me how she has righted herself to such an extent, and got on in society after all that happened more than thirty years ago. No doubt she has been in the interval prudent, and more strict in the choice of her society than others who had infinitely more right to be so. She had wealth and beauty, of which last there are still some remains yet, with an expression of temper. But then she had a husband who had not only talent, rank, and political station, but an infinite fund both of wit and good humour.'—Vol. ii. p. 39.

With Rogers he was particularly intimate, and these pages contain many additions to the 'Table Talk' of the veteran poet, which must still remain but imperfectly reported.

'Our party at Mr. Rogers' on Monday was brilliant, and no one engrossed too much. Mr. Empson, now editor of the "Edinburgh Review," and Mrs. Empson (Miss Jeffrey), Hallam, Babbage, Eastlake, and Mr. Luttrell; the latter, though oldish now, came in now and then with his witty sayings. Lord Campbell's "Chancellors," in which a letter of Lady Philip Francis, acknowledging her husband

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to be Junius, is given, brought up that old controversy, and Rogers confessed the truth of the tale, that when he was set on at Holland House to ask Sir Philip Francis if he might put a question to him, Sir Philip replied "At your peril!" in so forbidding a tone, that Rogers retreated to the rest, and said "If he is Junius, it is Junius *Brutus*." On some one calling in question the great superiority of Junius, Rogers cited in support of it an able passage on the difference between injuries and insults; but Hallam said, "After all, there is nothing in Junius so powerful as the comment of Dr. Johnson on it, when he said 'that some people mistake the venom of the shaft for the vigour of the bow.'" When Luttrell complained of cold, Hallam said, "Don't let Rogers hear you, for his maxim is that no man can be cold except he be a fool or a beggar."—Vol. ii. p. 136.

In another letter he tells us :

'We had a pleasant call at Mr. Rogers', whose sister is recovering from her fall. We found on the old man's table a speech of Charles II. to his Parliament, printed in 1661, in bad English, which he observed could never have been shown to Clarendon. Alluding to Macaulay, he said, "he had found him once writing a review with five folios open, each on separate chairs, but unfortunately, though conscious that the article would be known to be his, he was writing with that confidence and rapidity which if he had had to sign his name at length to the pages, he would not have presumed to do. Such was the unfortunate tendency of anonymous historical literature." He then repeated, what I had often heard him declare, that Hallam wrote history as a judge and Macaulay as an advocate, and he blamed the latter for giving a set-down to Charles Fox's "Life of James II.," for which Samuel Rogers stood up manfully, taking the book down from his shelf, and, without spectacles, pointed to three or four of his favourite passages.'—Vol. ii. p. 123.

On one occasion, after a lively account of a dinner at the Milmans', Lyell adds :

'I was not sorry that Sydney Smith happened to be engaged, for though such a party would have drawn out some of his best fun, he would have overpowered Rogers with his boisterous laugh and sonorous voice, and it is a great pleasure to enjoy quietly some rays of Rogers' sunset; everything he says has a remarkably fine finish in it, but he is very mild and indulgent, and no remains of the epigrammatical sarcasm for which he seems to have been famous.'—Vol. ii. p. 34.

The same experience with regard to the rival wits must have been observed by all who were well acquainted with them both; but we can hardly assent to the disappearance of sarcasm in Rogers's later days: subdued it was by age, but by no means extinct. To the last he could never resist the temptation to say
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an ill-natured thing; though he was always ready to *do* a kind or good-natured one.

Of Sydney Smith less is reported; but one of his *bons mots* may be cited, which we believe will be new to many of our readers:

'The article on "Centralisation" in the "Edinburgh" is by John Austin; they tell me it is "good, but dry." I remember when Lord Melbourne was considering the best way of dispersing a mob which they were anticipating, Sydney Smith recommended him to get John Austin to go and read them a chapter out of his "Jurisprudence," then just published.'—Vol. ii. p. 122.

In another place we have a characteristic notice of Macaulay in one of his best moods:—

'Macaulay was most entertaining at Milman's last dinner, giving and taking, and not overpowering. He is hard at work with his "History of England." I asked him if he had read "Constantinople," in the last "Quarterly Review." He said, "No, but all about St. Chrysostom is got out of the edition of his works, which I read at Calcutta, and ended by liking the old saint, which is more than one can say of most of the old Fathers." Milman remarked, that at Oxford such high prices are no longer obtained for editions of the Fathers or Puseyite mediæval books, but they are selling at Cambridge. A few days before, Herman Merivale told me he had heard the same, and that there was an extraordinary spread of scepticism and rationalism at Oxford. In large parties, men holding forth that as a high admiration of the beauty of form was the characteristic of the Greeks as a nation, so the Jews had the religious instinct very largely developed, and hence they developed Judaism, Christianity, &c. To get back to Dean's Yard, Milman was talking of the fortune he could have made if he had had the gift of prophecy for five years, as, when he came to Westminster, whole streets of houses were offered him for a fifth of what they let for, when railway companies were bidding for offices near the Houses of Parliament, &c. On which Macaulay, recurring to the former talk about Chrysostom said, "But think if one could have bought up the Fathers at their value in 1800 (when they were fairly appreciated), and sold them at the Oxford price of 1840!" Some one at the other end of the table, where there was a dish of larks, was talking of the destruction of life, such small birds, when Macaulay said, "On that principle you ought to feed on blubber." Would not old Dr. Johnson have just said that, if Boz had been sentimental?'—Vol. ii. p. 115.

Again he writes to his sister, in 1848, an animated account of a small dinner-party with Whately, the Archbishop, whom he describes as 'a strange compound of an Oxford Churchman grafted on Ireland, and full of information about all that is going on

on there, which he views with interest more as a political economist than in any other light, as far as I could judge.' The party included De Beaumont, the celebrated French writer on America and Ireland.

'The Archbishop said, that if women ever became invested with political rights here, it might be well to have two Houses, and let the women *speak* in one and the men vote in the other, for since the Irish members have got in, he saw no other way of economising time. Dr. Whately is a great philologist. When on such subjects he said, "De Beaumont, you have no word for 'home.'" De Beaumont said, "No, perhaps because we have less of the *thing* than you have. We have said of late '*mon chez moi*,' '*son chez soi*,' but that is very clumsy; and then you have another word, '*job*,' which we cannot translate; it is a sublime word that—God knows we have the *thing*." The Archbishop was philosophising on the cause of their not having the word "*job*," and said that their representative form of government was so new, and in a pure monarchy there were fewer true jobs. De Beaumont said, "Certainly there are no jobs under an absolute despotism; because it is all *one great job*, and there is no room for small ones." . . . When De Beaumont asked how many grades there were in society, the Archbishop said, "I cannot say how low it goes, but the other day some chimney-sweepers presented a petition to the Lord Mayor against others who had intruded themselves into their privilege of dancing, &c., on May day, and in this petition they said, '*that certain dustmen and other low fellows, pretending to be chimney-sweepers*,' &c., so the degrees of rank probably descend even below the dustmen."—Vol. ii. p. 150.

An interesting discussion arose about the effect of the French law for the subdivision of property, on which subject Dr. Whately, in common with many Englishmen in those days, had very exaggerated ideas:

'The Archbishop brought out a pamphlet to prove that in one district near Paris the average property of eleven thousand landed proprietors was the quarter of an English acre each, and he began imagining, when the division had gone farther, a question of law arising as to whether a huntsman had committed a trespass by clearing his neighbour's estate at one leap.'—Vol. ii. p. 151.

Among the various notices of distinguished men scattered through the correspondence, there is perhaps none more characteristic than the following account of Sir Robert Peel, with whom Lyell dined at Drayton, during the meeting of the British Association at Birmingham in 1839:

'I sat on Sir Robert's right hand, and during a conversation of three hours we talked of a great variety of subjects; antiquities of Tamworth, railways, paintings, sculpture, chartists of Kirriemuir, Birmingham,

Birmingham, &c., British Association, bearing of geology on Scripture, Wordsworth's Poems, Chantrey's busts. Some of the party said next day that Peel never gave an opinion for or against any point from extra caution, but I really thought that he expressed himself as freely, even on subjects bordering on the political, as a well-bred man could do when talking with another with whose opinions he was unacquainted. He was very curious to know what Vernon Harcourt had said on the connection of religion and science. I told him of it and my own ideas, and in the middle of my strictures on the Dean of York's pamphlet I exclaimed, "By-the-bye, I have only just remembered that he is your brother-in-law." He said, "Yes, he is a clever man and a good writer, but if men will not read any one book written by scientific men on such a subject, they must take the consequences." After he had explained to me how railways were taxed, I pointed out to him Lord Carnegie's proof that such a method acted as a bonus towards the imposition of high fares. This he saw, and admitted as an evil. If I had not known Sir Robert's extensive acquirements, I should only have thought him an intelligent, well-informed country gentleman, not slow, but without any quickness, free from that kind of party feeling which prevents men from fairly appreciating those who differ from them, taking pleasure in improvements, without enthusiasm, not capable of joining in a hearty laugh at a good joke, but cheerful, and not preventing Lord Northampton, Whewell, and others, from making merry. He is without a tincture of science, and interested in it only so far as knowing its importance in the arts and as a subject with which a large body of persons of talent are occupied. He told me he was one of the early members of the British Association, and that he was glad that we had persevered in holding our meeting at Birmingham under discouraging circumstances; yet I learnt afterwards from the Birmingham Committee of Management, that when some of them, being personal friends of Sir Robert, asked his opinion only three weeks before, he could not venture any opinion at all.—Vol. ii. pp. 51-2.

We cannot attempt to follow in detail the subsequent investigations by which Lyell continued to strengthen and support the views of which he was now become the acknowledged exponent: or to notice the successive tours which he made to many various parts of Europe in the prosecution of his assiduous researches. But in 1841 a new field was opened for his observations. In the summer of that year he was invited to give a course of twelve lectures at the Lowell Institution in Boston, Massachusetts, for which he was offered the munificent sum of 2000 dollars; a striking contrast to the remuneration that he had any prospect of obtaining by similar services in this country. At the same time it afforded him an opportunity, which he embraced with avidity, of carrying his geological explorations into regions with which he was personally unacquainted, though much had been
already

already done by American geologists to prepare the ground for him. He was absent thirteen months in all, and travelled through a large part of the United States, as well as Canada and Nova Scotia; and the journey thus made was undoubtedly one of the most marked epochs in his life, and exercised a strong influence upon his mind throughout the remainder of his career. Not only did he form in America new and warm friendships, especially one with the well-known historian of Spanish literature, Mr. Ticknor, to which we are indebted for many of the most interesting letters in the present Correspondence; but he experienced, as he himself tells us, 'a sensation of freshness, cheerfulness, hope and delight, on first visiting America, and seeing such a glorious prospect of rapid progress in knowledge and civilization, a feeling which he retained to the last' (Vol. ii. p. 69). The consequence was that he returned to England an enthusiastic admirer of America and its institutions; and it was not without some reason that he was greeted by a friend soon after his return with the words: 'So, Lyell, I understand you are returned *ipsis Americanis Americanior!*'

It was partly with a view to finding a vehicle for the expression of these opinions, and correcting what he believed to be erroneous impressions prevalent in this country, that Lyell was induced to give to the world his 'Travels in North America: with Geological Observations,' which, though principally occupied with geology, contains also many remarks on the political and social institutions of the country. We here perceive, as well as still more strongly in the correspondence now published, that nothing struck him more than the religious freedom enjoyed by all sects, and the social equality resulting from it, which he contrasts with that existing in this country. Closely connected with the religious questions was that of the American universities, which naturally presented many points of contrast with the older institutions of the same kind in England, and which appeared to Lyell far better calculated for the advancement of scientific education. This led him to introduce in his 'Travels' an elaborate attack on the English university system—that of Oxford in particular: a digression certainly somewhat out of place, which had the effect of calling forth two vigorous but temperate pamphlets from Dr. Whewell, then Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in which he supported the system as a whole, though advocating extensive changes. From this time Lyell found himself in the front rank of university reformers, and when, in 1848, an influential deputation from both universities presented an Address to Lord John Russell (then Prime Minister) for a Royal Commission of Inquiry

Inquiry into the state of the Universities, it was Lyell who was selected to state the case of the Reformers as affecting Oxford. The move thus made was undoubtedly the first step towards the extensive reforms that have since been carried into effect at both Universities.

Lyell's first book on America, though designed by him shortly after his return, was not actually published till 1845, and in September of that year he returned to the United States, and made a second and more extensive tour through that country. The results of his observations on this occasion, so far as they were not of a strictly scientific character, were afterwards embodied by him in his 'Second Visit to the United States of America,' published in 1849. His travels on this visit led him to a much greater extent than before through the Southern, or what were then the slave, States: and it is a striking proof of the fairness of his mind, that though himself a strong opponent of slavery, and coming directly from the North, where almost all his friends were zealous abolitionists, he was nevertheless able to take a dispassionate view of the actual working of the 'peculiar institution,' and to admit that in practice the abuses so strongly stigmatized by many writers were far from being generally prevalent.

But though he at this time entertained hopes of the gradual abolition of slavery, his sympathies were strongly enlisted in favour of the Northern States, when the great struggle actually broke out in 1861; and we have seldom seen the case of the North against the South more ably, and at the same time more fairly, stated than it is in a long letter addressed by him to Mr. Thomas Spedding, a brother of the well-known biographer of Bacon. (Vol. ii. pp. 392-400.)

In 1848 he received the honour of knighthood, and, being at the time on a visit to Kinnordy, rode over the hills by Clova and Loch-na-gar to Balmoral, where he was knighted by the Queen. His letters contain no account of this visit, but the next year (1849), while staying at Birk Hall with Sir James Clark, he had the opportunity of making acquaintance with the Prince Consort, of whose capacity and culture he formed a high opinion, which was only confirmed by repeated subsequent intercourse. On this occasion he writes:

'What Van de Weyer said of the steady development of Prince Albert's mind, in a great variety of directions, I had been able more to appreciate. His German reading on serious subjects makes him an improving companion to one who is not versed in what is going on in that world, and I had much good talk with him alone, on a variety of grave subjects, as well as on the different *insects* which belong

belong to Switzerland, the Isle of Wight, and Scotland respectively. That he knew so much about these was quite a new light to me.'—Vol. ii. p. 156.

The death of his father, in 1849, made little alteration in Lyell's position. By an unexpected change in the old man's will, his son found himself, instead of being a Scottish landed proprietor with a considerable fortune, only richer than he was before by a few hundreds a year. The equanimity with which he bore this disappointment, and comforted himself with the reflection that there was nothing now to interfere with the steady pursuit of his scientific objects, is a striking proof of his truly philosophical character. We believe that the alteration in his prospects was conducive to his own happiness; we are certain that it was to the advantage of the world at large that he should not be withdrawn from an active scientific life in London, to reside amid the hills of Forfarshire.

In 1854 he made an excursion to Madeira and the Canary Islands, principally with the view of examining for himself what had been rendered classic ground to geologists by the celebrated work of Von Buch on this interesting group of islands. It was by his examination of them that the German geologist had been in great measure led to his once popular theory of 'Craters of Elevation'—a theory that was adopted by all the leading geologists of England, as well as of France and Germany, when Lyell first took the field against it. It was in particular warmly espoused by Élie de Beaumont and Dufresnoy—at that time the leading authorities among French geologists; and in 1835, when the system had been shaken to its foundations by the observations of Lyell and his precursor Poulett Scrope, we find the former writing from Paris to Professor Sedgwick, that 'Von Buch, De Beaumont and Dufresnoy are to write and prove that Somma and Etna are elevation craters; and Von Buch himself is just gone to Auvergne to prove that Mont-Dore is one also.' This 'most unphilosophical theory,' as it is justly termed by Poulett Scrope, is now so completely exploded, that the younger generation of geologists at the present day are probably hardly aware of the important position it once held. But in all such cases of scientific errors once sanctioned by great names, it is interesting to observe *how hard they die*; and how long a period elapses before the emptiness of the long-worshipped idols is generally acknowledged.

Another point, to which frequent reference is made in the later letters, is his view of the changes of climate which have undoubtedly

undoubtedly occurred at different periods of the earth's geological history. Here, as elsewhere, Lyell endeavoured to explain all such changes by the operation of existing causes; and he had the merit of first pointing out how much the actual climate of the globe depended on the present distribution of land and sea upon its surface, and what great changes would be effected by a mere alteration of that distribution, produced by movements of subsidence and elevation, such as we know to have been in operation within the most recent geological periods. But in this instance there can be little doubt that he pushed his argument too far. Though changes such as he suggested might undoubtedly influence the climate of particular regions of the earth's surface to a material extent, it seems impossible to believe that they alone could account for the former existence of a semi-tropical flora within a few degrees of the North Pole, or of a glacial period during which almost the whole of Europe was buried under sheets of thick-ribbed ice. Modern geologists are, we believe, generally agreed that these extreme vicissitudes of climate require the intervention of causes of a more general nature, and the suggestion first made by Mr. James Croll in 1864, of the influence of changes in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit, such as we know to be going on, offers at least a plausible solution of a problem that cannot yet be said to be definitely solved.

It was natural that Lyell should take up with characteristic eagerness the views of Agassiz concerning the enormous extent and operation of glacial action, and, startling as it at first appears to admit that within a very recent period (geologically speaking) the glaciers of the Alps extended in one solid mass across the valley of Switzerland to the Jura, and that the whole of Scotland and the north of England were in like manner covered with mighty glaciers extending from sea to sea, he was one of the first to accept with confidence conclusions which appeared to him to be founded on satisfactory evidence. He did not, indeed, ever go to the extravagant length of the enthusiastic Swiss geologist, when he spoke of '*une petite lisière près de l'Équateur*' as the only part of the world exempt from the action of ice; and he was not satisfied till he had verified for himself, by repeated visits to Switzerland, the observations on which the 'glacialists' had established their system. But he hailed from the first the introduction of a new 'existing cause,' the operation of which had been little regarded by previous geologists, but which was soon to be admitted by general consent as one of the principal agents in bringing about the existing state of things on the surface of the globe.

In this instance the new theory was the more readily admitted because it fitted in well with his own established views, but in other cases it was directly the contrary. Few qualities were, indeed, more strikingly characteristic of Lyell's mind than its remarkable 'plasticity,' as it has been not inaptly termed by one of his admirers. Ardently as he was attached to his own theories and discoveries, and tenaciously as he clung to them as long as he was convinced of their truth, he was ever ready to receive new ideas, and never too proud to correct his old views or abandon his former opinions, when once he felt satisfied that the evidence was against him. The enthusiasm for a system, strongly developed as it was in his character, was always subordinate to the love of truth. In all his researches, it was the advancement of geological knowledge that he was seeking; not, as was erroneously supposed by those who saw but one side of his character, the advancement of his own theories. At an early period we find him writing to Dr. Fleming:

'As a staunch advocate for absolute uniformity in the order of Nature, I have tried in all my travels to persuade myself that the evidence was inconclusive, but in vain. I am more confirmed than ever, and shall labour to account for vicissitudes of climate, not to dispute them.'

A remarkable instance in which he was thus led to a change of views, and abandoned a theory that had previously appeared to him, as to other geologists, complete and satisfactory, is well described by himself in a letter to Sir John Herschel:—

'I am very full of Darwin's new theory of Coral Islands, and have urged Whewell to make him read it at our next meeting. I must give up my volcanic crater theory for ever, though it costs me a pang at first, for it accounted for so much—the annular form, the central lagoon, the sudden rising of an isolated mountain in a deep sea, all went so well with the notion of submerged, crateriform, and conical volcanos, of the shape of South Shetland, and with an opening into which a ship could sail; and then we had volcanos inside some circular reefs, as in Dampier's island, and then we knew that it was not the corals which had any inclination of their own to build in a ring, like mushrooms and funguses in fairy circles on the green, for the very same species of corals will form a long barrier reef, or grow in any shape the ground permits: and then the fact that in the Pacific we had scarcely any rocks in the regions of coral islands, save two kinds, coral limestone and volcanic! Yet spite of all this, the whole theory is knocked on the head, and the annular shape and central lagoon have nothing to do with volcanos, nor even with a crateriform bottom. Perhaps Darwin told you when at the Cape what he considers the true cause? Let any mountain be submerged gradually,
and

and coral grow in the sea in which it is sinking, and there will be a ring of coral, and finally only a lagoon in the centre. Why? For the same reason that a barrier reef of coral grows along certain coasts, Australia, &c. Coral islands are the last efforts of drowning continents to lift their heads above water. Regions of elevation and subsidence in the ocean may be traced by the state of the coral reefs. I hope a good abstract of this theory will soon be published. In the meantime, tell all sea-captains and other navigators to look to the facts which may test this new doctrine.'—Vol. ii. p. 12.

Another 'new theory of Darwin's' was destined to produce a still greater revolution in his preconceived ideas. All those who have read any of the earlier editions of the 'Principles' will remember the vigour and ability with which Lyell combatted the views of Lamarck concerning the progressive development of species: a subject to which his own researches in the Tertiary strata had especially directed his attention. This chapter continued to figure prominently in successive editions of the work down to the ninth, published in 1853. But ten years later, when he first published his 'Antiquity of Man,' his views had undergone a great change, in consequence of the publication of Darwin's ever-memorable work on the 'Variation of Species,' which had appeared in the interval. The change in Lyell's own mind had, in fact, been a gradual one, abrupt as the transition might appear on a comparison of the two works; and one of the most interesting things in the present memoir is to trace in his letters the gradual progress of his views on this important subject, and the steps that prepared his mind for the ultimate reception of the new doctrine. His first impressions of the Lamarckian theory—which was received in France with enthusiasm, while it found hardly any believers in this country—are conveyed in a letter to Dr. Mantell, who had sent him the original work:—

'I devoured Lamarck *en voyage*, as you did Sismondi, and with equal pleasure. His theories delighted me more than any novel I ever read, and much in the same way, for they address themselves to the imagination, at least of geologists who know the mighty inferences which would be deducible were they established by observations. But though I admire even his flights, and feel none of the *odium theologicum* which some modern writers in this country have visited him with, I confess I read him rather as I hear an advocate on the wrong side, to know what can be made of the case in good hands. I am glad he has been courageous enough and logical enough to admit that his argument, if pushed as far as it must go, if worth anything, would prove that men may have come from the Ourang-Outang. But after all, what changes species may really undergo! How impossible will

will it be to distinguish and lay down a line, beyond which some of the so-called extinct species have never passed into recent ones.'—Vol. i. p. 168.

But his own researches among the tertiary fossils led him at an early period to a result which was already a great step in this direction. So long as it was supposed that successive formations presented assemblages of animals wholly distinct from each other, with no species common to the two, it was natural, if not necessary, to acquiesce in the assumption, that every such assemblage had been produced by a special creation, and that the catastrophes which were supposed to have separated every two formations had been accompanied by the extinction of all then existing species, and the repeopling the earth and seas by wholly new forms of created beings. But when it came to be received as an admitted fact that no such catastrophes had in reality taken place, and that many species were common to successive formations, while their gradual dying out and replacement by others might be traced step by step from the oldest Pliocene to the now existing fauna, it was evident that the whole basis of speculation was fundamentally changed. The difficulty still remained, to account for the appearance of new species in the successive stages, without appealing to direct acts of creation in each case, a supposition which, though Lyell himself was for some time prepared to admit it, was strenuously resisted by Continental naturalists, among whom the Lamarckian hypothesis, or some modification of it, had obtained great influence. Hence we find him earnestly seeking for some mode of surmounting this difficulty. As early as 1836 he writes to Sir John Herschel:

'In regard to the origination of new species, I am very glad to find that you think it may be carried on through the intervention of intermediate causes. I left this rather to be inferred, not thinking it worth while to offend a certain class of persons by embodying in words what would only be a speculation.'—Vol. i. p. 467.

Shortly after we find him writing to Whewell to precisely the same effect, and, after the publication by the latter of his 'History of the Inductive Sciences,' expressing his satisfaction that he went 'nearly as far as to contemplate the possibility at least of the introduction of fresh species being governed by general laws.' Twenty years more had still to elapse before the publication of Darwin's book appeared to supply the missing link, by suggesting the *modus operandi* of the changes in question. But, during the whole of this interval, fresh discoveries in palæontology, as well as in botany and zoology, were continually

continually furnishing fresh proofs of the transitional character of the geological record, and filling up the supposed gaps in the progressive series of created beings. One after another several of the leading naturalists of the day were coming to entertain views more and more approximating to the Lamarckian theory of transmutation. On one occasion Lyell writes :

‘ When Huxley, Hooker, and Wollaston [an eminent entomologist] were at Darwin’s last week, they (all four of them) ran a tilt against species, farther I believe than they are deliberately prepared to go. I cannot easily see how they can go so far, and not embrace the whole Lamarckian doctrine.’

In another conversation at the same house, a botanical phenomenon was mentioned which (as Lyell adds) ‘ will figure in C. Darwin’s book on “Species” with many other “ugly facts,” as Hooker, *clinging like me to the orthodox faith*, calls these and other abnormal vagaries.’ When people come to know that they are ‘clinging to’ an orthodox belief, they are apt before long to loose their hold. The ‘ugly facts’ continued to multiply ; while the extravagant lengths to which such writers as Agassiz and Alcide D’Orbigny were driven, in support of their views of the distinctness of species in all successive zones of creation, had a strong tendency to force more reasonable thinkers in the opposite direction. Hence when Darwin—five years after the above conversation—put forward his theory of ‘natural selection,’ a suggestion which undoubtedly supplied a *vera causa*, whether or not it was adequate to solve all difficulties, we cannot be surprised to find both Lyell and Hooker shaking off their former doubts, and zealously espousing the new doctrine, which was destined to work so great a revolution in the scientific world.

One of the great difficulties that Lyell appears to have felt in embracing in its entirety the transmutation theory, whether as presented by Lamarck or by Darwin, was, as he himself repeatedly admits, one of feeling rather than of reason. He appears to have entertained an insurmountable repugnance to the idea that man was only an improved kind of ape :—a prejudice, if such it is to be called, which we believe to be shared by many of our readers. In his earlier letters he repeatedly refers in a jesting tone to the time required ‘for ourang-outangs to become men on Lamarckian principles’ ; and, even after he had declared himself a convert to the theory of transmutation, he was still reluctant to admit its application to the case of man, though feeling himself compelled to acknowledge that this was a logical consequence.

At the same time it must be observed, that Lyell never went along

along with the views of some English, and many German, savans in the materialistic arguments that they derived from this new doctrine. In one of his letters to Darwin he especially approves of an observation of the Duke of Argyll, that 'variation or natural selection cannot be confounded with the creational law without such a deification of them as exaggerates their influence.' And again, in writing to Dr. Hooker, 'I feel that Darwin and Huxley deify secondary causes too much. They think they have got farther into the domain of the "unknown" than they have, by the aid of variation and natural selection.' He expresses himself strongly to the same effect in the 'Antiquity of Man,' the first of his works in which he admitted, though in a cautious and guarded manner, his adherence to the Darwinian theory.

The very title of this last-mentioned book indicates another instance in which Lyell was compelled to retract the view he had hitherto entertained on a subject of the highest interest and importance. In common with all other geologists, he had always believed that man was one of the most recent introductions into the system of nature, and that he did not appear on the face of the earth until all the species now known to be extinct, such as the mammoth and mastodon and the cave hyæna, had disappeared from its surface. The few cases that appeared to militate against this doctrine were explained away, and though several instances are mentioned in the course of these letters, which were difficult to get over—one in particular is termed by Lyell, 'though not quite satisfactory,' still the best proof he had seen—it was not till 1860 that the evidence afforded by the discoveries of M. Bouchet de la Perthes at Amiens was felt to be overwhelming. It was impossible in this instance to deny the inference, not only of the co-existence of man with extinct species of animals, but of his having been there previous to the formation of the gravel, and the excavation of the valley in which the remains were discovered. Fresh evidence rapidly accumulated, and Lyell, with his usual candour, after carefully examining for himself the localities in Picardy and Belgium, collected all the evidence in a separate work, in which at the same time he embodied his altered views on the subject of glacial action and the variation of species. The popular interest in the subject was sufficiently proved by the sale of five thousand copies of the 'Antiquity of Man' within a few months, and of three editions within the year.

All these changes in his views had to be introduced into the tenth edition of his 'Principles,' the preparation of which involved an amount of labour almost equivalent to the composi-

tion of a new work. Thirteen years had elapsed since the appearance of the last edition, during which time an immense amount of additional geological facts had been accumulated, while whole chapters had to be re-written, and others added, in accordance with the new discoveries and new theories which he had himself adopted. This was the last important literary labour of his life. Sir Charles Lyell was now seventy years of age, and, though the activity of his mind was almost unabated, his bodily strength was fast beginning to fail.

Various offers of a flattering kind (we are told by Mrs. Lyell) had been made to him in the meantime to accept offices of an honourable character—a Trusteeship of the British Museum, the Presidency of the Royal Society, &c. ; and during the year 1861, under the proposed Reform Bill, which conferred a representative in Parliament on the University of London, the candidature was offered to Sir Charles Lyell. But he declined all these overtures, and resolved that he would devote himself to the end of his life to his favourite science, which was daily opening up more interesting matter for study and research. Other marks of honour were, however, conferred upon him, which involved no additional duties. In January 1862 he was elected Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, and in 1864 the Queen created him a Baronet.

It was a characteristic feature of Lyell's mind that, instead of feeling any jealousy of the discoveries of others, he was always among the first to admit the merits of rising men of science in the younger generation. Thus we find him in a letter to Mr. Ticknor, in 1859, speaking of 'a friend of mine, Huxley, who will soon take rank as one of the first naturalists we have ever produced.' And at the meeting of the British Association in the same year, he writes, 'Young Geikie has read the best paper, to my mind, yet presented to our section. Of the young men he is certainly the coming geologist and writer.'

We must now hasten to the end. As the infirmities of age increased upon him, he went less into society ; and though he still continued to make something of a geological tour every summer, these became more limited in extent, and of comparatively little interest. Hence the few letters that Mrs. Lyell has preserved to us from these latter years have not the variety or freshness of those of an earlier time. In April 1873 he had the misfortune to lose his beloved wife, who had been his constant companion and assiduous helpmate in all his pursuits, during forty years of unbroken happiness. She was carried off almost suddenly after a few days' illness ; and as she was twelve years younger than her husband, and youthful and
vigorous

vigorous for her age, the blow was as unexpected as it was overwhelming. His one resource was to be found in his old pursuits: and he writes to a geological friend a few months after the sad event: 'I endeavour by daily work at my favourite science to forget as far as possible the dreadful change that has been made in my existence.' But, as he adds, 'at my age of nearly seventy-six the separation cannot be very long.'*

He was still able to make a short geological tour in his native Forfarshire in the summer of 1874; and he found pleasure in visiting some of his earliest haunts, and verifying his geological observations of fifty years before. On the 5th of November in the same year he was present at a dinner in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Geological Club, of which he had been a member from its foundation, and made a short speech with a vigour that surprised all his friends who were present. But his strength was already almost exhausted, and he now sank rapidly. In February 1875 he sustained a fresh bereavement by the sudden death of his brother, Colonel Lyell, who had been almost daily with him up to the time of his own fatal illness. Charles Lyell followed his younger brother within a fortnight, on the 22nd of February. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, in accordance with a requisition numerously signed by eminent men of science; but few, very few, of those who followed him to his grave belonged to the distinguished circle that had witnessed his early progress, or been his associates or opponents in the Geological Society. The first generation of geologists—the men who had made the Society what it afterwards became: Buckland, Conybeare, Greenough, Sedgwick, Murchison, De la Bêche, Phillips—all had passed away, and Lyell, the most distinguished of them all, was the last survivor.

His name would ever have held a prominent position in the annals of science; but it was not till the publication of the present work that the public at large had any means of estimating the variety of his attainments both in science and literature, or of tracing in detail the progress and development of those views by which he earned an unrivalled position as a geologist. Mrs. Lyell has furnished an important contribution to the history of science, at the same time that she has presented to the world an admirable picture of a singularly amiable as well as highly gifted man.

* A beautiful tribute to her memory, written by Mr. Hillard of Boston, for publication in an American newspaper, has been inserted by Mrs. Lyell in the Appendix to her work, and is thus made for the first time accessible to the British public.

- ART. IV.—1. *Les Origines de la France contemporaine.* Par H. Taine. *L'ancien Régime*; 2nd ed., 1876. *La Révolution*, Vol. I., 1878. *La Conquête Jacobine*, Vol. II. Paris, 1881.
2. *The Ancient Régime. The Revolution.* By H. Taine. Translated by John Durand. 3 vols. London, 1881.
3. *Histoire du Tribunal Révolutionnaire de Paris.* Par H. Wallon. 5 vols. Paris, 1880.
4. *Tableaux de la Révolution Française, publiés sur les papiers inédits du département de la Police secrète de Paris.* Par Adolphe Schmidt. 3 vols. Leipzig, 1867-69.
5. *Histoire de la Terreur, 1792-1794, d'après des documents authentiques et inédits.* Par M. Mortimer-Terneaux. 7 vols. Paris, 1862-1869. Vol. VIII. Paris, 1881.
6. *Correspondance diplomatique du Baron de Staël-Holstein et du Baron Brinckman; documents inédits sur la Révolution; 1783-1799. Recueillis aux archives royales de Suède.* Par L. Louzon-le-Duc. Paris, 1881.

THE history of the French Revolution has been told a hundred times, and will be told a hundred times more. It is the one great human 'Story without an end.' Judging from the number and importance of the works still issuing from the press, the materials are far from being exhausted—the interest in them never can be. Not even the lesser repetitions of the same drama, enacted in our time, have obscured the proportions of the tremendous phenomenon of 1789, which only looms in more solitary grandeur the further we recede from it. There is indeed nothing which it more concerns modern society to lay bare to sight, than the foundations on which such an appalling structure was raised. With all law, order, humanity, and even common sanity, abrogated—with demons reigning in the shape of men, who pronounced Evil to be their Good—the moral Government of the Almighty Himself would almost seem to have been suspended. But there was no real suspension here. His long outraged laws were rather vindicated than suspended—'The curse causeless cannot come.'

There are two modes of bringing a country to misery—by weakening every member of it, and by dividing all its parts. The first is done by a Despotism, the second by that which naturally accompanies that form of government—a numerous and dependent noblesse. Madame de Staël defined despotism as 'le plus grand fléau de l'espèce humaine.' That of the later French monarchs was one of the most cruel, unnatural, and complete that Christian Europe has known. The French Revolution

tion accordingly has characteristics of its own, which in great measure account for the course it ran. All insurrections have the same prompting cause in tyranny continued beyond endurance—but they vary in other respects. To ensure the sympathy of the world, the yoke which a people are anxious to throw off must be that of an alien—and, for the hope of success, the nation which rises must be united as one man. In the Poland of our day, for instance, the first condition existed, and still exists. The Despot was of foreign race; but the second condition did not exist; the nation was not united. The class that rose was that of the so-called and in some measure self-styled noblesse—a caste only; themselves the real oppressors of the Polish people; whom, with all their vaunted patriotism, they were far from including in the national claims for liberty, and who now find even the Russian rule more humane than that of their former masters. In Italy, on the other hand, the country had been oppressed by foreign rulers, but the aims and interests of all classes were the same: there never had been a chasm between them; and their union was the chief weapon by which they effected their emancipation. In France, the elements of discord were simply parricidal, fratricidal, and suicidal. The absolute monarchs who ruled, the noblesse who oppressed, and the people who suffered, were all of one blood; and in France only did that bitter hatred explode, which is engendered by tyranny and injustice between members of the same family.

Thus the despotism which prevailed in France outraged the very laws of nature in its system: it made it the interest of the higher-born brother to oppress, and the instinct of the lower-born to detest. It exasperated the one beyond all power of control, and it left the other without any means of defence. For it is the fatal effect of absolute power to give its subjects—high and low—a false education; equally productive in both cases of evil to the community; by the tyranny and misery it first engenders, and by the helplessness and lawlessness it finally leaves behind. No cause is seen so universally and persistently in action, from the first outburst of the Revolution, as the want of those larger and sounder principles, which are especially needed in the higher classes of a great country. There was no political knowledge—no power of organization—no habits of administration—except, as regards the last, in a mechanical routine, which in the time of danger only increased the evil. We see throughout an ignorance equally stupid in obstructing the right and helpless in resisting the wrong. Even Good seemed only

only doomed to minister to Evil. For it is almost as trying to read of the saintly virtues in wrong time and place, as of the hideous vices under false names and pretences. The pain with which we trace the course of the French Revolution has one of its chief sources in the conviction, that its head-long career could have been often and easily arrested by the commonest exertion of manly judgment and co-operation. To the absence of these sources of strength the unimpeded course of the devastating torrent can alone be assigned; and in the long reign of an unparalleled despotism the causes of such absence can alone be found. We dwell the more on this fact, because upon it the whole Revolution turned. The direction of affairs was ever slipping from the hands of the well-disposed and ignorant, into those of the evil-disposed and equally or more ignorant; till at last it remained with that ruthless party, which could alone organize a 'Reign of Terror.'

To understand such ignorance, we have only to look into some of the most cherished institutions of the monarchy, and into some of the most highly prized privileges of the noblesse. Of the crimes of the revolutionary epoch there can be but one opinion; no time can alter the horror they inspire. We now know what the demon and the wild beast latent in human nature can bring us to—'what man has done to man.' With such atrocities we would fain believe we have nothing to do—from such monsters nothing to apprehend—though the state of a neighbouring island is somewhat calculated to rouse us from such security. But it is different when we consider the daily habits of a class belonging to one of the most gifted nations in the world—beings whom we can understand; the polite and intellectual of the earth—yet who found the chief glory of their lives in things which simply inspire us with contempt and disgust. We must briefly illustrate our meaning.

Under the modest title of '*La Maison du Roi*' an institution had arisen, which grew and grew until it overshadowed the whole land. The master of the establishment was an absolute king, and his retinue a needy noblesse. The King remained one and indivisible, but his retinue perpetually increased. Every office in the '*Maison du Roi*'—even such as we should consider of a menial kind—was given or sold to some noble with the requisite quarterings; and, when every customary office was filled, old ones had to be multiplied or new ones invented. Louis XI. had had but one barber. Louis XVI., who is known to have been shaved only on alternate days, required no less than five barbers; or rather five barbers
required

required him. Still the *maison*, with its legion of functionaries, failed to supply places for all the candidates, and, in order to meet the increasing demands, the King had at length to give himself. His hunger supplied so many *charges*—his thirst so many more—his dressing and undressing were divided into as many offices as there were articles of attire. Every hour of his day, every part of his person, and every movement of his limbs, belonged to somebody. If he went into the gardens or court of the palace, one set of officers took possession of him. If he mounted his horse, he became the property of another; and when he hunted, he passed into the custody of a third. Unfortunately this multiplied vassallage, however capriciously instituted, could not be as capriciously dismissed. The King's person was a corporation of closely-vested interests. The noble who enjoyed the privilege of wiping the royal toothpick, or of presenting the *bouillon* when his Majesty had taken medicine, had purchased the office from some highly-placed monopolist for hard money: his rank, his position in society, the more or less advantageous marriages of his daughters, depended on its retention, and he could no more be deprived of it than the equally nobly-born Colonel could of his regiment. Especially did the highest born in the land compete for the honour of witnessing the King's proceedings at those times when a man is not generally supposed to be a hero, even to his *valet de chambre*. The *lever* and *coucher* of the monarch were the crowning embodiment of that *étiquette*, which had become as irrevocable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. More particularly was the *lever* the great event for which the sun was supposed to rise. It set in action a body as numerous and as magnificent, as the opening of our Parliament or a Lord Mayor's Show. It seems incredible now that any man should have consented to lie in bed while several hundreds of persons of the first rank in the kingdom, splendidly apparelled, flocked into his bedroom in a succession of *entrées*. We fail to understand how a manly mind could enjoy the dignity of having his right slipper, when he did get up, put on by one page and his left by another—his right leg stockinged and gartered by one gentleman and his left by another—one sleeve of his *camisole* drawn off by the Master of the Wardrobe and the other by the first *valet de chambre*—his dayshirt, wrapt in a piece of white taffetas, presented by a prince of the blood—his bed, whether he was in or out of it, bowed to by gentlemen, and even by marshals and ambassadors, and courtesied to by ladies, and even by royal princesses; and further, that all this ignoble nonsense should have been settled by royal edicts solemnly passed in council

council more than a hundred years before. One would think that any man in his senses would have preferred to pay the same salaries in order to dispense with such service. At all events, however incomprehensible such mockeries may now appear, it is perfectly intelligible that a kingdom, thus represented in its Sovereign and highest class, should have eventually sunk into the lowest misery and madness. It was to Louis XIV.—the source of most of the misfortunes of modern France—that the chief invention of this puerile routine was owing. To his heartless self-glorification all this abject idolatry was delicious incense. His hapless great-great-grandson, on the other hand, was too good a husband to give frequent occasion for these exhibitions. Except when the Queen returned late from the theatre or other amusement, the royal couple always shared the same bed—the formal escort of the King thither forming another separate *charge de cour* for a needy noble. Otherwise the ceremony of the *lever* and *coucher* only inspired Louis XVI. with distaste, though, from a sense of duty, he would sometimes return from a quiet breakfast with the Queen at the Trianon, and humbly suffer himself to be undressed in order to be dressed again according to *étiquette*.

It would carry us too far from our immediate object, to trace all the causes which led to the destruction of the monarchy, the murder of the monarch, and that total subversion of society which goes by the name of the French Revolution. The sinners too, whose deeds and lives brought those events to pass, were not the victims who then suffered—and the people who had suffered were not the monsters who then avenged. The one class lay in royal sepulchres in the Cathedral of St. Denis—their ashes to be hereafter scattered in fury to the winds—the others, in millions of nameless graves. The oppression, which had reduced the people to the condition of the beasts of the field—which, at the beginning of the 18th century, is calculated to have killed six millions by hunger and want—was now being comparatively relieved. With the advent of Louis XVI. to the throne, certain alleviations commenced. But there is a law in human nature, by which the sense of wrong assumes larger proportions as it recedes into the past. There is the misery of those who are gone before, to avenge—that of those who are coming after, to prevent. The French peasant was exactly at this critical stage of feeling, when Nature herself interposed to frustrate what the King was endeavouring to effect. The harvest had failed year after year: in 1788, just before shearing-time, a hailstorm of unprecedented violence had destroyed the year's corn, wine, and oil, from Normandy to Champagne. This was followed by the severest winter

winter known in the memory of man, which froze the Seine from Paris to Havre, and killed many trees that the hailstorm had left. Riots for bread are episodes in the history of every nation: these occurred in all parts; and more than three hundred *émeutes* are recorded to have taken place during the four months preceding the destruction of the Bastille. The times were past, when such riots could be repressed by force, and such hunger stopped by the gallows. The very spirit of humanity that was dawning aggravated the evil. The tyranny of the nobles had been so execrable, that the popular resistance to it was openly winked at and secretly applauded. A pregnant sentence occurs in a letter from a magistrate, himself wounded in one of these risings, in which the authorities had been obliged to give way: 'Il est résulté de ce malheur un bien réel. On a reporté sur la classe aisée ce qui excédait la force des malheureux journaliers. On s'aperçoit même d'un peu plus d'attention de la part de la noblesse pour les pauvres paysans. On s'est accoutumé à leur parler avec plus de douceur.'* Those who at the present day have had the pain of hearing a Russian or German noble roar, rather than speak, to a peasant or a soldier, will understand the import of these words. Louis XVI. is accused of having been too precipitate in his aims at reform—of having sought to do too much at once. Doubtless this was a case in which redress required to be dealt out cautiously, like food to shipwrecked men long deprived of it. Those writers are logically right, who maintain that the Revolution—if we divest the word of its present terrible significance—was commenced by the King. It is evident that his efforts for the reform of manners, redress of abuses, equalization of burdens, and reduction of expenses, constituted nothing less than a Revolution. By all who enter into this interminable subject it must be borne in mind, that the Revolution, as Louis XVI., Calonne, and Necker desired and planned it, was one thing—the crimes of the revolutionary Government, another. In the fatal heritage however, which absolutism had bequeathed, all ranks, with the King at their head, suffered alike from ignorance of the commonest political conclusions and processes. The King had to learn how difficult it is to descend the barren steeps of a long established despotism—laden with the crimes of his predecessors—with nothing and no one to hold by on the way, and a false step fatal.

The very agitation of the question of reform, at a time when a terrible famine prevailed and the country teemed with

* Taine, 'Histoire de la Révolution,' vol. i. p. 28.

beggars and bandits, was like the letting in of air to a smouldering fire. By the working of the new Provincial Assemblies, initiated by Necker in 1779, and increased in number by Loménie de Brienne in 1787, the whole machinery of administration had been changed. Every parish had now its share in the assessment and levying of taxes. The seigneur from the château, and the little cultivator from the hovel, now met in consultation together. For the first time the humble tiller of the land became aware of the enormous excess of burdens which rested on the wrong shoulders; for the first time his eyes were opened to the monstrous fact, that the poor and needy, who, within his recollection, had 'eaten grass like sheep and had died like flies,'* had actually been compelled, for more than a century, to pay eighteen-twentieths of their hard earnings, in order to exempt the Count or Marquis from paying anything at all. At the same time, these discoveries were accompanied by a summons to each parish to make known their grievances; so that the King might hear—even from the remotest and least known parts of his kingdom—'les vœux et réclamations' of his people. It needed nothing more to set free the long pent-up forces of misery. The ignorant peasantry, like children promised a toy, no sooner heard of redress than they wanted it instantaneously, and proceeded to snatch at it by violence. Elements of desperation and ferocity were rife in the country. Hunger gave the first impulse—false mercy misled—impunity encouraged—crime compromised—success intoxicated—blood maddened. That immense reserve of lawless wretches and vagabonds—the outcasts of society—ready for every evil, to be found in every land, and at this time frightfully multiplied in France—now ravaged the country in bands of thousands; sacking, burning, murdering, and, like a great landslip, carrying everything before them. Next to corn and flour, and plunder of every kind—and under the idea that, with the destruction of his seigneurial documents, the hated seigneur would lose his rights,—family papers, registers, and archives were eagerly sought for, and committed to the flames. These *jacqueries*, in some instances headed compulsorily by the terror-stricken and defenceless magistrates themselves, were doubtless assisted locally and partially by the aggrieved peasants. Still, as a whole, the real *people* of France, whether in the provinces or in Paris, were innocent of the crimes and atrocities of the Revolution. Between those who had given their strength to the earth—their earnings to the tax-gatherer or seigneur—

* Statement made by the Bishop of Chartres. Taine, 'Ancien Régime,' p. 431. and

and their sons to the army, between these and the fiends and furies who shouted in the cafés, denounced in the clubs, and murdered in the streets, there was as little connection as, according to the Duke of Argyll, there is between the cannibals of Polynesia and Primitive Man.

It has been said that, if the conduct of the noblesse made a revolution necessary, the character of the King made it possible. Let us look a little into that character. It is one of the results of the complicated elements and conflicting accounts of the Revolution, that the men who took a prominent part in its outbreaking—Necker, Mirabeau, La Fayette, Bailly, Roland—are all difficult to read, and all variously judged by history. The King alone, with his virtues and weaknesses, is easily understood. His character so far made the Revolution possible, as it was one least qualified to arrest, divert, or direct its course. Passive virtues of the highest order were his—patience, fortitude, and resignation. But, while these were the qualities best fitted to prepare him as a man for the fate that awaited him, they were the last suitable for a ruler and leader of other men. Nature had given him much that is desirable in a constitutional monarch, but little of that which is requisite in a Despot. He was shy, diffident, phlegmatic, and slow; but truthful and loyal, fairly educated, and with that simple good sense which results from an unsophisticated and uncontaminated mind. He had been destined to play the part of a State puppet, to be flattered and amused,—dressed, undressed, and fed, in public; and so far as he rose superior to these degrading trammels, the merit was all his own. He had but scanty light to guide him in the dark and lurid atmosphere that environed him, but, dim as that was, it was ‘light from Heaven,’ and he walked humbly, often stupidly, but always honestly, by it.

It was the great misfortune of Louis XVI. that he found himself forced prematurely into a course in which he and everybody else lost their way; for the simple reason that there was not one who knew it. Like the man going up the mountain with the talking-stones on each side, his only safety lay in stopping his ears, and pursuing one undeviating line. Of such a course the King was not capable; not from any duplicity of character, but from a total lack of strength and decision of mind. In M. de Staël’s words—all well worth perusal—‘Aucun grand parti, ni bon ni mauvais, n’est dans son caractère.’ Between a consciousness of political ignorance, a diffidence of self, and the hesitations of a tender conscience, he steered in perplexity from side to side; disappointing his friends,

friends, encouraging his enemies, pleasing no one, and yet bent only on doing right by all. It was not that he was so weak, but that he was 'weaker than his task.' At the same time we have the evidence even of his foes, that the sense and singleness of his character were obvious to them. Camille Desmoulins describes him as 'un homme de jugement, dont le bon sens étonnait parfois.' And Marat, strange to say, renders him a still stronger tribute. 'Je crois bien que Louis XVI n'a que les défauts de son éducation, et que la nature en a fait une excellente pâte d'homme, qu'on aurait cité comme un digne citoyen, s'il n'avoit pas eu le malheur de naître sur le trône. Mais, tel qu'il est, c'est, à tout prendre, le roi qu'il nous faut. Nous devons bénir le ciel de nous l'avoir donné; nous devons le prier de nous le conserver. . . . Une fois que la justice aura son cours, je ferai des vœux pour que Louis XVI soit immortel. Nous serions encore esclaves si nous avions eu un Louis XI ou un Louis XIV.' These extraordinary words are found in 'L'Ami du Peuple,' February 17th, 1791.

We are not placing the unfortunate Louis upon any exalted pedestal. He was good and humane, but he had the faults of his time and throne, though he redeemed them richly by his sufferings, and by the piety and humility with which he bore them. He opened private letters; he used *lettres de cachet*,—though he might not give them *en blanc* to be sold to malice and filled up by revenge, as his predecessors had done—and he kept a secret police. It is in the nature of a despotism to lower the standard of principle. Those who have associated with the higher classes in countries still under that curse, or in countries still possessed with feudal notions, know how different are their ideas on all nice points of breeding, honour, and humanity, from our own.

It is vain, however, to speculate on what might have ensued had Louis XVI. been somebody else; 'avec un *si* on peut tout faire.' What may be safely affirmed is that, had the unfortunate monarch fallen on tranquil times, his reign, if not brilliant, would have been as much distinguished for humanity and enlightenment, as his life was for purity of morals. The very opposition and factious thwartings he received from the popular bodies, who knew still less how to meet the difficulties of the time than he did, showed how far his ideas were in advance of the period. He it was, who vainly urged the abolition of torture, the participation by the Protestants in equal civil rights, the restoration, as far as possible, of the confiscated property of the Huguenots, and the free circulation of grain throughout

throughout the kingdom. Had even this last wise measure been conceded, the worst ally of rebellious discontent would have been disarmed.

Most of the liberal laws which France now enjoys were proposed and urged by Louis XVI. He was ready to do that gently and justly, which the Revolution only did ultimately at the expense of millions of money and torrents of blood, of eternal disgrace to human nature, and of a shock to the French State from which she has not yet recovered.

In all investigation of this interminable subject, it is indispensable to keep in mind that the French Revolution could alone teach its own possibility, and that no just comparison can be made, as to powers of foresight, between those who lived before, and those who have lived after the event. Those who lived even in the midst of the crisis were far from measuring its importance and duration. In this respect M. de Staël, from his position, his connection with Necker, and his foreign mind, was an exception.

'To those who consider the future, nothing offers a more appalling picture than the present state of France. Just issuing as we are from a revolution unprecedented in rapidity and importance' (he writes this on the 9th of August, 1789, little more than three weeks after the fall of the Bastille), 'we are marching, to all appearance, towards a fresh revolution, less interesting perhaps, politically and historically, but destined to be more disastrous to humanity by the immense number of victims which new troubles would doubtless sacrifice. What justifies my taking this view, in opposition to the opinion of many here, who believe that the Revolution will immediately take a uniform and tranquil course, is, on the one hand, the flight of the Princes and of a large number of highly placed persons; and, on the other, the numberless discontents among high and low, and a licence of pretensions as silly as they are impossible to fulfil.'

And again, two months later—

'We have long ceased to be able to calculate the events that may occur from one moment to another. The *légèreté* of this nation, its want of steadiness, and especially its extreme impetuosity and immorality, render the greatest horrors and the greatest absurdities alike possible.'

The Queen's character, however different from and even opposed to that of the King, is as readily interpreted. No psychological problem is presented by either of the illustrious victims. In point of sagacity and quickness of perception, she made up for the King's defects, though powerless to overrule them. His phlegmatic temper, slowness, and inability to utter a right word in season, were among the greatest of her minor trials.

trials. Of her supreme agonies who may speak? Had the unparalleled extremes she traversed in life been depicted in a novel; had the unspeakable insults and the hellish refinements of cruelty she endured—the fourfold cup of woe—as Queen, wife, mother, and woman—she drained to the dregs, been made the subject of fiction; the reader would have ejaculated from page to page ‘Impossible! impossible!’ Had the contrasts afforded by her life been introduced in a work of imagination, they would have been condemned as overdrawn. To take only a few, furnished by her last days. Born, bred, and wedded, in the purple, she reigned over the most splendid Court of Europe, with every will bending to hers:—summoned before a court of her former subjects, interrogated like a common criminal, she was charged with iniquities not fit to be uttered. Early called to share a throne, she was accustomed for years to all the homage due to youth, beauty, and the highest place:—forsaken, literally, by all men—no word of sympathy, no look of tenderness for her!—the very maid at the Conciergerie did not dare to courtesy to her as she went forth to the scaffold.* Permitted by the *étiquette* of the French Court only to rise a few inches on her elbow at the entrance even of a Princess of the blood:—her elbows tied behind her before she mounted the cart, by the coarse strap of the executioner. All heads bared and all knees bent before her:—and the flush that flew over the pale calm face on her way to the guillotine, at the unwonted respect shown by a little boy, held aloft by his mother, who bowed low to her, and kissed his little hand.†

There are other pictures, equally strangely contrasted, in the royal annals of France. On the one hand, Louis XIV. at Versailles, surrounded with splendour and luxury, and bloated with pride, exalting himself to be a God; his bed and his ‘Nef’‡ bowed and courtesied to; with nobles, whom he had converted into lackeys, cringing before him:—and, on the other hand, Marie Antoinette—his great-grandson’s wife, and Queen of France, now only addressed as ‘la femme Capet’—in her damp brick-floored cell, with a guard placed over her day and night, not for honour but for insult; denied candle or lamp in the

* ‘Je la quittais sans oser lui faire des adieux, ni une seule révérence de peur de la compromettre. Je m’en allais pleurer dans mon cabinet, et prier Dieu pour elle.’—Campardon, p. 201. Wallon, vol. i. p. 348.

† In a work, called ‘*La Démagogie de 1793*,’ à Paris, par M. Dauban, a sketch by David in a few masterly lines shows the Queen as she passed along on the cart. A journal of that day said of her, ‘Marie Antoinette conserva en chemin une tranquillité féroce.’

‡ The ‘Nef’ was a silver vessel, like a ship, in which the King’s table-napkins lay, surrounded with scented *sachets*.

fast-closing evenings of the latter end of October; denied the mechanical lull of her 'tricot,' and drawing out the coarse threads from a bit of old tapestry nailed to the skirting-board, which, with a few pins fastened to her knee, she twisted into a cord!* Again, on the one hand, that lowest of egotists and sensualists, Louis XV. at the *Parc aux Cerfs*, steeped in the vilest of vice, contributing his share to the coming storm by the utter degradation of the throne:—and on the other, the noisome room in the Temple, where lay a deserted child; heir of centuries of monarchs—himself a King—his bed untouched, his clothes unchanged for more than a year; covered with sores, overrun with vermin; undergoing the protracted torture of being slowly 'got rid of.'

That Marie Antoinette should have committed in her untrained political life many blunders—that she should have preferred Pétion to Lafayette for Mayor of Paris—is to be understood and condoned; that she should have been denounced for plots and treasons against the country by the fiends who lived only on denunciations, is a credible, however contemptible, fact; but that she, who had walked, as it were over red-hot ploughshares, vindicating her purity at every step, should have been accused of treason to her marriage vow—that she, who had sustained and comforted her husband in every stage of their common misery, should have been charged with having betrayed him, and that by an Englishman of noble birth and high character—this is what one would wish never to have been obliged to believe.†

We turn to the nobles. They were not all alike. Grand exceptions were to be found among them, both before and during the national convulsion. Still, there is no doubt that, as a body, they did make the Revolution a necessity, by their sins both of omission and commission. Where, instead of a nobility of limited numbers, there is only an overgrown titled caste; where a noble family is represented by all its members alike, as in Germany and Russia, instead of by one head only as in England; they must, from their numbers and poverty, be dependent on privileges and immunities, which can only be bestowed by an absolute monarch, and that at the expense of his other subjects. This suicidal system was developed to the utmost under Louis XIV. and Louis XV., till the highest pride of the noblesse became—what to an English view was their

* 'It is consoling to find evidence that among the lowest Paris women there was a plot to save the Queen.'—Wallon, vol. ii. p. 360.

† 'Foreign Reminiscences,' by Henry Lord Holland. Edited by his son, Henry Edward Lord Holland. 1850.

lowest shame—the pride of menials in plush and powder. They claimed all the rights of feudality, and fulfilled none of its duties. They fawned on the monarch, and despoiled the peasant.

The English mind in Arthur Young, the American mind in Gouverneur Morris, foresaw the impending crash. The French merchant was anxious, the French beggar menacing. The French seigneur alone, with all the insouciance of judicial blindness, foresaw nothing. He had a code of his own, which reversed every maxim of social and political morality. He thought it a disgrace to enquire into his own means, and a point of honour to live beyond them. To be sunk in debt was *vivre noblement*. To him *la Cour* was everything, the country nothing. ‘Sire,’ said M. de Vardès to Louis XIV., ‘quand on est loin de votre Majesté, non seulement on est malheureux, mais encore on est ridicule.’ Now to be ridiculous was what a French courtier most dreaded, and all the real virtues of a citizen were so in his eyes. How could such topsyturvy elements right themselves without a convulsion? The tree was destined to be known by its fruits. Men who are content to live upon unrighteous favours are equally sure to be tenacious of them and ungrateful for them. It was the conduct of the noblesse which sealed the King’s fate. M. de Staël says—August 1791—‘The King’s cause suffers far more from the hatred felt for the aristocracy, than for any which is felt for the monarchy.’ And again, in September of the same year: ‘One cannot too often repeat that this revolution is against the noblesse, and not against the throne. The King is outraged far more as protector of the noblesse, than as chief of the kingdom.’ The nobles obstinately resisted all reforms (till too late) which threatened to touch their perquisites and immunities, and they deserted the Crown from whom they had received them. Immediately after the fall of the Bastille a general *saute qui peut* took place. Within a fortnight only, in the month of September 1789, 6000 passports were demanded by the highest in wealth and station in the kingdom. In the hotels along the Rhine these fugitives were the laughing-stock of the waiters;* and in Switzerland they congregated in such numbers, that lodgings were let by the year for more than the worth of the whole house.

It would be as bold as unjust to accuse the French noblesse of lack of courage. Still, it is a lasting stain on the nation, and a lasting proof of the demoralizing effects of a despotism, that

* See Dr. Rigby’s ‘Letters from France.’ 1789.

a large majority of the French higher classes should have fled before the spectre they had themselves evoked. The very numbers of the noblesse—amounting, it is supposed, to above a hundred thousand—which had been the curse of France, should have been her defence. Had they rallied loyally round the King, as a few did, they might have defied insurrection. As it was, their mistaken attitude on the frontier placed the unhappy monarch between two fires—between his real enemies, and his worse than useless friends. Instead of their being a defence to him, he and his family became a hostage, and finally a sacrifice for them. Declared, as they richly deserved to be, the enemies of the country, the more they fanfaronaded on the frontier and mimicked the trumperies of the *ancien régime* at Coblenz, the more did they compromise the King.

Even in the Assembly, the nobles never recognized their duty. M. Taine relates how they took every means to show their contempt for the proceedings; talking and laughing aloud—quitting the Chamber when a question was put to the vote, and thus leaving the interests of the nation to those gathering factions most hostile to order;—or even, what was worse, voting with the revolutionary party to embarrass the *Constituans*. Who can now wonder at the confusion that reigned in the Assembly? The very materials, of which such bodies can alone be composed, did not exist. If the three orders could not deliberate in separate chambers, as little could they in one. The members were too numerous—1118 in number—the very hall too large. No one could be heard without screaming. They had no traditions or precedents of procedure; and though they had plenty of good advice from England and from America, they disdained to follow it. They were in the position of people who had to build from the foundation. Still, so possessed were they with the belief in their own heaven-born powers, that, according to M. Dumont, had you stopped at haphazard a hundred people in the streets of London, and a hundred in those of Paris, and proposed to them to form a Government, ninety-nine would have refused the task in London, and ninety-nine would have accepted it in Paris. Every one had a theory to propound—no one experience to guide. In the first sitting notice was given of fifty-four speakers on the 'Rights of Man.' These speeches, or rather lectures, lasted for weeks, when the Assembly was no nearer real business than at first.

The conduct of the nobles was repeated in every form. The main secret of the Revolution was the perpetual retreat of the better before the worse disposed. Where cowardice retreated, audacity advanced—where imbecility gave way, madness rushed

in. Even when the party of order gained a step, they never followed it up. The Constitutional party had no plan, and no organization ; their enemies had always both. The desertion of their posts extended even to the better class of Deputies. Within one week—by the 9th of October, 1789—though the cause of the King and the state of the country were never more urgent, between five and six hundred Deputies had obtained their passports in readiness to emigrate, and during the next month a hundred and twenty sent in their resignations. Even when done from purer motives, the evil was the same. Rather than take the new military oath of allegiance to the Constitution—which purposely omitted the King's name—more than six thousand officers—all nobles, be it remembered—threw up their commissions, leaving the army wellnigh deserted of its commanders. It might be said of the Revolutionary leaders, as Sheil said of his countrymen, that they were a bad people to run away from. Nothing has been more extolled than the courage of the victims, especially of the women, who went to the scaffold ; but in the absence of the courage of those who should have protected them, what else could they do ? Their fortitude is not so much to be wondered at,—seeing their inability to resist, and the numerous examples of dignity and resignation to sustain them,—as the conduct of the great body of French gentlemen, who allowed such innocent victims to go like sheep to the slaughter. It was said of the French noblesse, that they welcomed ruin with a pun, and death with a smile. But what real and manly protection for the weak and the oppressed was to be expected from men who lived on that most flimsy of all food, perpetual badinage ! Nor was the smile always indicative of true courage. The poor gentleman who rouged his face to conceal the pallor of fear was a type of the general and natural feeling. Nowhere, indeed, was the slightest barrier opposed to the awful flood. People fled, and people hid ; but resistance to an order of arrest was a thing unheard of. No one broke the head of the Jacobin tailor or butcher sent to take him. As an exception, M. Taine mentions a Marseilles gentleman who was proscribed. He provided himself with sabre and fire-arms, never showed himself without them, and was left unmolested.

M. Wallon's recent work gives the history of that Revolutionary Tribunal—'*Le Tribunal du Sang*'—which grew by a natural process out of the ferocious elements of the time. After the 10th of August, 1792, there remained only for the leaders of the Revolution to legalize the system of massacre which had prevailed. The pretext was based on the logic of
the

the day—always that of ‘The Wolf and the Lamb.’ It was the King’s conspiracy against the people which had broken out on the 10th of August; it was the Swiss who had massacred the defenceless populace. The existing tribunals were declared not to possess the confidence of the people, and for the punishment of the few survivors of the Swiss guards a tribunal was required emanating from the people themselves. Robespierre introduced the measure to the Assembly. ‘La tranquillité publique,’ he said, ‘tient à la punition des coupables. Depuis le 10 août la vengeance du peuple n’est pas satisfaite.’ He also dictated the rules and procedure of the Court, one of which was, that there should be no appeal against its sentences. The Assembly made no resistance, and ‘Le Tribunal Criminel,’ which preceded the ‘Tribunal Révolutionnaire’ by about half a year, was installed on the 17th of August, exactly a week after the massacre; and so promptly did it set to work, that the first victim, the Secretary of the Administration of the National Guard, fell on the 21st. As to the trial and execution of the surviving Swiss, the massacres of September effected that purpose more expeditiously still. The comparative clearance of the prisons on those three days occasioned rather a scarcity of political victims, and the ordinary tribunals were pronounced sufficient to deal with the ordinary criminals. Meanwhile the famine attributed to the machinations of the King was found not to be diminished by his death; the armies of the Republic suffered reverses; the rebellion in La Vendée broke out; and, more especially, Jacobin intrigues, directed against the Girondist journals, even to the breaking of their presses, created riots in Paris. The occasion was seized to restore the ‘Tribunal Criminel’ with greater powers. The ‘People’ were again made the scapegoat. Robespierre again asserted in their name the necessity for a separate and extraordinary court, and this time without the assistance of a jury, to deal with the ‘contre-révolutionnaires et les perturbateurs du repos public!’ The proposal was not allowed to pass unopposed. The Girondins, now beginning to be more of a distinct body, perceived that such powers might be turned against themselves. A small number of deputies protested against a Court of Justice without a jury, as nothing less than a return to the principles of despotism; but Danton rushed into the tribune, and his bellowings carried the day. He reminded the Assembly that its true policy was to be ‘terrible, pour dispenser le peuple de l’être.’ With this plain demand for a legalized substitute for popular massacre, the decree for ‘Le

Tribunal Révolutionnaire' was passed on the 10th of March, 1793; the same prohibition of appeal against sentences was renewed, and a compromise of the question of a jury was found in the decision, that they should deliberate in the presence of the Judges and Court! By the 13th of March the necessary staff was formed—five Judges (the first being President of the Court), twelve jurymen, and a Public Prosecutor ('Accusateur public'), this last post being held by Fouquier-Tinville—a name as deservedly execrated as the Tribunal itself.

The ghastly details of the Reign of Terror have been too often given—though never so completely as now—for us to dwell upon them. Nevertheless, the narrative of M. Wallon, as well as that of M. Mortimer-Terneaux, as they follow the different parties who successively fell under the sentences of the Court, have laid bare curious features of human life and nature, on which we may briefly touch. Having dispersed all who could flee, the Revolution had now to live upon such victims, illustrious, noble, and ignoble, as could be brought on any pretext within its power, and finally upon its own children. The proscribed and condemned followed in regular rotation—Royalists, Feuillans, Girondins, Montagnards or Cordeliers, and, lastly, the Jacobins. The Royalists and Feuillans were denounced by the Girondins; the Girondins by the Montagnards; the chief Montagnards, or Cordeliers, by St. Just and Robespierre; and these last were denounced straight to the executioner; for they fell without trial, and in virtue of that dereliction of all law they had themselves introduced.

Abstractedly viewed, the new Tribunal would seem to have been righteously formed and humanely conducted. With the exception of the palpable anomaly of requiring a jury to deliberate without the privacy indispensable for such duty, there was nothing very extraordinary in the circumstances of the Tribunal, except the nature of the acts which were pronounced to be crimes, and the severity of the penalty passed upon them. The Court was open to the public; the prisoner was guarded, but free; there was no torture—no irons; accused and accuser were confronted; there was no end to swearing truth and justice, and abjuring hatred, affection, or fear; and on the first condemnation which took place—that of a Poitiers gentleman, on whom a white cockade had been found—judges, jury, and public all burst into tears. Crying was then much in vogue. For all that, on the second trial, that of Marshal Blanchelande, for failing to put down the insurrection at St. Domingo with insufficient forces,

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the animosity to the prisoner shown by the rabble admitted was such that the witnesses for him did not dare to appear.* This did not disturb the minds of the jury; nine voices out of eleven pronounced him 'contre-révolutionnaire,' and the same day 'la terre a été délivrée d'un monstre qui la souillait.'

In these farcical trials, in which there was nothing real save their wickedness and sanguinary sequel, the whole character of the Revolutionary Government is depicted—its malice, mendacity, greed, and cruelty; its cant, rant, and pedantry; the last-named the more disgusting for the classic allusions (sometimes all wrong) with which it was garnished. M. Taine compares this Tribunal to Milton's description of Sin with her girdle of hell-hounds, incessantly baying. We would rather liken it to the *Inferno* of Roman art, the monster Lucifer with a poor wretch between his jaws, and one clutched in each hand; his bloated body parcelled out with names of vices, like the French departments upon a map, while his satellite demons thrust miserable victims, not under the knife of the guillotine, but into an abyss of flame.

There was a kind of graduated order observed in the offences that came before the Tribunal. People were condemned for what they had done, written, said, thought; and, lastly and chiefly, for what they were; for the crime of being born an *Aristocrate* was the gravest of all. The Convention affected to dictate to its generals the tactics of the war, as they did later to the young General Buonaparte, till his successes enabled him to defy them. Custine and his lieutenants, Houchard, Lamarlière, and others, were denounced equally for what they had done and not done. The *Émigrés*, equally for leaving the country and returning to it.† These last, especially, furnished an immense harvest of victims; those namely who wrote to them, and those they wrote to; those who concealed them, and those who, knowing them to have emigrated and returned, and to be concealed, did not denounce them.

As to writings, though the perfect liberty of the press was established by the Constitution, one of the first victims was a certain *ex-prieur*, arrested for an innocent pamphlet addressed to 'les amis de la vérité.' Astonished to find himself accused of inciting the people to murder, robbery, the dissolution of the Assembly, and the re-establishment of royalty, the poor old man,

* 'Those jurymen, for instance, who had not voted for the death of General Custine, narrowly escaped being torn in pieces.'—Wallon, vol. i. p. 246.

† 'A returned Émigré was condemned beforehand. A slight exception was made in favour of girls of 14. If they returned, they were exiled: if they returned again, guillotined.'—Wallon, vol. ii. p. 76,

on hearing his sentence, could only exclaim, 'Oh ! mon Dieu ! mon Dieu !' over and over again. But this doom was just compared to that of a young lad, aged eighteen, Charles Hippolyte de Raray, who was condemned on the evidence of a few lines on a scrap of paper, only supposed to be by him, containing '*Réflexions nationales*' of the most harmless description. He was found guilty of sentiments '*tendant à la dissolution de la République, l'avilissement de la représentation nationale, et le rétablissement de la Royauté en France.*'

Again, no less than twelve inhabitants of the little town of Armentières were brought before the Court on the 18th of October, 1793. A list of their names had been found in the pocket of a dead Dutchman, killed in the war, with the superscription, '*État d'une partie des bourgeois royalistes d'Armentières.*' They protested against such a form of evidence, and denied being Royalists, but in vain. Four were guillotined, and the remaining eight were kept in prison till the peace.

As to letters, one poor lady, Madame de Rutant, of Nancy, was denounced by the Revolutionary Committee for having written to an emigrant relative a letter in sympathetic ink. Another lady, Madame Coutelet, had written letters to an aunt, in one of which she remarked of the Queen, '*Elle est d'un courage intrépide.*' The letters were *never sent*, but that made no difference !

It is easy to believe that among a people little accustomed to restrain the tongue those arrested for careless talk were not few. At first these cases were let off easily, especially if proved to be connected with the results of drink, but as the appetite for blood grew with what it fed on, the Tribunal became less lenient. Poor souls awaking from the effects of unwary indulgence were amazed to find themselves charged with the gravest of political crimes. An old soldier had maundered in his cups about the King who was dead and the King who was alive. He '*attestait les Dieux*' (*sic*) that he did not remember a word he had said. His voice was drowned in (hired) cries of '*Vive la République !*' and his old head fell.

Again, an old female servant, Catherine Clère, of Valenciennes, had been found in the street at night, shouting '*Vive le Roi !*' and singing anti-revolutionary songs. She was condemned as having conspired to restore the monarchy.

A case, ludicrous had it not been tragic, was that of a poor grocer's boy, Simon Colivet, who was with his battalion in the Court of the Tuileries on the 10th of August. He was asked if he was not one of those who called '*Vive le Roi ?*' Answer, '*Que non, et qu'il a crié au contraire 'Vive la Nation !' d'une voix foible,*

foible, attendu qu'il étoit enrhumé; ayant passé deux fois vingt-quatre heures de garde.' But his cold did not save him.

There were even instances where the informers themselves avowed that, from being misinformed or even drunk, they had mistaken their men. But this did not matter; denunciation was a Jacobin virtue. It was not prudent to admit that their creatures could err, and sentence was passed all the same.

No case could be termed singularly unjust, where all were so. Still, the tragedy which has been styled '*Les Vierges de Verdun*' takes its place as one of the most revolting of the day. The capitulation of Verdun to the King of Prussia, Sept. 2, 1792, when the French garrison marched out with all the honours of war, had been succeeded by the retreat of the Prussians at the battle of Valmy, when their garrison capitulated in turn. This was an opportunity of striking terror into the hearts of the inhabitants of Verdun. A story was got up to the effect that certain ladies had presented *bonbons* to the King of Prussia, and given a ball to the Prussian officers. Neither stories had a shadow of truth. Some ladies had simply driven to see the camp, and were said to have had some *bonbons* with them. For this, thirty-seven individuals were sent under guard to Paris—including fourteen women, seven married, seven single, the latter ranging from 26 to 16 years of age, and including two families of three sisters each, all orphans, and one an only child. The two youngest girls of the party, Claire Tabouillet, aged 17, and Barbe Henry, aged 16, were spared, being condemned to twenty years imprisonment, and to stand exposed on the guillotine for six hours. The other thirty-five perished. The whole party mounted the scaffold together, and a touching incident is recorded. One of the sub-executioners, not distinguishing among the number, began to cut the hair of Barbe Henry, when her eldest sister snatched her in terror from his hands. The young survivor lived to marry, and to give an account of the catastrophe to her own daughter, which has been embodied by a writer under the title of the '*Vierges de Verdun*.'*

One specimen more. To the graduated offences given above must be added another—that of being rich. As all the property of the condemned fell to the Revolutionary Government, wealthy victims were in particular request. '*La guillotine battait monnaie sur la place de la Révolution*.' The case of M. Laverdy, a gentleman of letters and large fortune, out-
Herods the usual doings of the Tribunal. He had a château

* Cuvillier Fleury, '*Portraits politiques et révolutionnaires*.'

near Montfort l'Amaury, with a pond in the grounds. By some chance, in the mud of this pond, a few grains of wheat were found. The pond was accessible to everybody, its bed was searched, and nothing was found but common earth and sand. M. Laverdy had not visited this château for years, and he was famed for his benevolence. All this went for nothing, he was accused of throwing wheat into the pond in order to starve the people—arrested at his home at Paris as he sat in his library translating Horace, and condemned.

A question now arose in the Tribunal, whether the goods of those who escaped the guillotine by suicide were not equally eligible for confiscation. Roland had destroyed himself, Pétion likewise, Condorcet did the same soon after. Such evasions of justice could not be suffered, and it was decided that 'un accusé qui se tue pour ne pas paraître devant un tribunal dont tous les membres sont patriotes, se juge lui-même.'

In this court of iniquity not a semblance even of impartiality was preserved. In most of the more important trials, those of the Girondins, and in 'the affair' of Danton, Camille Desmoulins, &c., no witnesses were allowed. If a prisoner demanded them, he was accused of wishing to incite the people. Nor were the accused allowed to defend themselves. If they attempted to do so, they were browbeat, contradicted, told to cease their *bavardage*, to confine themselves to *oui et non*, and their voices drowned in the hired shouts of the galleries. Their own depositions even were falsified. In the case of the young girl just mentioned, Barbe Henry, when first interrogated by the President at Verdun, the following dialogue occurred:—'Comment t'appelles-tu?—Barbe Henry. Quel âge as-tu?—Seize ans.—(S'adressant au greffier:) Écris fille majeure.—Non, citoyen, je ne suis pas majeure, puisque je n'ai que seize ans. Tais-toi. Tu aimes les Capets, puisque tu as offert des dragées et des fleurs au tyran prussien: ' (au greffier) 'Citoyen, écris fille majeure.' The language also addressed to the prisoners was of the most indecent kind; what was called at the time 'le poignard sur la langue.' Not only the infamous Fouquier-Tinville, but the President himself—the first judge—levelled the most cowardly invectives against the prisoners! 'Ames viles! séroces esclaves! infames! c'est trop long retarder votre supplice.' This was addressed to the band of 'les violens,' that of Hébert, Ronsin, Vincent, Anacharsis Clootz, &c., who went to the scaffold a party of nineteen, including one woman. It is true they deserved these epithets as richly as they did their doom.*

Let

* 'One spy, Jean-Baptiste Laboureaux, had been associated with them on the trial, making the number 20. He had been committed to prison with them in order

Let us turn to the attitude of the rabble, which accompanied the carts and surrounded the guillotine. For here, as throughout, we protest against the profane application of the word 'People' to the mauvais sujets, ruffians, and deserters (these latter known to be the chief *tueurs*) of all kinds and countries, who daily swelled the ranks of the canaille of a revolutionized and half-famished city. Madame Roland might better have substituted the word 'People' for that of 'Liberty' in her apostrophe against the crimes done in their name. The epidemic of brutality is a rapid process. Still, the wretches outside the Tribunal were no worse than those within. Each did their part after their kind. Once that the taste for blood was acquired, no sight since the games in the circus had been more exciting. It would have been absurd to expect any evidence of feeling in a crowd thus daily educated. Those who felt, and those who wept, kept at home; those who accompanied the cart, which Barrère facetiously called '*la bière des vivans*,' hailed every victim as appointed to contribute to their particular sport. It was all one to them if the sufferers were the same men they had been hired to cheer a week before. One man's blood was as good as another's—it was *blood*! Not that they were satisfied with that only. Many a cry was raised, that death by the guillotine was *un supplice trop doux*. They sighed for the higher amusement which Damiens had given the Court ladies of Louis XV. The chief excitement was that of curiosity to see how each new-comer would meet his or her fate. And in this respect there were curious traits of the character of the populace, not often, happily, put to the test. They had a sort of respect for courage, or rather for bravado—for those who died 'game'; but they had no patience with real fortitude or piety. General Custine was one of the bravest and honestest of the men who mounted that scaffold. He had lived as a soldier, and desired to die as a Christian. To him a priest was a priest, whether he had owned the constitution or not. A minister of religion had spent the last night with him, and accompanied him in the cart. Arrived at the spot, Custine knelt on the first steps of the scaffold and asked for the benediction. Instead of being touched by the act, the crowd shouted, '*Ah! le lâche!*' Poor little Barbe Henry, and her companion '*Vierge de Verdun*,' were something new to them. The young girls stood for six hours

order to overhear their secrets. He was of course acquitted. Judges and jury shook hands with him, and the President, making room for him at his side, exclaimed, "*La justice voit avec plaisir l'innocence à ses côtés!*"—Wallon, vol. iii. p. 65.

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facing the instrument of death, where their sisters and friends had perished the day before, with a placard on their backs, 'Coupable d'avoir livré la Ville de Verdun à l'ennemi en lui fournissant de l'argent, des vivres, et des munitions de guerre!' but no one, the girls declared, insulted them. On the other hand, the real coward, like Madame du Barry, who went screaming the whole way to the scaffold, seemed to paralyse the spectators. Hardly another sound was heard. A curious feature marked the passage of Robespierre to the scaffold. The cart was followed by a greater number of people evidently respectable, and all in mourning, than had before been observed in the streets. They were the relatives of his victims, who had been sacrificed to the number of 2625 by the 'Tribunal Révolutionnaire.'*

It seems strange that the very men, whose power had assisted to bring so many innocent victims to the scaffold, should have been utterly powerless to save themselves. Once arrested and condemned, they seemed to enter a fatal circle, whence there was no escape. It is true their fellow-miscreants could not afford to let them live; but the fact was traceable also to the system which had reduced men to machines. The sentence had only to be passed, and all the rest of the official routine, by which thousands earned their bread, took its unquestioning course. The subordinate works of the old State were still there, only kept going by a new form of despotism; and a network of signs and countersigns took the prisoners in, and gave them forth. The successive parties: the Girondins, 22 in number; the *Violens*, 19; the Deputies, 9; who preyed in turn on each other, all received their sentences with the same surprise and exasperation. Danton's roarings were heard outside the building. Valazé, one of the Girondins, killed himself instantly with a knife he had hidden; his dead body, by a refinement of Fouquier-Tinville's brutality, being taken on a cart to the guillotine with the rest. Vergniaud, the eloquent Girondin, threw away the poison he had prepared, preferring to die with his friends. Anacharsis Clootz protested that no one could suspect him of being a partizan of monarchy, 'et qu'il serait bien extraordinaire que l'homme brûlable à Rome, pendable à Londres, et rouable à Vienne, fût guillotiné à Paris.' Some of these men went bravely to death, some much the reverse. At the moment of mounting the cart, Camille Desmoulins resisted so violently, that his clothes hung in rags, and his bare shoulders

* Robespierre, and his accomplices, executed 28th, 29th, and 30th July, made up 105 more.

were seen. Hébert, the infamous Père Duchesne, was so paralysed with terror as hardly to be held up.* There was not one who did not show in some way the regret with which he left this life; yet from not one of them did a word fall expressive of the slightest contrition for having sent so many innocent fellow-creatures, old men and women, young men and maidens, to the same doom. They were all actors, strutting and ranting their parts to the last; and on this theatre of cruelty and vanity the part of repentance found no place.

We have followed M. Taine's 'History of the Revolution' and the recent works of other admirable writers, in tracing the true parentage of the French Revolution, and its triple progeny—the exasperation of one class—the helplessness of another—and the ignorance of both. Let us turn to the results of these causes, as summed up in the title of M. Taine's second volume, 'La Conquête Jacobine.' It stood to reason that, in the absence of all tradition or fixed principles of representative government, the better-disposed would be scrupulous and weak, the worse-disposed unscrupulous and strong. The first mistrusted themselves, hesitated, and doubted both as to what they wanted, and how to obtain it. The second knew nothing of doubts or hesitations on any score. There might be shades and grades in parties, but all were more or less 'Ambos oder Hammer!' The King had too much conscience, the Girondins too little, the Jacobins none at all. It was easy to foresee which would triumph. M. Taine defines the Jacobins as 'mushrooms springing up from the soil of social decomposition,' and assigns to them two master defects—exaggerated self-conceit, and false dogmas—both, without the aid of sounder elements, sure to lead to failure, and both these defects were in their case conspicuously active. The Jacobins, with few exceptions, were parvenus in class and mind, dirty in person, vulgar in dress, and rude in manners. They were charlatans in feeling, dabbling in what they understood not, and knew that they understood not:—beggars for the first time set on horseback, riding post haste to the goal indicated by the proverb:—dipsomaniacs in blood, whose thirst was never quenched. They were dishonest, immoral, and venal. M. de Narbonne informed the Convention (Sept. 30, 1792) that, when minister, he had paid good money for the services of some of the most ardent *patriotes*. Danton is known to have received a large sum from the Court; and Brissot, with his 'paradoxes scandaleux,' defined 'Le vol' as 'une action vertueuse com-

* 'Every window on the Rue St. Honoré was hired to see Hébert and his friends pass.'—Schmidt, vol. ii. p. 160.

mandée par la Nature même,' and 'le divorce' as 'le Dieu tutélaire de l'hymen.' Still, as long as such poisonous mushrooms lived, they had one source of strength, more than sufficient to counteract their crimes and follies. While their adversaries were hesitating and vapouring, they stopped at nothing, but, with what M. Schmidt calls 'une hardiesse et impétuosité inouïe,' never ceased building up their cause—working, it is true, only in tumult and confusion, like the coral insect in the constant beating of the surf.

Clubs had been known in Paris before the Revolution, but only, after the English fashion, for social purposes. During the excitement caused by the meeting of the Notables these clubs showed signs of disorder, and Louis XVI. ordered them to be closed. With the Revolution they appeared again; the earliest of any note being established at Versailles after the meeting of the *États Généraux*. It originated with the Breton Deputies—always in opposition to the Ministers. At first they were willing to array themselves on the Royal side, against the factions of the *Parlemens* and Noblesse, and they applied to Necker for direction and encouragement, which he refused. The 'Club Breton' accordingly started on independent principles, being soon joined by other Deputies of democratic tendencies. They then moved to Paris, holding their first séance on the evening of the very 6th of October (1789) which brought the Royal Family prisoners to the Tuileries. They here hired what had been the Library of the 'Frères Prêcheurs Dominicains'—commonly called, from the principal home of the Order being in the Rue St. Jacques, *Jacobins*. Here the Club Breton changed its name for that of 'le Club des amis de la Constitution;' but 'le Club des Jacobins' became that by which they were generally known. At first, only Deputies were chosen as members, but other men were soon admitted; then all the members of the 'Commune' (or Council of Paris), and, finally, whoever liked to join: no other condition being required than the payment of twelve francs the quarter, and an entire submission to the rules made by the leaders. They soon numbered above a thousand members, including such men as Chénier the poet, David the painter, and Talma the actor; with foreign adventurers of every kind. From the time that membership was no longer confined to Deputies, two distinct parties arose—the *Jacobin*, and the *Cordelier*; the last so called from their place of meeting in a hall belonging to the Franciscan Order, or the 'Frères mineurs Conventuels,' called *Cordeliers*; but these were only an offshoot from the parent club, representing the bolder and more revolutionary party; what might be termed 'the extreme Left.' Camille
Desmoulins

Desmoulins called them 'Jacobins des Jacobins.' Almost every Jacobin was a Cordelier, but not *vice versâ*. According to Barbaroux's 'Memoirs,' the Jacobins 'n'avaient pas de but commun, quoique agissant de concert'—'les Cordeliers voulaient du sang, de l'or, et des places.' Robespierre, Marat, Danton, and Camille Desmoulins, were 'Cordeliers.'

The policy of the Jacobins was to extend their power by affiliated clubs all over France. By August 1790, a hundred and fifty-two towns had formed branches; by April 1791, these had grown to two thousand. There was still the old feeling for centralization, implanted by the *Ancien Régime*, and the club in Paris dictated all rules and statutes to the others. It had its journal, almanac, and other publications, and, above all, it had an army of agents regularly sworn in under a leader—a Chevalier de St. Louis—to hoot or cheer in the Tribunes of the Assembly, to manipulate the cafés, agitate in the streets, and excite and support popular commotion. The places in the tribunes or galleries were, to the disgrace of Parliamentary France, openly hired by these paid *meneurs* of the Jacobin party, and, by the scandalous intimidation and interruption they exercised, they became the source of nine-tenths of the mischief. These agents were at first hired at five francs a day. As their number increased, their pay fell to two francs per diem—the regular receipts for this pay showing that, at the beginning of 1790, the club had in Paris 750 effective men, with strong arms and lungs, at their beck. These were what the leading patriots were pleased to denominate *le peuple*, whose mission it was, in the jargon of the day, to regenerate society and save the country.

With their increasing numbers, their meetings—in which women raved and denounced as well as men—became so tumultuous, that a small party of the more moderate, better-mannered, and more cultivated, ranged themselves apart, rather than against them, under the title of the Club of 1789. These included Mirabeau, Siéyès, Talleyrand, Rœderer, Bailly, La Fayette, and others, who engaged a sumptuous apartment in the Palais Royal—long known as the restaurant of the 'Trois Frères Provençaux'—where, after deploring in the Assembly the miseries of the people, they dined together at a louis a head. Later on, a more real split took place, when, on the failure of the King's plan to escape, his deposition was discussed; on which all the real 'amis de la Constitution,' including La Fayette, Barnave, and Lameth, left the Jacobins, and founded the club called *Les Feuillans*, July 1791.

Next to establishing their own society, the policy of the Jacobins

Jacobins consisted in putting down all rival ones. There were plenty of the well-disposed anxious to curb the movement. The club *des Impartiaux*, the *Cercle social*, and *la Société fraternelle*, all held Royalist and Constitutional principles, and were desirous, as their circular expressed it, that the King of France should be more powerful than the Mayor of Paris. But they were too late in the field. The Jacobins denounced them to the Sections; their agents hounded on the mob against them. In vain they changed their places of meeting: the 'Wolf and the Lamb,' as we have said before, was the logic of the day. They were charged with causing the riots of which they were the victims, and their meetings were forbidden by the Mayor.

The club was now becoming all powerful, and in cases where the head society lacked the immediate strength to carry certain measures, it had only to call in the support of its branches. Their tactics were simple. It was agreed, for instance, that a Jacobin deputy should move in the Assembly some question sure to be rejected by the majority. A circular was then sent to a number of the affiliated clubs, and within three weeks' time addresses poured in upon the Assembly in favour of the motion. On the plea, therefore, of public opinion having spoken, it was sure to be sooner or later passed.*

This was the recipe '*pour forcer l'Assemblée.*' There was another for forcing an *émeute*. Day by day, ten devoted men came to receive orders from the Secretaries of the Club. Each of these ten in their turn passed on these orders to ten other men, belonging to the different sections of the City and battalions of the National Guard. They spread the rumour, that on a certain day a great tumult would take place, accompanied by assassinations and pillage, and that those disposed to lend a hand would not go unrewarded. Accordingly, all the ragged and barefooted *canaille* for thirty leagues round would troop to Paris by hundreds, and sometimes by thousands; being received by prepared agents, and directed to certain localities,—the Assembly, the Tuileries,—as it might be. These vagabonds are known to have received twelve francs a day, in addition to all they could lay their hands on. 'Even honest people deposed to having had twelve francs offered them to join their cries to those of the mob, and some had the money left in their hand.' †

In this way was the tumult organized, which prevented the King from going to St. Cloud for Easter, 1790; in this way also the invasion of the Tuileries on the 20th of June, 1792, the attack and massacre of the 10th of August, and the culminating

* Taine, '*La Conquête Jacobine*,' p. 57.

† Ibid. p. 60.

horrors of the three September days. In this systematic way, indeed, every commotion was got up, whether by armed petitioners, 20,000 strong, by masquerading deputations from every part of the globe, or by any other form and farce of bloodthirsty ruffianism which distracted the city. The country clubs were no less zealous than the parent one. Every disturbance, every *jacquerie*, murder, burning, and pillage, which afflicted the unhappy land—for the provinces had their 10th of August and 2nd of September as well as Paris—was propelled by the Jacobin power.

These results, by which each successive step of the Revolution is marked, were brought about solely by organization and watchfulness, not by numbers. The movers were always a small 'imperium in imperio.' Of the 81,000 Parisian electors, in November, 1791, the Revolutionary Party—Jacobins (Montagnards), Girondins, and all—only mustered 6700. In October 1792, of the 160,000 electors, the Revolutionary Party only mustered 14,000. Nor throughout France did they ever compose more than a tenth of the electors. In Paris, including all their hired vagabonds and bandit-recruits, out of 700,000 inhabitants they never numbered more than 10,000: 'Mais la force ne se mesure pas au nombre. Les Jacobins sont une bande dans une foule—et, dans une foule désorganisée et inerte, une bande, décidée à tout, perce en avant comme un coin de fer dans un amas de plâtras disjoints' (a mass of incoherent rubbish). In respect to this 'iron wedge' there was something in the cant and cruelty of the Jacobin which recalled the fiercest form of the old Puritan; only that it was 'le glaive vengeur,' instead of 'the Sword of the Lord and Gideon;' 'les droits de l'homme,' instead of those of 'the Elect':—only that the Jacobin was not a fanatic, but a villain.

Such, we say, was their actual strength—their relative strength can only be estimated by their success; and that was in proportion to the timidity, the mistakes, and the disgusts, of the main body of citizens. The impracticabilities of the new Constitution were all in favour of the evil-disposed. In the same way that the Scotch Presbyterian Church was modelled on the principle of opposition to Rome, so the new French Constitution was framed in opposition to the *Ancien Régime*. As the Sovereign had had absolute power before, now he was to have none, not even that of granting pardon: nor was he allowed even to use the phraseology of royalty, for murmurs of indignation arose in the Assembly when the unfortunate monarch spoke of his subjects as 'mon peuple!' As formerly the people had had no part in the internal administration, now they had too much.

As

As formerly the Executive power was central only, but strong and irresistible, now it was spread over the whole kingdom and frittered away to nothing. There was an eternal voting and electing. A *citoyen*, to do his duty, had to give up two days in the week to public business. And all this fell on the busiest and poorest—the aristocrats and the rich were excluded by prejudice as well as by vote. The nomination of all functionaries, local and central, of every degree; administrators of districts and departments, judges—civil and criminal—officers of the National Guard, bishops and pastors, mayors, all fell on the lower classes. An election of some kind had to be held on the average every four months. There were now 40,000 municipalities in France, and in many of them no one could read, far less write. The sovereignty of the people, of which they heard so much, now became a burden. Their new prerogatives were as vexatious as the old *corvée*. After the first pride in their new glories had passed away, they were found too expensive, and the polling places were deserted. At Chartres, in May 1791, at the election of the Mayor, of 1551 citizens entitled to that privilege, 1447 did not exercise it. At Paris, for the election of Deputies, in August 1790, of 81,000 electors, 67,200 did not vote; and three months later the number of the absentees amounted to 71,408. Thus, among those who did exercise their privileges, the Jacobin element became stronger and stronger. In the *Assemblée Législative*, chosen in October 1791, they already numbered 250 deputies, while, as fast as any other post was vacated by a Royalist or Constitutional, it was taken by a Jacobin.

Nor were these the only means by which the ranks of their opponents were cleared. The measures passed against the non-conforming clergy by Jacobin pressure contributed to a great reduction among the electors generally. The ecclesiastical oath to the Constitution was included in the civic oath, imposed on all electors alike; and without taking both the one became null. Thus not only the 40,000 ecclesiastics who stood firm to their ordination vows, but an immense body, amounting to some millions, of orthodox laity of scrupulous consciences, were excluded from the right of voting.

Another vital mistake in the new Constitution was the law that a fresh assembly should contain no member that had sat in the preceding one. In this way the country was deprived of the services of men who had begun to understand something of the business to which they were called; while there remained always the vicious principle of pay—18 francs a day, subsequently increased to 36 francs, to tempt a needy class.

Accordingly

Accordingly the deputies elected in October, 1791, fell far below the status of those who had sat in the *Assemblée Constituante*. 'Nineteen-twentieths of the members of this Legislature have no other equipage than their goloshes and their umbrellas, and the greater part have no education.'*

Here therefore was a body, organized in the interests of evil, only to be put down, not by any forbearance or persuasion, but by those measures of energy and force which were never exerted. Whenever these were called for, the old helplessness came to the surface. The only time when there seemed any hope of making resistance was after the invasion of the Tuileries on the 20th of June. The country itself seemed then moved. The King's manifesto roused general sympathy and indignation. Addresses to the Sovereign and to the Assembly poured in from all parts of France; towns and cities, administrations and *Directoires*, all joined in the cry of execration. The very *Commune* of Paris, fast becoming the focus of agitation, denounced Pétion the mayor, and Manuel, the *Procureur-Syndic*, for intentional indifference and ill-concealed connivance, and suspended them from their functions. Lafayette, at the bar of the Assembly, (28th of June, 1792,) invoked efficacious measures 'contre les usurpations de la Secte,' and the Assembly ratified his appeal by a majority of a hundred. But it was a fire of straw. 'Les honnêtes gens' were not prepared to meet force with force. To the rendezvous given by Lafayette in the Champs Élysées only one hundred men responded. These agreed, if 300 could be rallied, to march the next day against the Jacobins, and close the club by force. The next day only thirty men appeared, and in the evening Lafayette was burnt in effigy by the *Secte*!

We must here introduce the work by M. Schmidt, Professor of History at Jena, whose name is conspicuous in our heading. This contribution to the annals of the Revolution is, in point of novelty, the most important of those now before us. Its merits are manifold. It opens up fresh ground, and hardly stirs what is familiar; it tells new facts, and dismisses old untruths, and it fills up with minute touches from life a picture of which we have known little more than the outline. M. Schmidt warns us that his pages have nothing to do with 'la haute politique'; but, while dealing mainly with the outward street scenes of the Revolution, they help to throw light 'on the struggle between parties, and on the sentiments of all classes.' All is accordingly passing and fugitive—the ways and manners of this extra-

* 'Correspondance de Mirabeau et du Comte de la Marek,' vol. iii. p. 246, October 10, 1791.

ordinary epoch caught 'living as they rise.' As his materials are all taken from original manuscripts, or official copies, preserved in the 'Archives centrales de la France,' formerly known as 'les Archives du Royaume,' later as 'les Archives de la République,' in his day as 'les Archives de l'Empire,' and now again known as 'les Archives de la République,'—as his materials are thus drawn from sources unchangeable in character, however changeable in name, he vouches for their authenticity; and moreover, with the exception of five documents only, of which he gives the numbers, not one of them had been published before. For submitting them to the world in their original French no apology could be needed, nor even for his supplying the needful intermediate text in the same language. French documents with German annotations would have been too incongruous.

Fresh and novel as we have pronounced these pages to be, there are few general features on which they do not help to throw light. They swell, for instance, the honourable ranks of those who shrank not from exposing the character and designs of the Jacobins. Cahier de Gerville, Minister of the Interior, and, though a republican, a scrupulous defender of the Constitution, had denounced (February, 1792) the political societies as the real source of the disorder and agitation. This cost him his place, in which he was succeeded by Roland, and caused the fall of the entire Ministry. Cahier de Gerville's denunciation of the Jacobins was followed by a move of Roland's in the contrary direction. He addressed a circular to all the French Departments, demanding, in the perverse vocabulary of the party, for ever trying to make the worse appear the better cause, 'un exposé fidèle de l'état où se trouve la portion de l'Empire dont l'administration vous est confiée —et les mesures que vous prenez pour déjouer les intrigues des malveillans, et faire échouer leurs conjurations.' This elicited a letter, admirable for clearness and courage, from the *Directoire* of the Department of Paris, which might be headed, 'The Denouncers Denounced,' and which deserves to be printed entire, as giving full evidence of the real feelings of the majority. The very framing of the question was a trap, for the *malveillans* in the Roland sense were the last people to be feared by the really well disposed. Accordingly, after disposing of the cant idea of plots against the national liberty on the part of those from whom they were least to be apprehended, and which they aver could not possibly have escaped the vigilance of the magistrates and police, the *Directoire* thus continued:—

'We

'We have not sought to ascertain the opinion of the People in the gatherings of men—for the most part strangers—who are enemies both of work and peace, isolated in every respect from the general interests, disposed to vice by idleness, and preferring, apparently, the chances of disorder to the honourable resources of indigence. This is the class—always numerous in great cities, and now attracted from all quarters round the National Assembly and the King by the manœuvres of the real enemies of liberty and of the country, who find them instruments favourable to their purposes—this is the class whose declamations too often resound in the streets, squares, and public gardens of the capital—the class that stirs up those seditious riots, which, far from indicating public opinion, show, on the contrary, the excessive efforts employed to prevent the expression of public opinion. . . . It is in the bosom of our Department, "*Monsieur*," and almost under our very eyes, that those frightful poisons which infect the country are prepared with the utmost art, and diffused throughout the whole kingdom. We should therefore be cowardly citizens, unworthy magistrates, if we had the pusillanimity to conceal from you that, in the centre of this capital confided to our surveillance, there exists a *public Chair of Defamation*,* where citizens of all ages and both sexes—admitted indiscriminately—may revel daily in all that is impure in calumny, and contagious in license. This establishment, placed in the ancient hall of the Jacobins—Rue St. Honoré—takes the title of a Society; but, far from having the character of one, it has, on the contrary, every indication of a public institution; possessing as it does vast tribunes for the public, fixed days and hours for meeting, and a public journal profusely distributed, which publishes all the proceedings.'

The letter then proceeds to describe the vile calumnies and homicidal sentiments spread by the Jacobin journal, the murders and outrages it applauds, the lies it propagates, the noble names it vilifies:—

'We do not appeal, *Monsieur*, to any precise letter of the law, which authorises magistrates to require the closing of an establishment which is the source of almost all the disorders, and perhaps the only obstacle to the return of order and the settlement of the Constitution. But, as the "*Déclaration des Droits*" condemns the expression of opinions which trouble public peace—as the encouragement to crime—the vilification of the constituted powers—the provocation to disobedience of law—the gratuitous calumnies against public functionaries,—are so many offences especially referable to the legal tribunals, . . . there can be no doubt that the excesses of that public institution,

* In three successive numbers of Marat's journal '*L'Ami du Peuple*,' 17, 19 and 21 June, 1791, the names, professions, and addresses of the '*scélérats et coquins*' standing for election—all of them simple respectable citizens of various callings—were given full length, followed by such epithets as these, '*tartufe, homme sans mœurs et sans probité, banqueroutier, mouchard, usurier, maître flou*,' &c.

which we hereby denounce to you, ought to be met with all the severity of the police of Paris.'—(Schmidt, vol. i. p. 74.)

This admirable letter is signed by the President of the Department, the Duc de La Rochefoucauld, and five others. The Duke was murdered at Gisors in the ensuing September days.

That this protest did no good beyond delivering the souls of those who framed it, might have been foreseen. There were cowards and traitors in every public body. It was this Department which had protested against the violation of the Constitution by the decree of the Assembly depriving the proscribed priests of the small pension awarded them ; and which, on the 5th of December, 1792, had petitioned the King to exercise his veto against that decree. And it was on the 9th of December, that this same Department, having meanwhile been violently attacked in the Convention, retracted that petition as a body, declaring it to have been the voice of the few individuals only who had signed it.

It was by this timidity in the very heart of the constituted authorities, that the events which led to the 'Jacobin Conquest' were hurried on. Even in July, 1792, the growing anarchy of Paris had caused the flight of many of the higher officials. Rœderer, the 'Procureur-Général,' had announced to the Assembly that eight out of the nine members of the *Directoire* of Paris, and seventeen out of the thirty-six administrators of the Department, had given in their resignations. They had played a miserable part on the 20th of June, the day of the invasion of the Tuileries, and the horrors of the 10th of August completed their dispersion. They crumbled away before that *coin de fer* which, till its own edge was broken, now governed France. It was early in the morning of the 10th of August that the 'Commune révolutionnaire, enfant terrible de la Société des Jacobins' was installed in the Hôtel de Ville, and the authority of the Department dissolved. The Assembly made a feeble attempt to counteract this move, by ordering the provisional reorganization of the Department. This was instantly opposed by the Jacobins, on the plea of its being only a source of division, and the Assembly, not daring to own itself entirely overawed, compromised the matter by reducing the power of the body in question to a mere nullity. The new Department was nominally re-elected on the 21st of August—consisting of obscure men who claimed no power, while their more important functions—the right of arrest, and the command over the National Guard—were usurped by the *Commune*. This was called 'l'abjuration du Département,' and hence its weakness during

during the ensuing terrible period. The whole care of and responsibility for the public safety now fell on Roland, the Minister of the Interior, who, with Brissot, the head of the Girondins, did his utmost to avert the approaching catastrophe. The Assembly made one convulsive effort to dissolve the Commune ('casser la Commune'), and ordered the Sections to elect a new municipality within twenty-four hours. This order was given on the 30th of August—on the 31st, Brissot addressed a letter to Roland, asking whether he had carried out that order.* On the 1st of September the Commune appeared in overpowering numbers at the bar of the Assembly, and extorted from it a delay, and on the 2nd of September the massacres began under the immediate countenance of Danton, the Minister of Justice. It appears to have been from no fault of Robespierre's, that Roland himself and the chief men of the Girondins were not included in them.†

Here, therefore, we see the final rupture between Girondin and Jacobin, and the coming 'Conquest' of the latter. The Girondins had mainly organized the invasion of the Tuileries on the 20th of June, having, in preparation for that day, dismissed the King's Guards, and sent all the troops of the line out of Paris. For the horrors of the 10th of August, Girondin and Jacobin were alike responsible; but the Girondins were staggered by the massacres of September; they made a stand at the trial of the King—voting for his death, but for an appeal to the people;—and from that time their power was over, and their doom sealed.

The Girondins, or *la Plaine*, as they were sometimes called in opposition to the Jacobins, or *la Montagne*, have been the theme of song‡ and of history,§ the one almost as fictitious as the other. We are not inclined to endorse M. Taine's dictum that they, like the former *Constitutionnels*, were too civilized for their adversaries, and submitted to violence for want of the resolution to employ it. They were, in truth, only the weaker rogues; making use of the people as their pretext and tool, but

* Letter given by Schmidt, vol. i. p. 85.

† M. Taine gives the details of a plan previously concerted for their assassination:—'On choisira une maison isolée, avec trois pièces au rez-de-chaussée, en enfilade, et une petite cour par derrière; on enlèvera de nuit les vingt-deux Girondins, et on les mènera dans cet abattoir préparé d'avance; on les poussera tour à tour dans la dernière pièce; là on les tuera, puis on jettera leurs corps dans une fosse creusée au milieu de la cour; on versera dessus de la chaux vive; ensuite on les supposera émigrés, et, pour prouver le fait, on imprimera des correspondances fausses. Un membre du comité municipal de police déclare que l'opération est facile.'—Taine, 'Conquête Jacobine,' p. 451.

‡ 'Le dernier Banquet des Girondins,' par M. Chas. Nodier.

§ De Lamartine, 'Les Girondins.' Thiers, 'Histoire de la Révolution Française.'

shrinking from contact with them—and as much deserving our detestation as those whom they assisted up to a certain point, but to whom, by the law of mere brute force, they ultimately succumbed. Danton, with his coarse and cynical vigour, defines both that party and his own:—‘Je suis de la Montagne. Nous ne formons qu’une faible minorité de l’Assemblée, et nous ne sommes qu’un tas de gueux bien inférieurs en talens aux Girondins. Ils nous feraient guillotiner si nous avions le dessous, en nous faisant un crime du 10 août, des journées de septembre, et de la mort de Capet, dont ils ont été d’accord. Nous avons plus d’audace qu’eux, et la canaille est à nos ordres.’*

It was now that the Jacobins changed the name of their club from ‘Société des amis de la Constitution,’ to ‘Société des Jacobins, amis de l’Égalité et de la Liberté.’

The character of Roland is one of that mixed kind, halting between good and evil, especially to be noted among the less-pronounced personages of the Revolution. His incorruptibility as to public money, and his open opposition to the death of the King, would have given him, but for his cowardly approbation of the massacres of September, a relatively respected place among the real Republicans of the time. M. Schmidt’s researches have elicited a fact of doubtful credit to Roland, not hitherto recognized by the historians—namely, that his signature was absent from the notifications of the King’s deposition sent in his name to the Departments.

With the triumph of the Jacobins, Roland fell. His successor in the Ministry of the Interior, Garat, an original deputy to the *États Généraux*, and known to have connived at the September massacres, was a man of weak and selfish nature. Though intimately associated with the Girondins, his apathy and reluctance to act made him more useful to his enemies than to his friends. He was called ‘le Jacobin malgré lui.’ Not having the courage to oppose the ‘Mountain,’ his policy was not to irritate it; he knew not, or did not choose to know, that in certain crises—when the patient lies between life and death—there is no place for half-and-half men or measures. The most important step taken by Garat, though he made too little use of it, was the appointment of that Secret Police, the reports of which form the substance of M. Schmidt’s volumes. This institution assumed in these times a very different aspect from that it had borne before. Under the *ancien régime* the Secret Police had partaken, as might have been expected, of the most despicable features of a despotic government. It was the worst organ

* Prudhomme, ‘Hist. des Révol.’ vol. iv. p. 271-2. M. A. Granier de Cassagnac, ‘H. st. des causes de la Révol. Franç.’ vol. iii. p. 287.

of a bad power, pandering only to the lowest curiosity and malice—without even the pretext of political necessity, for no political interests were ever in danger—and it was the natural step to the second-worst organ—the ‘lettres de cachet.’ Both these infamous agencies fell with the Bastille. But in the Revolution itself there did exist, it may be owned, a political necessity for what were politely called *les observateurs* (secret agents or spies). Educated as they had been to acquiescence in all things, honest people were afraid to speak openly or rather to give such evidence and information as might prevent public evil or promote public justice. On the other hand, when the legal authorities were swallowed up by the *Commune révolutionnaire*, the regular police for the preservation of order and repression of crime were degraded from an engine of protection into one of tyranny and terror. In the midst of such elements as now ruled in Paris, to be forewarned was the only way to be forearmed. Garat had often complained that the Convention gave the Minister of the Interior neither power, confidence, nor agents. Accordingly, on the 10th of March, 1793 (the day of the appointment of the *Tribunal révolutionnaire*), when the destruction of the Girondins became imminent, Garat and his colleagues on the *Conseil Exécutif* took measures to obtain trustworthy men to observe and report.

By the month of April, 1793, a secret Police was established, to one of whom, ‘le citoyen Dutard,’ we owe some curious pictures of the state of Paris from the 30th of April till the 25th of June. Dutard appears to have been a sensible, shrewd man, far better fitted to have been Minister of the Interior than he who filled that position; grasping the symptoms of the time with singular sagacity, and in vain endeavouring to rouse the unprincipled and cowardly Garat to the action required. In his reports we follow almost day by day what went on in those much troubled streets of Paris. We see the *Aristocrates*, not knowing how to bear themselves in the novel conditions—a couple of hundred of them in the Palais Royal cowed by the entrance of a few Jacobins;—these latter, defiant, loud, ‘les chiens aboyeurs’ of the city. We hear the *Enragés* with ‘le sang et le carnage’ in every other word. We see the *Modérés*, a kind of political barometer, for when they came out in numbers little was to be apprehended; ‘à Paris presque tous ceux qui ont quelque chose à perdre sont modérés.’ We see the *Sans-culottes*,* little shop-

* The Germans translate the word *Sans-culottes* as *Ohne Hosen*! by which they express the wrong idea usually entertained. The term meant really those who wore trousers (*pantalons*), as distinguished from the more aristocratic breeches (*culottes*) of the old Régime.

keepers and traders, seldom out except on Sundays, for they, too, had something to lose; we hear the charlatans and hawkers of songs, far from a dangerous class, for they turned the attention of the people to themselves; and finally, we realize the comfort of the rainy days which were the best police of all for dispersing *émeutes*. As to the Aristocrats, timid and familiar by turns, the least sign of the old airs rouses the people. In the Palais Royal an aristocrat trod on a Jacobin's dog's tail. The aristocrat put a bold face on the matter at first, then grew pale and apologized. Under the *ancien régime*, Dutard observes, the Jacobin would have had the worst of it. On the other hand, 'un petit Monsieur'—an officer, or *Garde du Corps*—was bargaining for some fish. The fishwife complained of the dearness of everything. The little 'Monsieur:' 'N'est-ce pas, ma bonne, que ça va mal? si ça durait, ça ne pourrait pas tenir comme ça.' Fishwife in flame and fury: 'La peste du chien! ma bonne! ma bonne! est-ce je ne suis pas Madame pour toi? la peste du chien d'aristocrate.' Nor were the new appellations of equality always relished by the lower classes. Dutard was dining in some common restaurant. A scullion (man) came in, sleeves turned up to the elbows, young, and 'faisant l'aimable.' 'Citoyen,' lui dit un des mangeurs de soupe. 'Citoyen!' réplique le marmiton, 'vous vous moquez de moi. Je ne m'appelle pas Citoyen. Dites donc, Monsieur.'

In what may be called the instinct of hatred and fear towards the higher classes, we trace the deep-laid effects of the wrongs of former times. 'All partial insurrections were founded on the fear of the restoration of the old order of things.' In the incapacity also of the upper classes to understand the awful conditions of the times, they took refuge in that same indifference to what was going on, real or affected, which was complained of in the *Assemblée Nationale*. Dutard follows three *jeunes fanfarons*, arm in arm together, dressed in the height of the fashion.

'Ils parlaient de politique à peu près comme on parle de romans. . . . et ensuite, reprenant, ils parlaient de spectacles. "Quelle pièce a-t-on donnée? Oh! c'est telle pièce que j'aime bien." Je me disais: voilà trois grands lâches, trois personnages inutiles; un nain en fureur en mettrait en fuite au moins une douzaine.'

And again,

'The theatres I have visited present a picture detestable for a true patriot, but consoling for a magistrate. One cannot see, without grief, selfishness carried to such a point as to enjoy frivolous amusements in tranquillity while the country is in danger. On the other hand,

hand, this tranquillity most decisively negatives the assertion of that plan of *Contre-révolution* attributed to the rich. Let them enjoy their old pleasures: the greatest question they can agitate, if they agitate at all, would be "S'amuse-t-on autant sous le gouvernement républicain que sous l'ancien régime?"—(Schmidt, vol. i. p. 378.)

Dutard animadverts bitterly on 'la classe moutonnaire,' who prided themselves on their defencelessness.

'Un petit-maitre at my side yesterday morning, said "No one can disarm me, for I have never carried a weapon." "Alas!" I answered, "do not boast of that; for you will find 40,000 young Frenchmen who can say the same, and, upon my word, it is not a fact which does honour to the City of Paris at this time."'

And again, to others of the same class, who were vapouring, 'Où est votre sabre? Vous n'en avez pas? Eh bien! taisez vous.'*

At the same time, the reproach of aristocracy was by no means confined to those of higher birth. By a sad process of reasoning, whoever was rich, rude, and overbearing, was dubbed *aristocrate* by the people. Dutard knew the people well.

'The people are weary; they know that they are only the sport of the different parties, and it is *malgré eux* that they abandon themselves to those who flatter them most. In revolutions you don't ask if a thing be true, but by how many it is believed. . . . Paris shows the lassitude in which the minds of the people are sunk by the hope, perpetually renewed and perpetually disappointed, of seeing the termination of dissensions which exhaust every faculty. "Où vent-on nous conduire?" is in every one's mouth.'

He felt that the good sense of the people was undervalued by 'the faction,' by which word he designates the Jacobins.

'Like the Court and Aristocracy of former times, the faction fancy that the people are a different race, with a different kind of mind and no powers of reasoning. Such is not the logic of those who live with them. My answer is, that they sometimes reason more soundly than more enlightened men; in this Revolution they have generally shown more sense than the educated classes.'

On the other hand he knew their weak side.

'Le peuple ressemble à un enfant dont il faut satisfaire tous les goûts. Si on lui donne toujours des petits gâteaux, bientôt il dit, je n'en veux plus, pleure, et roule sur la ventre.'

These walks by Dutard illustrate curious traits regarding the still surviving respect for the ceremonies of the Church.

* Schmidt, vol. ii. p. 5.

' This

'This morning (May 9, 1793), a priest in his robes passed my door, carrying the Host to a sick person. You would have been astonished to see the same people who persecute the ministers of worship running from all parts to throw themselves on their knees; all—men and women, young and old—casting themselves down in adoration.'—(Schmidt, vol. i. p. 198.)

And again—

'Yesterday in passing the market I saw a priest carrying the Host to a poor man in one of those little cross streets where they sell potatoes. Six armed men, worthy *Sans-culottes*, quite of the lowest class, did him the honours. They accompanied him to the door, and stood sentinels to escort him on his leaving. Everybody far and near fell on their knees—I did the same. These poor people, in spite of philosophy and intrigue, will keep their *bon Dieu* and their freedom of thought.'

A far truer use of the term, it may be observed, than is employed by those who call themselves 'free-thinkers.'

It was a question whether the *Fête Dieu* of the 6th June ('nommée la petite') should be allowed in the streets. Yesterday, at St. Eustace, people were waiting to see the procession come out, and some houses were decorated with hangings. The curé went to the *comité révolutionnaire* for instructions, and was formally and expressly forbidden to leave the church. Towards five or six o'clock 'les dames de la Halle' repaired in a crowd and demanded from the curé an explanation. He referred them to the Revolutionary Committee, and, having treated that body as it deserved, they obtained permission, and the procession took place without music. In the Faubourg St. Marceau all the houses were hung with tapestry. No attributes of royalty were seen—but it was to be foreseen that incidents from sacred history would please the greater number, and it was evident they did. 'C'est donc l'excès de folie de vouloir contrarier le peuple dans ses habitudes les plus enracinées.'

Dutard's reports on these apparently subordinate matters were not without a purpose. His object was to prove to Garat that the better feeling of the people could be relied on, if it were only seriously appealed to. He was not only perpetually urging him to organize resistance to the faction, but showing him the materials ready for the purpose. Dutard attended the meetings of his own section, and of the Jacobin club, accessible to every man possessed of a 'carte de civisme.' He knew that it was proposed to form a revolutionary army in Paris, composed only of patriots 'peu fortunés,' ready at a sign to disarm and arrest every *suspect*. He knew that the same parties who had arranged the massacres of September had determined to organize a similar destruction

of

of the Ministers and of the members of the Convention. He warns Garat (13 May, 2 o'clock A.M., 1793), 'Que le moment est terrible, et ressemble beaucoup à ceux qui ont précédés le 2 septembre.' He reminds him that the Convention cannot reckon thirty people in Paris decidedly in its favour,—'que parler au peuple de l'enfer ou de la Convention, c'est à peu près la même chose,'—that if the question of guillotining all the members of the Convention were put to the vote, eighteen-twentieths would give it against them. The danger had for the moment passed away, but he asks him, in view of its perpetual imminence, 'quelle force vous auriez eue à leur opposer? aucune, absolument aucune.' He adds a few words of advice which can never be out of date, 'Military discipline on the one part, and that which proceeds from the enforcement of the Law on the other, can alone restore order.' At this time also—May, 1793—signs of scarcity began to increase; meat was rapidly rising in price, and many of the smaller butchers' shops were closing. Dutard warns Garat to take measures that meat should not fail, nor rise further in price, for 'Paris est très carnassier.' The wholesale stores had been in great measure bought up by the Jacobins, and by refusing to sell to the retail dealers they had the power to excite an insurrection whenever they pleased.

Paris at this time was like a besieged city above ground, and tunnelled throughout with mines below. It was one vast hospital of moral disorder; every kind of epidemic and infection was raging; the epidemic of madness, violence, cruelty, hypocrisy, and treachery;—the infection of cowardice, panic, cant, rant, buffoonery, quackery, plots, supposed English agents—Pitt and Coburg, and so forth. Hunger, also, was stealthily approaching; meat on some days only to be had for the sick, and bread at impossible prices. What caused the dearness, considering the good harvests God had given, may be partially accounted for. Paris had long been fed at the expense of the rest of the kingdom. With the unsound devices of despotic power, a false cheapness had been kept up for years in the capital by buying corn and selling it to the poor at a loss. These traditions were continued, and in the February of this year (1793) the Commune had received seven million francs for the benefit of the city; which it had expended, not in cheapening food, but in raising *émeutes*. All possible preparations for successful wickedness were now in full operation. The Jacobin Club was the ring-leader, and the forty-eight sections, each with its armed battalion, were its lieutenants. The recruiting for the war in La Vendée was also turned to their advantage. The committee of each section designated the individuals to be requisitioned—one by one

one they were enlisted, and by such means 12,000 anti-Jacobins were got rid of.

Meanwhile the expenditure of Paris had become enormous. Pache, the mayor, and Chaumette, the *procureur*, had no end of places to dispose of. Every place indeed in the country, administrative, financial, judicial, in the public works, the church, the army—from the commander-in-chief to the lowest drummer—was at the disposal of the Jacobins. All the property of the *émigrés*, as well as of the guillotined, reverted to the Treasury. Still the need was great, and the peculation greater. Money had to be raised—‘with one hand the *faction* collars a man, and with the other picks his pocket.’ By an order of the Commune all incomes were taxed at a progressive rate, and in case of arrear or default, household furniture and effects were sold and the defaulter declared *suspect*. In a short time all the *berlines* and other carriages disappeared from the streets, and Robespierre decided that no Frenchman required more than 3000 francs a year!

There was cause enough now for Dutard’s urgency. The struggle between Mountain and Plain had begun, and the Revolution was nearing its acutest phase. The Jacobins had fixed the extermination of the Girondins for the 10th of March (1793). The plot got wind through the intervention of a woman, and the destined victims were put on their guard. The rain also fell in torrents on a rabble who shrunk from the waters of heaven far more than from the blood of their fellow-creatures. But the attempt was only delayed. Successive bodies of armed, ragged, and fierce petitioners, pretending to represent that people of Paris, of which, says Dutard, they were only the disgrace and dregs (*‘dont ils n’étaient que la honte et la lie’*), forced their way from day to day to the bar of the Assembly, demanding the surrender of the Girondist deputies. The Convention, ever tardy and irresolute in using means of repression, now grasped at those no longer in their power. The entire suppression of all the insurrectionary bodies was decreed! and appointments and arrests were made and unmade in the last oscillations of departing power. The ‘Commission des Douze,’ composed chiefly of Girondist members, was charged with the duty of watching over the city, and reporting those first signs of conspiracy which the *Observateurs* had reported in vain to the proper quarter. This Commission was formed on the 20th of May, suppressed on the 27th, formed again on the 28th, and suppressed again on the 31st. Meanwhile the ‘Comité de sûreté publique’ was voted inefficient, supplanted by the ‘Comité de salut public,’ both equally untrue to their titles, and finally

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the two were united. Hébert was arrested and sent to the Abbaye by the vote of one party, and set free three days after by the vote of the other.

Now approached the last scenes in the unequal struggle. On the 30th of May Paris was tranquil with the lull that precedes the storm. But the Commune was ready. On that night a body of conspirators took possession of the Hôtel de Ville; declared the annulment of all the authorities, including those held by their own party—whom they deposed for form's sake, and re-elected five minutes after—and formally assumed the government of the city. Setting aside the law of the Assembly by which the command of the National Guard belonged of right to the oldest 'Chef de Bataillon,' they proceeded to appoint Henriot 'ancien mouchard, ancien domestique, ancien voleur, et ancien tueur de septembre,' to the command of all the forces in the capital. In their freshly-usurped power they then issued warrants of arrest against the principal partisans of the party of the Plain (the Girondist deputies, except by a decree of the Assembly, were inviolable), seized the letters at the post-office, intercepted the departing couriers, so as to prevent all intervention from the provinces, and consigned the principal administrators to the custody of their own bureaux. By three o'clock on the morning of the 31st of May the citizens of Paris were roused by the tocsin from every church, by six o'clock many deputies had rushed to the Assembly, and the various authorities were summoned to the bar to receive orders and give information. Garat, as Minister of the Interior, was the first to arrive, showing the same adroitness in excuse and palliation that had so tried the patience of his faithful *observateur*. It was true that an immense crowd was assembled round the building; it was true that he had been prevented admission by the usual entry, and that the National Guard had not been able to clear a passage for him. But there was nothing serious in all that; the Assembly had nothing to fear, &c. &c. On a former occasion Garat was reported to have said 'qu'un seul coup bien porté aurait réprimé les fureurs.' Young Buonaparte is known to have said the same on the 20th of June, 1792, and we also know that on the 6th of October, 1795, the then General Buonaparte did so repress a formidable bread riot. But it was too late now; the fatal legacy of helplessness and indecision had borne its fruits; there was no power of organization, except for evil. Measures had been taken to cut off all communication with the well-affected troops. The enormous hall of the Tuileries was filled with tumultuous crowds under the pretext of deputations, bearing, in Danton's words, 'les justes réclamations de Paris.' Their demands were many, but the principal one was for the surrender of the Girondin leaders.

leaders. The Convention granted all, even that for the formation of a revolutionary army of *Sans-culottes* to be paid forty sous a day from the public treasury ; but they parried the demand directed against the Girondins, referred it to the ' Commission des Douze,' and stipulated for three days' delay. This gained time, but it was more than the Jacobins would wait for. The events of the 31st of May were only a feeble rehearsal of the performance which took place on the 2nd of June. This time it was a regular *coup d'état*. The tocsin sounded again, the drums beat, the gates of Paris were closed, and the revolutionary army of *Sans-culottes*, already enrolled, provided with the confiscated arms, and placed under the orders of Henriot, enabled the faction the better to utilize all the hideous rabble of the city. These, in addition to the battalions belonging to the sections—the greater number of which were thoroughly jacobinized—formed a body of 60,000 men, with which, on the morning of the 2nd of June, the Convention was regularly invested. Henriot took his measures carefully. Every outlet from the Tuileries was guarded with bayonets and cannon. The Deputies found themselves imprisoned, with double sentinels at every door. In vain they claimed their right as Deputies, in vain they demanded by whose authority their liberty was thus impeded. According to some accounts, they were not even allowed to show themselves at the windows, while those who attempted to force a passage by the doors were treated with violence, and M. Boissy d'Anglas, mounting the tribune, showed his neckcloth and shirt in rags. The crowd immediately round the building was composed of the newly-enrolled ragamuffins, who received for that day a bonus of six francs each, and abundance of wine and provisions—the more regular troops were stationed further off, so as not to know precisely what was going on. Meanwhile the tribunes, which held upwards of two thousand people, were crowded, and every portion of the building communicating with the chamber filled to suffocation with the usual clappers and hissers in the pay of the Commune, and more especially hired on this day not to permit any one to leave till the demand for the arrest of the Girondin leaders had been granted. The *Sans-culottes* pressed in, invaded the benches, and mixed with the Deputies. Hour after hour passed in noise and violence; and air constantly more vitiated. At length it was determined to make a *sortie*, and the President, the young ex-Marquis Hérault de Séchelles, rose from his seat, put on his hat, and gave the signal to move. The crowd in the galleries roared to the *Montagnards* to keep their places; the *tricoteuses*, in the front rows, leant over from their seats and seized some deputies by the collar. Still almost all—*droit et gauche*—followed the President; were allowed by the guards,

guards, now doubtful as to whom to obey, to pass; descended the grand staircase, and made their way to the entrance on to the Court of the Carrousel. Here Hérault de Séchelles and Henriot met face to face—each representing the extreme character of his class. Hérault de Séchelles, one of the handsomest men of his time, the former *enfant gâté* of the salons of Versailles and the Trianon, with all the stately air of high rank, his very toilet showing the habits of his birth; of whom it might be said, as of Belial, ‘a fairer person lost not heaven:’—Henriot, an ignoble monster of the coarsest order; his features and dress bespeaking a life of the lowest kind, a head of wood, with a face all *gueule*, seldom sober, and now quite drunk. Hérault de Séchelles summoned Henriot to obey the commands of the Convention, and disperse the crowd. Henriot answered by imprecations and demands for the surrender of the deputies. Six pieces of cannon were pointed on them from the Place du Carrousel; their charcoal stoves already burning red to heat the balls. The President insisted in the name of the nation and of the law, and ordered the guards to arrest the rebel before him. Henriot drew his sword and shouted, ‘Canonniers à vos pièces.’ The Deputies shrunk back. Hérault de Séchelles was dragged through the arched crypt which led to the garden. No egress thence! Every exit occupied with pikes and bayonets. They tried first one outlet and then another; received every time with hisses and derisive cries of ‘A la guillotine; purgez la Convention.’ There was no escape but to return by the way by which they had come, and slowly, and with many a protest, with sunken heads and faltering steps, they mounted the stairs, and resumed their places. The end soon followed. Couthon, the friend of Robespierre, returned to the question of the day—a sham vote was appealed to—the decree for the arrest of the twenty-two Girondin deputies was passed, the greater number of the discomfited Assembly not voting at all, and the proscribed members were placed under the safeguard of the French people and of the National Convention, ‘aussi que de la loyauté des citoyens de Paris!’ The Deputies were worn out: with the exception of what was derisively called their *promenade*, they had been imprisoned for twelve hours. One bitter pill was still in reserve. The doors were fastened—they knew not the password, and had to send to the insurrectionary Commune, ‘pour lever la consigne.’*

* This day did not pass without protests signed by 75 deputies, which offer under twelve heads a *résumé* of the crimes of the Jacobins, and of the violence suffered by the representatives of the French nation. See Mortimer-Terneaux, ‘Histoire de la Terreur,’ vol. vii. Appendix, p. 541.

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Thus was achieved '*the Jacobin Conquest!*'—the work of a small minority, strong only in the weakness of an enormously preponderating majority—to be celebrated during the next fourteen months by the dissolution of the last remnants of order and humanity, and by the quickening stroke of the guillotine, till that head which had laid so many innocent victims under the fatal knife was, in its turn, laid in the same place. The '*Conquest*' had been obtained by no system but that of carefully organized brute-force, passing from hand to hand, till it reached and expired in the lowest. Rousseau's definition of a man—the favourite line in the '*Droits de l'homme*'—'*Un être qui a le désir de bonheur, et la faculté de raisonner*'—had been doubly stultified in the aims and principles of the Revolution. Monarchy had been dethroned, not for the reign of a Republic, but for that of unmitigated anarchy. The Church had been overthrown, not for the introduction of greater enlightenment, but for that of the most imbecile atheism; and the traditions and forms of French society had been superseded, not by greater simplicity and purity of customs, but for the lowest license of immorality, and for an unprecedented grossness of manners.

It remains to add a few words respecting the recent works, the titles of which are placed at the head of this article. It may be said of them in general, that the efforts of the writers have been directed not only to collecting new materials, but also to verifying those already published. We have already mentioned the conflicting and, we may here add, the mendacious accounts of the Revolution long current. The chief journal of the period—the '*Moniteur*'—is now admitted to be the foremost delinquent in this respect, not only by falsifying the truth, but falsifying it knowingly. M. Mortimer-Terneaux, whose unfinished work has been completed by a Commission, represented by Baron de Layre, warns the reader especially against the private *Memoirs* of the time, which were sometimes written with the sole purpose of misleading posterity as to the part played by the autobiographers. For his own volumes he claims the distinction of entire trustworthiness, nine-tenths of their contents having been extracted from original, authentic, and hitherto unedited materials.

Of M. Wallon's and M. Schmidt's works we have already spoken. M. Taine's three volumes—'*L'Ancien Régime*,' '*La Révolution*,' and '*La Conquête Jacobine*'—comprised under the general title of '*Origines de la France Contemporaine*'—are all parts of a great series, of which one volume is still due. The sources utilized by M. Taine differ in so far from M. Schmidt's, that they consist not so much of new as of fuller details, and are culled

culled from all parts of France. His chief object, as he states, is to give the testimony of eye-witnesses, and there is no part too remote for him to track, to follow, and to appropriate them. Archives, standard works, memoirs, letters, reports, petitions, newspapers, minutes, speeches, are studied, dissected, sifted, weighed, and served up with a fertility of illustration, a multiplicity of metaphor, an ingenuity of synonym, and a redundancy of rhetoric, which sometimes overlay and conceal the facts themselves, and almost take the reader's breath away. But we cannot lay down M. Taine's volumes without feeling that they lead to a more thorough understanding of the meaning of the terrible events of the French Revolution, and to a livelier sense of the lasting political lessons that they teach. We knew before that the selfish vanity and the social as well as political tyranny of the 'old régime' had sown the wind to reap the whirlwind; but we had scarcely recognized the true character of the harvest borne by the seeds of human passion thus spread abroad. The grand phrases of freedom and humanity had obscured the selfish aims, which were the natural fruit of material degradation, and which we now see developed from the very first into a system of insatiable plunder; so that M. Taine has pronounced the Revolution to have been, 'in its very essence, a transfer of property' (*une translation de propriété*). We now first see clearly why the redress of grievances gave no satisfaction; why the 'message of peace' was received only as a confession of former wrong and of present weakness, provoking new demands from those whom the concession taught to feel their power. And these demands were made in the face of a Government which had disarmed itself by proclaiming the reign of sentiment instead of the reign of law.

This complete abdication of the duties as well as the rights of government enabled—unless we ought rather to say invited—the handful of political agitators, whose insignificant *number*, as well as their true character, is now first clearly revealed, to usurp a dictatorship of force, which, in *their* hands, was assuredly 'no remedy,' and to satiate their vanity or cupidity, or both, by an organized Terror, which, in the absence of the lawful organized Power, cowed and crushed and victimized the real people. For we now know that the Jacobin 'faction' ruled, nay, existed, in defiance of and hated by the vast majority—in plain truth the whole nation—its wealth, intelligence, right feeling, true patriotism,—all but the very dregs, who were enrolled by the lowest self-interest as their ragged militia. The horrors of the guillotine, the massacres, and the noyades, have preoccupied men's minds, to the neglect of the *organization*

which ruled the provinces from the hall of the Jacobins by means of the 'law of suspects' (the *Boycotting* of 1793), and the other methods by which a landlord, a neighbour, or even a kinsman, who was hated or envied, or whose property was coveted, could be handed over to the Revolutionary Tribunal, or still more expeditiously disposed of. Some historians have accepted the self-complacent Parisian fallacy, that Paris is France, as an explanation of the acquiescence of the country in the excesses of the capital. But in truth the Paris of 1793 was the inflamed brain in the midst of a nervous system artificially stimulated to delirium; and, as the ramifications of the 'faction' went out into every city and department, making the 'terror' universal, so they in turn were always ready to pour in a force, small in number, but strong in union and reckless license, to overpower the unorganized majority and defy the suspended power of the law. In the provinces themselves we have long been familiar with the outrages of an insurgent peasantry against their oppressors under the old régime; but we have been told little of the indiscriminate attacks on nobles—not as nobles, but as landowners—not from wrongs to avenge, but from 'land-hunger' to appease; the nightly invasion of houses by masked ruffians, to murder, rob, and burn; the threats of death, not only against landlords who asked for their rents, but against tenants willing to pay them. And, while drawing a faithful picture of this system of terror, M. Taine has revealed in a few words the secret of its endurance: 'It is because a nation cannot defend itself against internal usurpation, as against foreign conquest, *save through its government.*' And he points out that 'there arose, alongside of a legal government, which could neither repress nor gratify the passions of the people, *an illegal government which sanctioned, excited, and directed them.*'

ART. V.—*The Formation of Vegetable Mould, through the action of Worms, with observations on their Habits.* By Charles Darwin, LL.D., F.R.S. London, 1881.

THIS work, which Mr. Darwin has produced at the age of seventy-two, is no unworthy culmination, notwithstanding its modest subject and moderate size, of the labours of one of the most remarkable of scientific careers. We have been obliged, on former occasions, to express our dissent from some important hypotheses with which Mr. Darwin's authority is associated, and we still remain convinced of the prematurity, to say no more, of what is commonly, whether with strict justice or not, styled the Darwinian theory of Evolution. But this difference of opinion respecting the conclusions to be drawn from Mr. Darwin's researches is no obstacle to our entertaining the highest admiration for those researches themselves; and we welcome an opportunity, such as the present work affords, for endeavouring to pay a tribute to them. They are marked by a continuity, alike of time and of subject, which is very rarely exhibited, and it would be difficult to say whether they are most distinguished by their industry or by the persistent purpose which pervades them. There is one other trait which is conspicuous in the volume before us, and which adds a particular grace to this single-minded career. Again and again Mr. Darwin refers to the researches of his sons as supplementing and assisting his own; and he seems to have inspired them with his own devotion, and to have enlisted filial sympathy and affection in the promotion of the scientific purposes of his life. It will be a great thing if they carry forward into another generation their father's methods of research and his habits of observation. We are not afraid of seeming fanciful, if we venture to say that science would be deeply benefited if there could be more of this kind of co-operation. It could rarely, of course, be afforded within the limits of a single family; but observations would be more likely to be successful if, instead of being conducted by one or two men of science, they could more often be carried out by companies, under the command of one skilled director. It needed more than even Mr. Darwin's extraordinary capacity for observation, to obtain the results of this book respecting so small a creature as an earthworm; and in proportion to the complexity of the subject, the necessity for such combination among observers must increase. The same result is, indeed, attained to some extent by the frankness with which men of science communicate their knowledge to each other; but what is needed is not merely the combination of independent re-

searches, but the organization of research. Mr. Darwin has the happiness to have reared a school of observers within his own household, and, though few can follow his example in this respect, it would be well if leading men of science could more often gather similar schools around them.

But we are mainly concerned with the unity and continuity of Mr. Darwin's own labours, which have now extended without interruption over a period of half a century. It was on the 27th of December, 1831, that at the age of twenty-two, just after taking his degree at Cambridge, Mr. Darwin sailed from Devonport on board H.M.S. 'Beagle,' upon his famous 'Naturalist's Voyage round the World.' It is seldom that a greater service has been unconsciously rendered to science and the world than when Captain FitzRoy, who commanded that expedition, asked that some scientific person might accompany him, and when the Lords of the Admiralty, at the instance of Captain Beaufort, accepted the offer which Mr. Darwin made of his voluntary services. The opportunity thus afforded him was not only the starting-point of his whole scientific career, but sowed in his mind the germs of the main ideas which he has since worked out with such patience and genius. Notwithstanding the long time which has elapsed since the publication of his *Journal*, it retains all its original instructiveness and interest, and few works are so calculated to give the reader a conception of the infinite variety and of the inexhaustible marvels of Nature. It exhibits all the closeness and accuracy of observation which have ever distinguished the author, and is marked at the same time by the lucidity and simplicity of style, which have contributed so largely to give currency to his speculations. His experience during the five years of that memorable voyage would seem to have contributed in more ways than one to the development of his scientific thought. It gave him, in the first place, a largeness of view which has checked any tendency to specialism, and which has taught him to discern the organic unity of Nature, and to realize the mutual co-operation of her innumerable forces in every part of her manifold productions. Those five years enabled Mr. Darwin to start upon his special researches with a wide survey, and a living personal knowledge, of the whole sphere of natural history and geology; and his work ever since has in great measure consisted in illustrating the incessant action and reaction of all the realms of Nature. His eye has ever been looking for unity and continuity of life, instead of being content to dwell on some distinct and separate field. Doubtless in this respect, as in others, he represents one of the most characteristic features of modern scientific thought.

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Under various forms, such as the conservation of force, or the convertibility of one kind of energy into another, as of heat into motion, the attention of men has been more and more directed to the organic unity of Nature ; and the theory of Evolution itself is but a too sweeping and hasty generalization of this conception. Nothing is more curious than to observe, throughout the history of thought, how universal is the instinct of men to seize upon some large principle, and to insist, as it were, on its dominating the whole sphere of life. It is often a characteristic of even the most powerful inductive minds to leap to some such general truth, and to establish it as a sort of major premiss, which they then apply to all their minor premisses with the unconscious instinct of purely deductive reasoners. A tendency of this kind has in great measure animated Mr. Darwin's mind throughout his career. It has, in our opinion, overpowered in some of his works the rigid caution he endeavours to practise in drawing conclusions from his observations ; but it has had the immense advantage of giving him a clue for what we may call his cross-examination of Nature. It is Plato, we think, who says that if a man is to ask questions with advantage, he must previously have some surmise of the answer of which he is in search ; and Mr. Darwin's surmise has evidently been, from the first, that which was suggested to him during the voyage of the 'Beagle.'

He tells us, in fact, in the Introduction to his most famous work—that on 'The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection'—that when on board the 'Beagle' he was much struck with certain facts in the distribution of the organic beings inhabiting South America, and in the geological relations of the present to the past inhabitants of that continent. 'These facts,' he says, 'seemed to throw some light on the origin of species—that mystery of mysteries, as it has been called by one of our greatest philosophers.' On his return home, it occurred to him, in 1837, 'that something might, perhaps, be made out on this question by patiently accumulating and reflecting on all sorts of facts which could possibly have any bearing on it.' After five years' work, he allowed himself to speculate on the subject, and drew up some short notes ; these he enlarged in 1844 into a sketch of the conclusions which then seemed to him probable : and 'from that period,' he adds, 'to the present day, I have steadily pursued the same object.' This was written in 1859 ; but it would remain substantially true up to the present time. Even the monograph now before us on Vegetable Mould and Earthworms has, as we shall see, its bearing on Mr. Darwin's main conception, and has been in great measure inspired by kindred ideas. The same conception

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is equally conspicuous in the other works, which have from time to time borne witness to his extraordinary industry and to his fertility of thought. Not to mention his monographs on particular subjects, such as the Cirripedia,—his volumes on ‘the Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication’; on ‘the Various Contrivances by which British and Foreign Orchids are fertilized by Insects’; on ‘Insectivorous Plants’; on ‘the Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants’; on ‘the Effects of Cross and Self-fertilization in the Vegetable Kingdom’; on ‘the Different Forms of Flowers in Plants of the same Species’; and on ‘the Power of Movement in Plants’;—all combine to illustrate, among other things, two central points: the incessant and infinite interaction of the various parts of nature upon each other, and the manner in which the most conspicuous and most comprehensive results are produced by the gradual accumulation of the slightest influences. It has been justly said that any one of his books, however apparently special its subject, would give an intelligent reader a conception of the main principles which he has developed into the doctrine of Evolution. There are some of his works, besides the ‘Origin of Species,’ in which this doctrine is carried out to the full, and definitely applied to solve the problem of the origin and descent of man. These volumes, on ‘The Descent of Man,’ and Selection in relation to Sex,’ and on the ‘Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals,’—while among the most interesting of his works, from the wonderful mass of minute and skilled observation which they contain,—are not, as we venture to think, those in which his judgment appears to the best advantage. They seem to us to afford some of the most conspicuous examples in our time of that method of reasoning on natural subjects which Bacon condemned under the name ‘anticipatio.’ His hope for the progress of science (‘Nov. Org.,’ i. 104) depended on men being content to ascend, as it were, by a ladder, and by continuous steps, without intermissions or gaps, from particulars to the lower axioms, and from these to the middle ones, in due succession, ‘and last of all to the most general ones’—‘et postremò demum ad generalissima.’ But Mr. Darwin has unfortunately in this class of his works forgotten this last caution; and, notwithstanding the admitted fact that there are numerous steps ‘intermissi aut hiulci,’ in the ladder of his observations, he has sprung at one bound to the widest generalization conceivable, and has proclaimed the discovery of the ultimate law of natural development. But his vast collection of observations, and very many of his intermediate conclusions, retain all their value and interest, and no such rich
storehouse

storehouse of facts respecting the natural history of vegetable, animal, and even human life, has perhaps ever been accumulated by a single man.

Connected, perhaps, with this continuity of thought in Mr. Darwin's writings is another characteristic not less remarkable—the continuity of the observations themselves. Each work is the result of years and tens of years of patient labour; the clue has never been dropped; and, however tortuous and obscure may be the labyrinth through which Mr. Darwin is wandering, he is at length able to trace back for us every step of the process. What is more remarkable, he will hold two or three clues in his hands at the same time, and track out simultaneously different paths through the one great labyrinth of nature. The present work on *Earthworms*, for instance, has been slowly growing for nearly half a century. As long ago as 1837, Mr. Darwin read a paper before the Geological Society of London 'on the Formation of Mould,' in which he stated the main elements of his present conclusions. It attracted but little regard at the time, being treated, for instance, by a French naturalist as no more than a 'singular theory.' But he has been patiently working at it ever since, and gradually accumulating from all quarters facts which illustrate and confirm his views. It is this which, after all, gives such unique value to his works. Sufficient honour, perhaps, is rarely done to the faculty of patient observation, nor is it realized to what an enormous extent human life and human science are built upon it. Astronomy, for instance, has now, in great measure, reached the stage of a deductive science. For a very wide range of celestial phenomena we possess the primary law, and we can announce what is, from our knowledge of what ought to be, the fact. But it is seldom remembered that this scientific knowledge reposes upon an enormous mass of observations which were accumulated through long generations of mankind. From the ancient Babylonians and Egyptians the heritage of these facts descended through tens of centuries to Greece and Rome; and fifteen centuries more of the Christian Era had to pass before they were sufficiently sifted, arranged, and tested, for a scientific conclusion to be drawn from them. Looking out upon the heavens on some starlight night, there seems something even more wonderful than the triumphs of modern astronomy in the fact that patient watching of those innumerable and apparently confused orbs should have enabled men to disentangle them, to discover a fixed order in their movements, and eventually to know them so well as to be able to predict those movements with more unerring certainty than we can feel with respect to any other occurrences. Mr.

Darwin's

Darwin's observations have not yet, as we think, placed us in a position to form a trustworthy scientific theory respecting the natural history of species, similar to the law of gravitation respecting the heavenly bodies. But he has perhaps—and that in great measure by his own herculean labours—placed us in much the same position as that to which astronomy was brought when Kepler had shown, by the laborious observations to which his genius inspired him, that the planets moved in ellipses. We now know, as it were, in what orbits species have moved, and we know, within certain limits, the methods of their variation. To this extent it may be said that we know the fact of evolution. But what are its causes, what is the law which impels the variation of species in known directions—whether it is by an inherent principle of development, like that which determines the growth of an individual, or by the pressure of external circumstances, or by both combined, that the observed results are produced—this, as it seems to us, is as unknown as was the law of gravitation before Newton divined it. But it is Mr. Darwin's achievement to have finally established the facts, and also to have shown that a vast number of them can be accounted for by natural causes now in operation. There remain many, especially in relation to man, which have not thus been explained, and it is rash and unscientific to assume, without direct evidence, that they can be so. This, as we think, is Mr. Darwin's error. His strength is exhibited in the wonderful grasp with which he has brought all the facts in question together, with which he has arranged and organized them, and has revealed to us, with a clearness which had never before been approached, if not the causes which determine the order of natural history, at least that order itself. What he has done, to recur to the illustration first offered, may be said to be, that he has abolished the kind of Ptolemaic theory of natural history which previously prevailed, and has established a Copernican theory, substituting for an ingenious artificial account of the order of nature one which corresponds to the actual facts. But it is another thing to make the further step which was made by Newton, in the discovery of a universal law, and it is this which, as we believe, has not yet been done.

But to turn to the particular volume before us, the reader will find in it a condensed display of all these characteristic qualities. Perhaps, indeed, part of its excellence is due to a legitimate exercise of the very quality, which in another respect Mr. Darwin seems to us to have unduly indulged. Notwithstanding what we have said above in depreciation of the mental habit which Bacon stigmatized as 'anticipation,' it must be

be admitted that Mr. Darwin has abundantly justified the employment, in its due place, of what Professor Tyndall has described as the function of the Imagination in Science. A more conspicuous exercise of the scientific imagination than that which gave rise to this book cannot easily be conceived. It appears from it that at the very commencement of his scientific career, fifty years ago, some casual observations suggested to Mr. Darwin the idea, that worms were possibly among the most considerable forces in nature, and that they had played a very large part in the natural history of the world. To how few persons could such a conception have occurred! It would be one thing if, as the result of years of laborious enquiry, the conviction had been slowly forced on a naturalist, that worms had played this part in nature. But it is another thing, that Mr. Darwin divined it from a few facts and proceeded to work out the evidence for it. He acknowledges, indeed, with his usual justice, that he received the first suggestion of the idea from Mr. Wedgwood, of Maer Hall, in Staffordshire. But Mr. Wedgwood seems to have applied it only to the explanation of the sinking beneath the earth of bodies lying on its surface, while Mr. Darwin appears at once to have sprung to the imagination 'that all the vegetable mould over the whole country has passed many times through, and will again pass many times through, the intestinal canals of worms,' so that the term 'animal mould' would be in some respects more appropriate than that of 'vegetable mould.' Mr. Darwin must have been already deeply imbued with the cardinal idea of his subsequent investigations, to have entertained such a conception. Not merely to unscientific, but to scientific men, the earth-worm had hitherto appeared one of the most insignificant of all creatures. As we have already noticed, distinguished French naturalists almost scorned Mr. Darwin's suggestion when it was first propounded. Even as late as 1869, Mr. Darwin tells us, Mr. Fish, in the '*Gardeners' Chronicle*,' rejected his conclusions with respect to the part which worms have played in the formation of vegetable mould, merely on account of their assumed incapacity to do so much work. 'Considering,' said Mr. Fish, 'their weakness and their size, the work they are represented to have accomplished is stupendous.' Mr. Darwin's observation on this objection is characteristic and instructive, and indicates the connection of his study of this subject with the main work of his life. 'Here,' he says, 'we have an instance of that inability to sum up the effects of a continually recurrent cause, which has often retarded the progress of science, as formerly in the case of geology, and more recently in that of the principle

principle of evolution.' But if it was rash to doubt in 1869 a theory supported by Mr. Darwin's authority, and confirmed by the striking proofs he had already adduced of the immense effect produced in nature by the accumulated effect of small causes, it was none the less one of the boldest strokes of the imaginative faculty—unless we should call it an extraordinary exercise of the scientific instinct—to discern in the burrows and the castings of worms the instruments of some of the most important of all the changes which the surface of the earth undergoes. It may be doubted whether anything in Mr. Darwin's work exceeds in brilliancy this faithful conception; and it is only equalled in merit by the patience which through all the subsequent years has gradually accumulated the evidence, at length, in his old age, presented to the world in this fascinating volume. Bacon has somewhere said that 'God hangs the heaviest weights on the finest wires,' but we know of no such illustration of the truth as is afforded by the facts here established.

Mr. Darwin commences with an account of the habits of the humble creatures whose feats he is to describe. They seem to flourish wherever there is any moisture in the soil. A layer, though a thin one, of fine earth, Mr. Darwin believes to be necessary for their existence; and he also thinks the mere compression of the soil in some degree favourable to them. They must be considered terrestrial animals, but they are in one sense semi-aquatic. Exposure to the dry air of a room for only a single night has been found fatal to them, whereas several large worms have been kept alive for nearly four months completely submerged in water. When the ground is dry in summer, or when it is frozen in winter, they penetrate to a considerable depth, and cease to work. They crawl about chiefly at night, though usually with their tails still inserted in their burrows. Their bodies are armed with short bristles, slightly reflexed; and with the aid of these bristles and an expansion of their tails they hold so fast, that they can seldom be dragged out of the ground without being torn to pieces. Mr. Darwin confirms, however, the observation of White of Selborne, that they do completely leave their burrows by night in certain circumstances. In the morning, after heavy rain, the film of mud, or of fine sand, over gravel walks is often plainly marked with their tracks. Mr. Darwin has noticed this from August to May, and he thinks it probably occurs during the remaining two months of the year when they are wet. He doubts, from what he has observed of their organs of sense, whether a worm could find its way back to its burrow after having once left it; and he thinks that they leave their burrows,

as it were, on a voyage of discovery, and thus find new homes. They have one habit to which they are greatly addicted, and which seems a curious exception to the law of the development of habits with a view to self-preservation. They will lie for hours almost motionless close beneath the mouths of their burrows. Mr. Darwin does not think they do this for the sake of breathing fresh air, since, as we have seen, they can live a long time under water; and he believes they lie near the surface for the sake of warmth, especially in the morning. But the result is that they present themselves in the most convenient position to the birds which feed on them. 'This habit,' says Mr. Darwin, 'of lying near the surface leads to their destruction to an immense extent. Every morning, during certain seasons of the year, the thrushes and blackbirds on all the lawns throughout the country draw out of their holes an astonishing number of worms;' and this could not be done unless they lay close to the surface. We cannot but observe, in passing, that if this be so, it would seem that we have an instance of a tendency which is unaffected by 'the struggle for existence.' The battle between worms and birds has not led, as might have been expected on the principles of Natural Selection, to the development of a race of worms who do not lie near the mouths of their burrows. They continue to present themselves as food for their foes; and they multiply in sufficient numbers to render the devastation thus wrought among them insignificant. It may well be surmised that their productive power of species is in many other instances similarly sufficient to render unnecessary, and even to supersede altogether, the development of special characteristics for the purpose of maintaining the 'struggle for existence.' In such species there is practically no struggle for existence. No matter how many individuals may be destroyed, there are abundantly sufficient remaining to perpetuate the race without any modifications. We should imagine, for instance, that nothing would be more superfluous than for herrings, as a species, to disturb themselves about the struggle for existence. They solve the problem by an unlimited capacity for breeding.

The structure of these obscure creatures is far more complicated than would be supposed by any one but a naturalist. The body of a large worm, we are told, consists of from 100 to 200 almost cylindrical rings or segments, each furnished with minute bristles, and the muscular system is well developed. The mouth, which is at one end of the body, has a little lip for prehension. Behind it is a pharynx, which can be pushed forward at pleasure, and which worms expand for the purpose of enlarging their holes as they burrow into the ground. Behind
this

this is a long *œsophagus*, in which there are three pairs of large glands, which Mr. Darwin says 'are highly remarkable, for nothing like them is known in any other animal.' They secrete a surprising amount of carbonate of lime, and, although their use is not certain, 'it is probable that they primarily serve as organs of excretion, and secondarily as an aid to digestion.' Worms consume many fallen leaves, and these have been sometimes known to contain as much as 72 per cent. of lime. Unless, therefore, there were some means for excreting this earth, worms would be liable to become overcharged with it. Accordingly, large concretions of carbonate of lime are found in these glands—so large, that 'how they escape from the gland is a marvel'; but that they do escape is certain, for they are often found in the gizzard, intestines, and in the castings of worms. But besides this use, Mr. Darwin deems it highly probable that the calciferous discharge from the glands into the alimentary canal of worms serves to neutralize the acids which are generated within it by the half-decayed leaves they consume. The *œsophagus* ends in a crop, and behind this is a gizzard, in which grains of sand and small stones may generally be found; and it is probable that these serve, like millstones, to triturate the food. The gizzard leads to the intestine, which runs in a straight course to the vent at the posterior end of the body, and this intestine again presents a remarkable structure. The circulatory system and the nervous system are both fairly well developed. Worms possess no respiratory organs, but breathe by their skin. They are destitute of eyes; but are not insensible to light, which affects them partly by its intensity, and partly by its duration; and when a sudden blaze of light is directed upon a worm, it will sometimes dart like a rabbit into its burrow. They are thus enabled to distinguish between day and night, so as to escape danger from the many animals which would prey upon them by day. They possess no sense of hearing, and when placed on a table close to the keys of a piano, which was played as loudly as possible, they remained perfectly quiet; but, though they are indifferent to modulations in the air, they are extremely sensitive to vibrations in any solid object. The following passage is a characteristic instance of the many curious experiments which Mr. Darwin has made upon them (p. 27):—

'When the pots containing two worms, which had remained quite indifferent to the sound of the piano, were placed on this instrument, and the note C in the bass clef was struck, both instantly retreated into their burrows. After a time they emerged, and when G above the line in the treble clef was struck they again retreated. Under similar

similar circumstances, on another night, one worm dashed into its burrow on a very high note being struck only once, and the other worm when C in the treble clef was struck. On these occasions the worms were not touching the sides of the pots, which stood in saucers; so that the vibrations, before reaching their bodies, had to pass from the sounding board of the piano, through the saucer, the bottom of the pot and the damp, not very compact earth on which they lay with their tails in their burrows. They often showed their sensitiveness when the pot in which they lived, or the table on which the pot stood, was accidentally and lightly struck; but they appeared less sensitive to such jars than to the vibrations of the piano; and their sensitiveness to jars varied much at different times.'

Indeed, of all their senses that of touch seems the most highly developed; and Mr. Darwin seems inclined to believe that, by moving about the anterior extremity of its body as an organ of touch, a worm is enabled to gain a general notion of the form of an object. Their sense of smell is feeble; but they seem to be able to discover by means of it strong-smelling foods, of which they are fond, such as onions and decayed cabbage-leaves. In respect of food, however, they are omnivorous. Their importance in the economy of nature depends mainly on the fact that they swallow an extraordinary quantity of earth, extracting from it any digestible matter which it may contain. They also consume a large quantity of half-decayed leaves of all kinds, and fresh leaves also. They will eat sugar and liquorice, dry starch, raw and roasted meat, and above all raw fat. They are, moreover, cannibals, for Mr. Darwin found that two halves of a dead worm, placed in their pots, were dragged into their burrows and gnawed. However, they live chiefly on half-decayed leaves, which they moisten before devouring with a fluid which they secrete; the effect is to disintegrate the leaves, and thus partially to digest them; and Mr. Darwin knows no other instance of partial digestion outside the stomach.

But the most curious point in their habits, and that which Mr. Darwin says occasioned him most surprise, is the apparent intelligence they display in seizing leaves and other kindred objects. They use them not only as food, but for the purpose of plugging up the mouths of their burrows. This is one of their strongest instincts, and very young worms exhibit it. They will use for this purpose not only leaves, but decayed twigs of trees, bits of paper, feathers, tufts of wool, and horse-hairs. Many more leaves are sometimes collected over the mouth of a burrow than can be used, and a small pile of unused leaves is thus left like a roof over those which have been partly dragged

dragged in. Each leaf is drawn in exteriorly to the first one, until all are closely folded and pressed together. The interstices between these leaves are often filled up with moist viscid earth ejected from their bodies, and thus the mouths of the burrows are securely plugged; but the leaves are also used for the sake of lining the upper part of the burrows, and of thus, as it would seem, protecting the worms from contact with the cold earth. Where they cannot obtain leaves for these purposes, they will often protect the mouths of their burrows by little heaps of stones, and a stone weighing as much as two ounces has thus been dragged over a gravel walk. Mr. Darwin suggests several possible objects for this instinct. The plugs or piles of stones may conceal their burrows from scolopenders, which are said to be their bitterest enemies; or they may thus be enabled with greater safety to indulge their habit, already mentioned, of lying close to the mouths of their burrows; or lastly, they may thus protect themselves from the cold air at night; and from observation of them when kept in pots, Mr. Darwin is inclined to believe that the latter is the real reason. The most remarkable part of the practice, however, is, as we have said, the intelligence displayed in the process. Mr. Darwin introduces the subject by the following parallel (p. 64):—

'If a man had to plug up a small cylindrical hole, with such objects as leaves, petioles, or twigs, he would drag or push them in by their pointed ends; but if these objects were very thin relatively to the size of the hole, he would probably insert some by their thicker or broader ends. The guide in his case would be intelligence. It seemed therefore worth while to observe carefully how worms dragged leaves into their burrows; whether by their tips or bases or middle parts. It seemed more especially desirable to do this in the case of plants not natives to our country; for although the habit of dragging leaves into their burrows is undoubtedly instinctive with worms, yet instinct could not tell them how to act in the case of leaves about which their progenitors knew nothing. If, moreover, worms acted solely through instinct or an unvarying inherited impulse, they would draw all kinds of leaves into their burrows in the same manner. If they have no such definite instinct, we might expect that chance would determine whether the tip, base, or middle, was seized. If both these alternatives are excluded, intelligence alone is left; unless the worm in each case first tries many different methods, and follows that alone which proves possible or the most easy; but to act in this manner and to try different methods makes a near approach to intelligence.'

To apply this test, in the first place 227 withered leaves of various kinds, but mostly of English plants, were pulled out of worm-burrows in several places. Of these, 181 had been drawn

drawn into the burrows by or near their tips; 20 had been drawn in by their bases, and 26 had been seized near the middle. This exhibits the general rule; but worms will break through this habit of avoiding the footstalk, if that part of the leaf happens to offer them the most convenient or otherwise most desirable means for drawing leaves into their burrows. *Rhododendron* leaves, for instance, are often narrower towards the base than towards the apex; and of 91 of these leaves, which had been dragged by worms into their burrows, two-thirds had been drawn in by the base or footstalk; so that, although the worms could not have inherited any familiarity with this plant, they judged at once with a considerable degree of correctness how best to drag its withered leaves into their holes. A still more curious case was their treatment of some pine-leaves, which consist of two needles united to a common base. Of course, if the worm seized one of these needles alone, the other would catch against the ground. Accordingly they are almost invariably drawn into the burrows by the common base. Watching them by night, it seemed to Mr. Darwin and his son as if the worms instantly perceived as soon as they had seized a leaf in the proper manner. Once a leaf stood nearly upright, with the points of the needles partly inserted into a burrow; 'and then the worm reared itself up and seized the base, which was dragged into the mouth of the burrow by bowing the whole leaf.' But here we meet with a striking instance of the caution and thoroughness of Mr. Darwin's experiments. He prepared these pine-leaves in such a manner that it was equally convenient to the worms to drag them in by their base or by their apex, expecting that when the obstacle of the double needles had been removed, the worms would have fallen back upon their usual habit of seizing the leaves by their apex. But they still attacked the base; and Mr. Darwin is thus led to conclude, that with pine-leaves there must be something attractive to worms in the base. Not content with these and other experiments with leaves, he made a large number of elongated triangles of writing-paper, and observed with the utmost minuteness how these were seized by the worms. The general result was that 62 per cent. were seized near the apex, 15 per cent. by the middle part, and 23 per cent. near the base. There certainly seems justice in the conclusion that these various objects are 'seized in too uniform a manner, and from causes which we can generally understand, for the result to be attributed to mere chance,' and that we must therefore admit that worms exercise some degree of intelligence in the process. This result is the more remarkable, as many higher animals exhibit

exhibit no similar capacity for adapting means to circumstances. 'Ants, for instance, may be seen vainly trying to drag an object transversely to their course, which could be easily drawn longitudinally;' and even a beaver will follow its instinct in a senseless and purposeless manner, cutting up logs of wood and dragging them about, though there is no water to dam up. In short, to quote Mr. Darwin's summing up of this interesting discussion (p. 98):—

'As chance does not determine the manner in which objects are drawn into the burrows, and as the existence of specialized instincts for each particular case cannot be admitted, the first and most natural supposition is, that worms try all methods until they at last succeed; but many appearances are opposed to such a supposition. One alternative alone is left, namely, that worms, although standing low in the scale of organization, possess some degree of intelligence. This will strike every one as very improbable; but it may be doubted whether we know enough about the nervous system of the lower animals to justify our natural distrust of such a conclusion. With respect to the small size of the cerebral ganglia, we should remember what a mass of inherited knowledge, with some power of adapting means to an end, is crowded into the minute brain of a worker-ant.'

It remains, in giving an account of the habits of these wonderful creatures, to mention the way in which they excavate their burrows, for upon this their position in natural history principally depends. They effect this excavation in two ways; by pushing away the earth on all sides, and by swallowing it. In the first case, the worm stretches out its attenuated head into any little crevice or hole, and then pushes its pharynx forward into this part of its body, which thus swells and pushes away the earth; so that it uses the anterior extremity of its body as a wedge. But where worms cannot penetrate in this way, they swallow the earth and eject it from the vent at the end of their bodies. Doubts have been expressed by some observers whether worms ever swallow earth solely for the purpose of making their burrows; but the observations made by Mr. Darwin leave no doubt of the fact. Nevertheless it seems to him certain, that they swallow a larger quantity for the sake of extracting any nutritious matter which it may contain than for making their burrows. There is evidence of their existing for at least considerable periods of time solely on the organic matter contained in the earth. It may be true, as one German naturalist concludes, that they could hardly live in ordinary vegetable mould, though the nutriment they would derive from leaf mould is unquestionable. But, as we have seen, they are omnivorous, and ordinary mould, Mr. Darwin observes (p. 109),
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can hardly fail to contain many 'ova, larvæ, and small living or dead creatures, spores of cryptogamic plants, and micrococci, such as those which give rise to saltpetre. These various organisms, together with some cellulose from any leaves and plants not utterly decayed, might well account for such large quantities of mould being swallowed by worms.'

In illustration he mentions the interesting fact that 'certain species of *Utricularia*, which grow in damp places in the tropics, possess bladders beautifully constructed for catching minute subterranean animals; and these traps would not have been developed unless many small animals inhabited such soil.'

The burrows thus formed are very far from being mere holes, and are really somewhat remarkable constructions. In dry weather or severe cold, they are sometimes carried to a considerable depth. In Scotland they have been observed to run to a depth of from seven to eight feet, and Mr. Darwin has often met with worms at depths of from three to four feet. The burrows run down perpendicularly, or, more commonly, a little obliquely, and they rarely branch. Mr. Darwin believes that they are invariably lined with a layer of fine dark-coloured earth, which is voided by the worms. This lining becomes very compact and smooth when nearly dry, and closely fits the worm's body. The bristles which project from the body on all sides have thus excellent points of support, and the burrow is well adapted for the rapid movement of the animal. Mr. Darwin also thinks that the lining serves to strengthen the walls, and perhaps saves the worm's body from being scratched. He is led to this opinion because several burrows, which passed through a layer of sifted coal-cinders spread over turf to a thickness of an inch and a half, had been thus lined to an unusual thickness. The worms seemed to have pushed the cinders away on all sides, and not to have swallowed any of them. Towards the mouth, the burrows are also often lined with leaves for a length of several inches, and these are sometimes so plastered together by viscid castings as to form coherent structures. Mr. Darwin succeeded in removing one of these with only a little earth adhering to it. It consisted of a slightly curved cylindrical case, and in one point the worms had shown special skill. The leaves in this instance were those of the Scotch fir, and the sharp points of its needles had been pressed into the lining of voided earth. It has been already mentioned that worms are fond of remaining close to the mouths of their burrows, and it would almost seem as if these basket-like structures were expressly designed for their comfort in this

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position. The burrows, when deep, sometimes end in a small chamber, and it would be interesting to enquire whether this is connected with another fact mentioned by Mr. Darwin, that they have the power of turning round in their closely-fitting burrows. There can be no doubt of this fact, for when they come to the surface to eject earth, their tail protrudes, but when they collect leaves their head protrudes. It is rash to make a suggestion which has not been anticipated by Mr. Darwin himself; but if they twisted round at the bottom of their burrows for this purpose, they would naturally produce such a 'little enlargement or chamber' as he describes.

Such are the creatures, whose agency in modifying the surface of the earth it is Mr. Darwin's object to elucidate in this work. They are found in all parts of the world, and some of the genera have an enormous range. Their agency is therefore practically universal, and the facts Mr. Darwin establishes have a proportionately wide application. The question is, to what it practically amounts; and to determine this by indisputable evidence was Mr. Darwin's main design. The interesting details we have sketched respecting the habits of worms are merely incidental and introductory, the main point at issue between Mr. Darwin and his previous critics being whether, as a matter of fact, worms perform the immense amount of work with which he was disposed to credit them. Instead, therefore, of leaving the matter to conjecture and deduction, he determined to ascertain by direct experiment what amount of earth worms bring up to the surface of the ground. With this view he resolved to weigh all the castings thrown up within a given time in a measured space, instead of being content with ascertaining the rate at which objects left on the surface were buried. There can be no question of the conclusiveness of such evidence, or of the firm basis which it was calculated to afford for Mr. Darwin's subsequent deductions. Accordingly, he ascertained the weight of the castings thrown up at the mouths of single burrows in various situations, the whole of them appearing to have been ejected in no long time, as was certainly the case in several instances; the castings, moreover, being carefully dried. On a Kent down, with a subsoil of red clay, full of flints, and overlying the chalk, the largest casting weighed 3.98 ounces. In three other similar cases they weighed 3.87, 1.22, and .7 ounces respectively; but in the latter instance the casting had suffered some loss of weight from being exposed during a considerable length of time to rain. Near Nice in France, the average weight of twelve castings of ordinary dimensions was 1.37 ounces. In Lower Bengal the average weight of twenty-two castings was 1.24 ounces,

1·24 ounces, the heaviest being 2·09 ounces. In the Nilgiri Mountains of South India the average weight of the five largest castings collected was 3·15 ounces, one being as much as 4·34 ounces. Thus fresh castings at the mouth of a single burrow were found generally to exceed an ounce in weight after being dried, and sometimes nearly reached a quarter of a pound. The largest castings in England were found on very poor pasture-land, and it would seem that worms have to swallow a greater amount of earth on poor than on rich land, in order to obtain sufficient nutriment. The amount to which these castings accumulate within a given space and time is next shown. In a field at the bottom of a valley in the chalk, a square yard was measured, at a spot where large castings abounded, and it was found that within forty-five days the castings within this space weighed 1 lb. 13½ oz. Now worms do not work in dry weather during the summer, or in winter during severe frosts, and therefore, taking a very low estimate, Mr. Darwin is content to assume for the purpose of calculation that they work for only half the year. But, on this assumption, they would eject during the year in the field in question 8·387* pounds of earth per square yard, or no less than 18·12 tons per acre. Castings similarly collected near Nice within about a year on a square foot of surface showed an annual amount equivalent to 14·58 tons per acre. Castings similarly collected on an old terrace near Leith Hill, in Surrey, were found annually equivalent to 7·58 tons per acre, and others collected at a different spot in the same neighbourhood represented an annual amount of 16·1 tons per acre. The amount of castings such as these in the last two cases, if spread evenly over the surface of the ground, would make in the course of a single year layers amounting to ·09 inch and 1·429 inches respectively; or, in round numbers, the thickness in the former case would amount in ten years to nearly 1 inch, and in the second to an inch and a half.

These amounts are next to be compared with observations of the rate at which small objects left on the surfaces of grass-fields become buried. Two instances will suffice to illustrate the method of observation; and we will give them in Mr. Darwin's words (pp. 130 and 143).

'Near Maer Hall in Staffordshire, quick-lime had been spread about the year 1827 thickly over a field of good pasture-land, which had not since been ploughed. Some square holes were dug in this

* The figures as printed in the 2nd edition are 83·87. But this is an unquestionable error. If we take 8·387, it corresponds exactly to the calculated amount per acre in tons; and answers to the assumption of the worms working, not indeed for exactly half a year, but for about 200 days.

field in the beginning of October 1837; and the sections showed a layer of turf, formed by the matted roots of the grasses, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in thickness, beneath which, at a depth of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches (or 3 inches from the surface), a layer of the lime in powder or in small lumps could be distinctly seen running all round the vertical sides of the holes. The soil beneath the layer of lime was either gravelly or of a coarse sandy nature, and differed considerably in appearance from the overlying dark-coloured fine mould. Coal-cinders had been spread over a part of this same field either in the year 1833 or 1834; and when the above holes were dug, that is after an interval of three or four years, the cinders formed a line of black spots round the holes, at a depth of one inch beneath the surface, parallel to and above the white layer of lime. Over another part of this field cinders had been strewed, only about half-a-year before, and these either still lay on the surface or were entangled among the roots of the grasses; and I here saw the commencement of the burying process, for worm-castings had been heaped on several of the smaller fragments. After an interval of $4\frac{3}{4}$ years this field was re-examined, and now the two layers of lime and cinders were found almost everywhere at a greater depth than before by nearly 1 inch, we will say by $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch. Therefore mould to an average thickness of $\cdot 22$ of an inch had been annually brought up by the worms, and had been spread over the surface of this field.

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‘A field, which adjoins the one just described, slopes in one part rather steeply (viz., at from 10° to 15°); this part was last ploughed in 1841, was then harrowed and left to become pasture-land. For several years it was clothed with an extremely scant vegetation, and was so thickly covered with small and large flints (some of them half as large as a child’s head) that the field was always called by my sons “the stony field.” When they ran down the slope the stones clattered together. I remember doubting whether I should live to see these larger flints covered with vegetable mould and turf. But the smaller stones disappeared before many years had elapsed, as did every one of the larger ones after a time; so that after thirty years (1871) a horse could gallop over the compact turf from one end of the field to the other, and not strike a single stone with his shoes. To anyone who remembered the appearance of the field in 1842, the transformation was wonderful. This was certainly the work of the worms, for though castings were not frequent for several years, yet some were thrown up month after month, and these gradually increased in numbers as the pasture improved. In the year 1871 a trench was dug on the above slope, and the blades of grass were cut off close to the roots, so that the thickness of the turf and of the vegetable mould could be measured accurately. The turf was rather less than half an inch, and the mould, which did not contain any stones, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in thickness. Beneath this lay coarse clayey earth full of flints, like that in any of the neighbouring ploughed fields. This coarse earth easily fell apart from the overlying mould when a spit

spit was lifted up. The average rate of accumulation of the mould during the whole thirty years was only .083 inch per year (*i.e.* nearly one inch in twelve years); but the rate must have been much slower at first, and afterwards considerably quicker.'

As a summary of several experiments of this kind, Mr. Darwin states that the thickness of the mould accumulated over objects left on the surface in the course of ten years was in one case 2.2 inches, in another nearly 1.9 inches, in another 2.1 inches, in another 2.2 inches, and in a fourth, where the soil had for some years been in a condition unfavourable to worms, .83 inch. It will be seen that in all these cases, except the last, the amount of earth brought to the surface during the ten years is somewhat greater than would be estimated from the castings actually weighed; but this may be partly accounted for by the loss which the weighed castings had undergone, and partly by the consideration that earth is brought to the surface by other agencies besides worms, such as burrowing insects, ants and moles; while in some places even the wind, by carrying dust from one place to another, appreciably adds to the surface mould. On the whole, the results obtained by these two independent methods are sufficiently in agreement, and leave no doubt whatever of the large amount of earth which the worms are perpetually bringing up to the surface. It may appear at first surprising that their work should be so uniform as to bury objects in such horizontal layers; but, not to dwell on the action of wind and rain, this seems in great measure accounted for when we learn the extraordinary number of worms which live within a given space. Mr. Darwin quotes a German authority for an estimate that 53,767 worms exist in an acre of land. But this estimate was founded on the number found in gardens, and the same authority believes that about half as many live in cornfields. In short, there seems good evidence that on each acre of land adapted for the work of worms, a weight of more than ten tons of earth annually passes through their bodies and is brought to the surface. In England and Scotland, the land which is cultivated and is well-fitted for these animals has been estimated at 32,000,000 acres. The astonishing, but inevitable conclusion is, that in Great Britain alone no less an amount of earth than 320,000,000 tons is annually brought by worms from underground to the surface of the earth. Well may Mr. Darwin lay stress on such an illustration of the enormous effects which may be produced by continually recurrent causes, however small.

With these facts before us, there can be no difficulty in realizing the part which worms have played in the burial of
ancient

ancient buildings. They have thus, as Mr. Darwin observes, been among the best friends of archæologists. Coins, gold ornaments, stone implements, and similar objects, dropped on the surface of the ground, are infallibly buried by their castings in the course of a few years, and are thus safely preserved. They have had, indeed, nothing to do with the gradual accumulation of rubbish over the sites of great cities such as Rome, Paris and London, and such accumulations are sufficiently explained by the mass of matter which is daily brought into a great city for building, fuel, clothing, and food, and by the neglect of scavenging in former times. But Mr. Darwin adduces several interesting instances of the manner in which the floors and other remains of many ancient buildings in England have been so effectually buried, mainly by the action of worms, that they have been discovered by accident alone. It would be necessary to reproduce the drawings which Mr. Darwin furnishes, in order to follow him in detail; but he describes excavations at the sites of Roman villas at Abinger, Chedworth, and Brading, and at the old Roman towns of Silchester and Wroxeter, and shows how they have been covered in the course of centuries with mould of various depths up to 30 inches. Worms have sometimes penetrated the hardest walls in a most surprising manner. In one wall at Silchester, from which much force was needed to wrench out a large flint, the mortar was found friable behind the flint in the middle of the wall, and here there were worm-burrows. In his examination of these ruins, Mr. Darwin was assisted by the late Rev. J. G. Joyce; and we cannot mention this gentleman's name without paying a tribute of respect to his memory, both as an admirable country clergyman, and as one who rendered valuable services to archæological science. Mr. Darwin says that both Mr. Joyce and his own sons were surprised at the blackness of the mortar in this and other instances, and at the presence of the mould in the interior of the walls. Open spaces, however, would almost certainly have been occasionally left between the large and irregular flints, and the worms would fill up these spaces with their castings as soon as they were able to penetrate the wall. Mr. Darwin adds, that Mr. Joyce was at first very sceptical about the amount of work attributed to the worms; but he ended his notes with reference to the wall just mentioned by saying: 'This case caused me more surprise and brought more conviction to me than any other. I should have said, and did say, that it was quite impossible such a wall could have been penetrated by earth-worms.' But the principal method by which worms have buried these buildings appears to have been by simply bringing up earth from below them and depositing

depositing it on their surface, and this has operated in a twofold manner. The withdrawal of earth from below has gradually undermined the supporting ground; the worm-burrows have continually collapsed, and thus the stones have gradually subsided. The process may be seen in the gradual sinking of heavy stones like those at Stonehenge, and a paved walk will often subside in the same manner within the course of a few years. These observations, in short, abundantly bear out Mr. Darwin's conclusions, as stated in the following passage (p. 228):—

‘The cases given in this chapter show that worms have played a considerable part in the burial and concealment of several Roman and other old buildings in England; but no doubt the washing down of soil from the neighbouring higher lands, and the deposition of dust, have together aided largely in the work of concealment. Dust would be apt to accumulate wherever old broken-down walls projected a little above the then existing surface, and thus afforded some shelter. The floors of the old rooms, halls, and passages, have generally sunk, partly from the settling of the ground, but chiefly from having been undermined by worms; and the sinking has commonly been greater in the middle than near the walls. The walls themselves, whenever their foundations do not lie at a great depth, have been penetrated and undermined by worms, and have consequently subsided. The unequal subsidence thus caused probably explains the great cracks which may be seen in many ancient walls, as well as their inclination from the perpendicular.’

But perhaps the most remarkable view of the importance of worms is afforded by the part which it is evident from the previous facts that they must have played, and which they must still be playing, in assisting the great geological operation of the denudation of land. Now that the successive geological formations have been mapped and measured, calculations are possible, like one made by Ramsay, who showed in 1846 that in Wales from 9000 to 11,000 feet in thickness of solid rock had been stripped off from the face of the country. Until the last twenty or thirty years, the waves of the sea were regarded as having been the chief agents in this vast work of denudation; but Mr. Darwin says, ‘we may now feel sure that air and rain, aided by streams and rivers, are much more powerful agents—that is, if we consider the whole area of the land.’ Now the worms partly triturate the earth within their gizzards, and thus reduce it to a condition in which wind and water can act upon it; but they also assist the disintegration of various kinds of rocks by the acids which are generated in their bodies during the digestive process, and which are afterwards expelled with their castings. As the entire mass of the mould of any field,
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with some amount of earth not yet reduced to that condition, passes in the course of a few years through the alimentary canals of worms, minute fragments of rocks of many kinds, and mere particles in the soil, are continually exposed to the chemical decomposition thus mentioned, and the amount of soil tends constantly to increase. By the work of the worms, in fact, the mould is in constant though slow movement, and the particles composing it are thus rubbed together. 'By these means,' Mr. Darwin concludes,

'fresh surfaces are continually exposed to the action of the carbonic acid in the soil, and of the humus-acids which appear to be still more efficient in the decomposition of rocks. The generation of the humus-acids is probably hastened during the digestion of the many half-decayed leaves which worms consume. Thus the particles of earth, forming the superficial mould, are subjected to conditions eminently favourable for their decomposition and disintegration. Moreover, the particles of the softer rocks suffer some amount of mechanical trituration in the muscular gizzards of worms, in which small stones serve as mill-stones.

'The finely levigated castings, when brought to the surface in a moist condition, flow during rainy weather down any moderate slope; and the smaller particles are washed far down even a gently inclined surface. Castings when dry often crumble into small pellets, and these are apt to roll down any sloping surface. Where the land is quite level and is covered with herbage, and where the climate is humid, so that much dust cannot be blown away, it appears at first sight impossible that there should be any appreciable amount of sub-aerial denudation; but worm-castings are blown, especially whilst moist and viscid, in one uniform direction by the prevalent winds which are accompanied by rain. By these several means the superficial mould is prevented from accumulating to a great thickness; and a thick bed of mould checks in many ways the disintegration of the underlying rocks and fragments of rock.'

Among the most careful of the experiments recorded in this volume are some which were designed to estimate the result of the removal of worm-castings by the means above described. It was found that on a surface with a mean inclination of about ten degrees, 240 cubic inches of earth ejected by worms would cross in the course of a year a horizontal line one hundred yards in length, an amount which would weigh in a damp state nearly twelve pounds. A considerable amount of earth is thus continually moving down each side of every valley, and in time reaches its bed and is carried by the river flowing through it into the ocean. It is known from the amount of sediment annually discharged into the sea by the Mississippi, that its enormous drainage area is being steadily lowered

lowered by $\cdot 00263$ of an inch each year—a rate which would suffice in four and a half million years to lower the whole area to the level of the seashore. So that, if a small fraction of the layer of fine earth which is annually brought to the surface by worms is carried away, ‘a great result cannot fail to be produced within a period which no geologist considers extremely long.’

Not less interesting and useful, however, though on a less stupendous scale, is the work performed by worms in preparing the ground for cultivation. By periodically exposing the mould to the air, by sifting it so that no stones larger than the particles which they can swallow are left in it, and by mingling the whole intimately together, they do the very work which a gardener would prescribe in preparing fine soil for his choicest plants. ‘The bones of dead animals, the harder parts of insects, the shells of land molluscs, leaves and twigs, are before long all buried beneath the accumulated castings of worms, and are thus brought in a more or less decayed state within reach of the roots of plants.’ The leaves worms drag into their burrows are torn into the finest shreds, partially digested, saturated with their secretions, and then commingled with earth; and it is this earth which forms the so-called vegetable mould. Add to this, that worm-burrows very probably aid materially in the drainage of the soil, allow the air to penetrate deeply into the ground, and facilitate the downward passage of roots. Seeds, moreover, often owe their germination to having been covered by castings, and others are buried until they are accidentally uncovered at some future time, and then germinate. Not the least striking passage in the book is the following paragraph, with which Mr. Darwin concludes it:—

‘When we behold a wide, turf-covered expanse, we should remember that its smoothness, on which so much of its beauty depends, is mainly due to all the inequalities having been slowly levelled by worms. It is a marvellous reflection that the whole of the superficial mould over any such expanse has passed, and will again pass, every few years through the bodies of worms. The plough is one of the most ancient and most valuable of man’s inventions; but long before he existed the land was in fact regularly ploughed, and still continues to be thus ploughed, by earth-worms. It may be doubted whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world, as have these lowly organised creatures. Some other animals, however, still more lowly organised, namely corals, have done far more conspicuous work in having constructed innumerable reefs and islands in the great oceans; but these are almost confined to the tropical zones.’

Such

Such are the main results of this mature and masterly contribution to Natural History. It will be seen that its excellence and its value consist not merely in the sagacity and genius with which a most unexpected and, as some thought, far-fetched idea has been worked out, but in the patience and persistency with which the idea has been verified by incontestable experiments and observations. Mr. Darwin is here on the strongest ground of his genius. He tells us not merely, as in some other of his writings, what he can conceive may be done by forces of which he can partially follow the operation, but what beyond question actually is done. There can no longer be any doubt that the insignificant creatures, which have been proverbially quoted as types of worthlessness, and degradation, have rendered, and are still rendering, incalculable services to the human race and to the development of the surface of the earth and of the history of the world. The perpetual emblem of mortality and destruction—'The worm is spread under thee and the worms cover thee' (Is. xiv. 11)—is found to be also a regenerative power in nature. We cannot but conclude with one suggestion, which seems naturally to arise out of such a wonderful narrative. Is the accomplishment of such enormous results by an agency so insignificant, but at the same time so exactly adapted to the work to be done, explicable on any other supposition than that of positive design? It is observable that in this book we do not find any suggestion of the influences by which so singular an agency can have been evolved by natural selection. These infinitely numerous little ploughs seem to be expressly provided to prepare the earth for the sustentation of plants and of other animal life, and for no other purpose whatever. We can remember no more vivid illustration of the old argument which infers, from the perfect adaptation of means to ends, the action throughout nature of a Divine wisdom and will.

ART. VI.—*The Comte de Montlosier et le Gallicanisme.* Par A. Bardoux. 1 vol. Paris, 1881.

THE traveller who, on his road from Clermont-Ferrand to Mont-Dore on the 20th of July, 1827, happened to pass Randanne at three o'clock in the afternoon, would have witnessed a strange spectacle. On the green platform, where the road divides, he would have seen with astonishment an old man standing with head uncovered. Behind him, motionless, seven couples of oxen harnessed to seven ploughs, six hundred sheep, and fifty cows. The old man was looking anxiously in the direction of Mont-Dore. Suddenly, on this side, a cloud of dust. A carriage in the cloud, and in the carriage a great lady. The old man made some steps in advance as if the carriage were about to stop. The carriage did not stop: the great lady did no more than bend her head: the old man, disconcerted and pensive, descended into the valley with his ploughs, his sheep, and his cows, which seemed to conform to his melancholy thoughts. Who was this old man, who was this great lady?*

The old man was the Comte de Montlosier: the great lady was the Dauphine of France. He had come to offer her the hospitality of his country-seat; and a cold haughty bend of the head in passing was his reward. He had been through life the champion of the altar and the throne, but he had resisted (what he thought) the too close and dangerous conjunction of the two. He had loyally served the restored House of Bourbon, but not precisely in the manner in which they expected to be served. He could not and would not shut his eyes to the constantly accumulating errors which precipitated their fall. The acts and writings by which he had made his mark in history were an indignant and irritating protest against their policy. Nor were the members of this House alone in their repudiation of his counsels or his aid. His adherence to party had always been limited and qualified, like his allegiance to the Crown. He had more than one impracticable theory of government, which he was wont to press for adoption in season and out of season. His prejudices militated against his judgment and his principles. His antipathies were stronger than his sympathies. His very force and originality of character isolated him; and his differences with his contemporaries not unfrequently recal the juryman who complained of having been shut up with eleven obstinate fellows who would not listen to reason:

* 'Revue Politique et Littéraire de la France et de l'étranger,' No. 10.

'In short, 't was his fate, unemploy'd, or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.'

He was fully aware of his peculiarities. In the Introduction to his Memoirs, he even relies upon them as a recommendation: 'The singularity of the facts will perhaps find favour for the singularity of my opinions.' Another attractive feature is their variety:

'It is my entire life that is about to be laid before the reader. My youth, my studies, my first faults: the States General, the Constituent Assembly, the emigration, the campaign of Champagne, my stay at Brussels, my relations with the Court of Vienna, my departure for London, my residence in England, my writings, my journal, my mission to the First Consul, my return to France, the sacrifice of my London journal, my admission to the Foreign Office, my work of "*La Monarchie Française*," my travels in Switzerland, my correspondence with Buonaparte, my travels in Italy, the First Restoration, my want of favour, the Hundred Days, the Second Restoration, a mark of bounty from Louis XVIII., my establishment at Randanne, various political works in continuation of "*La Monarchie Française*," the irruption of Jesuits, at first secret, then open and avowed, the detailed revelation of the system of congregations, the publication of the "*Mémoire à Consulter*" and some other writings on this subject, my dismissal (*élimination*) from the Foreign Office.—I group thus, to give a general idea of them, the principal points of the career I am about to survey.'

He rarely treats of an event or a transaction without investing it with an air of novelty, or comes into contact with a celebrity without carrying off a fresh trait or two in the shape of an anecdote or *bon mot*; and sooner or later he was brought in contact with most of the celebrities of three generations—with Voltaire, D'Alembert, Necker, Lafayette, Siéyès, Mirabeau, Mallet du Pan, Malouet, Burke, Windham, Napoleon, Louis XVIII., Charles X., Madame de Staël, Madame Recamier, Benjamin Constant, Chateaubriand, and a host of others. Unluckily, the larger and more important portion of his Memoirs are only known to us by description or report. 'On becoming a peer of France,' says M. Bardoux, 'Montlosier published, in 1832, two volumes of his Memoirs; but he left ready for publication two other volumes, on which, thanks to the obliging communication of his grandson, we have been able to draw abundantly.' The two volumes (now before us) were published in 1830, under the title of '*Mémoires de M. le Comte de Montlosier, sur la Révolution Française, le Consulat, l'Empire, et la Restauration, 1755-1830.*' These bring us down to his departure from Paris after the dissolution of the National Assembly in 1792. We

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are dependent upon M. Bardoux for the rest, and the manner in which he has performed his delicate task only adds to our regret that he did not feel authorized to make a larger use of his opportunities.

Our hero was born at Clermont in Auvergne, on the 16th of April, 1755, the year (he does not fail to record) of the Lisbon earthquake. He disclaims the designation of 'illustrious,' applied by a well-known writer to his family, which, he says, was simply noble. 'Their principal possessions were on the site of the ancient volcanoes of Puy de Dôme, and consisted of two estates, yielding a moderate revenue, with the title of baron.' He does not mention the family name (Reynaud), nor how he, a younger son, became Comte de Montlosier. His grandfather, after doing military service in the ban and arrière ban under Louis XIV., took a fancy to the daughter of his bailiff, who had been placed in an abbey under the protection of the Church. The Baron, with the assistance of his friends, made a breach in the wall and carried her off into the mountains, where they duly became man and wife. We are assured that this had been, time immemorial, an established usage in Auvergne and several other provinces: that there were few marriages of gentlemen at this epoch which were not made in the same manner: that the agreement of the parents and the engaged couple mattered nothing; and that a damsel with pretensions did not consider herself properly treated if her lover neglected to carry her off. The laws against this mode of wooing (which, we need hardly say, was not confined to France) were as severe as those against duelling, and were similarly set at nought:—

'In the morning the judge, formally obeying the ordonnance, condemned the gentleman to be hanged, which he was in effigy. In the evening, the condemned criminal and the judge supped together, laughing together at the sentence and the crime. Madame de Sévigné, I believe, has narrated an incident of this kind. This is all I know of my grandfather, except that his end was unhappy. He was assassinated in a popular tumult which he was trying to repress.'

Montlosier was the youngest of twelve children, and his father, who died when he was thirteen, appears to have taken little pains with his education, beyond placing him at a college or school under the Jesuits, who were suppressed by Royal edict in 1764. 'This was the great event of my life. Except my father, who laughed at it, all the family regarded their suppression as the beginning of the end of the world.' The professors by whom they were replaced inspired little confidence, and tacitly permitted the students to neglect the regular studies of the

the place. He fell into a course of desultory reading, and the eagerness with which he threw himself upon subject after subject is shown by the manner in which his imagination was successively caught by them. The histories of battles, like those of Turenne and Condé, filled him with military ardour, and he set his schoolfellows playing at soldiers, like Napoleon at Brienne. He was then so carried away by stories of famous robbers, that, he says, if Schiller's celebrated drama had come in his way, he should probably have taken to the forest or the road. He was next bitten with sorcery, and engaged seven or eight of the boys to join him in raising the devil by the sacrifice of a black hen and a black cat, which gave timely alarm by mewling. He had a fit of devotion, during which, such was his personal ascendancy, he made several converts, some of whom, older than himself, actually went the length of adopting him for their father-confessor and submitting to the penances enjoined by him. This state of feeling was crossed by an attachment of the tenderer kind; and, alarmed at its probable effects on his piety, he repaired for consolation and advice to the priest who had first brought him acquainted with the comforts of religion. The priest owned with a sigh that he was no longer in a position to guide a penitent, being on the point of quitting his holy office on account of a somewhat similar entanglement which had attracted the notice of his superiors. Seeing his best chance of extrication in absence, Montlosier suddenly resolves on joining the army and announces his resolution to his mother, who reluctantly consents, and he starts for Paris with a relation. After several unsuccessful applications, he obtains a commission in an Auvergne regiment of militia, which delighted him, absence having failed to effect the anticipated cure:—

‘By this arrangement I remained in my mountains, from which my heart was bent on not absolutely separating. After some stay in Paris, the immensity of which struck me more than its beauty, I returned to Auvergne. I there adopted without reluctance a monotonous course of life, which I preferred a hundred times to the noisy life I had just quitted.’

The explanation of a state of mind so unusual at his age was that he had formed one of the *liaisons* common at the period. The influence of his fair friend in the correspondence, which is all we know of their intimacy, is uniformly exerted for his good. Instead of flattering his vanity, she inculcates his duties and indicates his faults. She particularly urges him to mix more with the world and adapt himself to its habits. He follows her advice, and, after taking lessons in dancing and fencing, he consents to be presented at the leading houses of the provincial

provincial capital; where, however, he finds nothing improving or attractive, nothing but what strikes him as empty and frivolous in the extreme. As he made no secret of his impressions, he naturally excited much ill-feeling in society, and one of the *merveilleux* (as the fine gentlemen or dandies of the day were termed), a celebrated duellist, took occasion to make him the butt of some offensive raillery, which was flung back with interest:—

‘On the instant a meeting was agreed upon—for the middle of the night and without witnesses: he made two thrusts which I parried: I gave him one which seemed to me to have told: however, he took no heed of it, and continuing to assail me, wounded me in the arm. I could not defend myself: I had only the fragment of a sword: instead of hitting him, as I believed, my sword had encountered his watch and was broken. The affair went no further, but it saved me in future from a number of sarcasms, which my singularity in many respects might have provoked. Almost at the same time I had an adventure of another kind which made a great deal of noise: this was with my *curé*.’

His philosophical studies had somewhat weakened his faith; but, to please his mother, he regularly-observed his religious duties. When he attended the midnight mass on Christmas Day, his servant brought him a chair into the choir, on which he knelt during the ceremony. This offended the *curé*, who, at the morning mass, after a long sermon against sacrilege, caused the chair to be brought back into the choir, surrounded it with lighted tapers, offered up sundry prayers of exorcism, and exhorted all present to prostrate themselves and say a *Pater* and an *Ave* in expiation of the crime. Montlosier did not hear of this till the following Sunday. On entering the church and finding the *curé* preparing to ascend the altar, he anticipated him, and, by way of paying him off in his own coin, began a sermon or discourse, in which, after eulogizing his former virtue and wisdom, he deplored the sudden loss of the good man’s reason, and called on all present to join in a *Pater* and an *Ave* for his recovery. ‘My mother was in despair; all the town was in agitation; all the advocates and legists were in consultation as to the legality of my proceeding. What is most remarkable, all the clergy were on my side; they did not approve my preaching at the *curé*, but they blamed him for having by a real wrong provoked this impropriety. Censured and disgusted, he resigned.’

Family affairs, the conduct of which was entrusted to him young as he was, occasionally required his presence at Paris. One of his visits to the capital was contemporaneous with the arrival

arrival of Voltaire. Mingling with the crowd that pressed to see him on his way to a solemn reception by the Academy, Montlosier was actually flung upon his shoulders, and withdrew covered with the powder of his peruke without having caught a glimpse of his features.* He saw the illustrious poet the same evening at the theatre, at the representation of 'Irene.' He had two interviews with D'Alembert, at one of which D'Alembert administered a becoming rebuke to a young man who, on being complimented on the solution of a mathematical problem, exclaimed, 'Ah! what I desire is to be a member of the Academy.' 'Sir,' said D'Alembert, 'this is just what, with these dispositions, you will never be. Science must be loved for its own sake, not for the sake of its attendant advantages; there is no other mode of making progress in it.'

On his way to and from Paris, Montlosier was wont to pay long visits to a wealthy widow at Fontainebleau, a distant connection, who at length became seriously attached to him and through a relative proposed marriage. Her income (50,000 livres a year) would, he admits, have been highly convenient, and, although double his age, she was well preserved; but he dreaded her temper, and thought it only fair to tell her that, owing to a pre-existing tie, he could make no due return for the gift of her heart. No such considerations, however, were allowed to stand in the way of the marriage which he contracted at twenty-six with a widow past forty, who was the possessor of a farm formerly belonging to the Reynaud family, in which his infancy had been passed.

'I was not in love with her or her fortune, but with this rather wild place, which had a fine fountain, fine trees planted by my father, and recalled the happy days of my childhood. The obscurity and mediocrity of the resulting condition did not repel me in the least. I had neither hesitation nor regrets on this account. After all, I was about to have a house and domestics of my own, having hitherto had nothing but what I occupied in common with my brothers. I made up my mind; my marriage was fixed.'

His wife was an affectionate, simple-minded woman, who let him have his own way in all domestic arrangements. With the aid of an intelligent bailiff, he undertook the management of the farm, with a stock of forty horned cattle and five hundred sheep. At the same time he made a careful study of the

* This incident is mentioned without naming Montlosier in the latest and most complete *Life of Voltaire*: 'A young man, a stranger in the city, was thrown by the crowd upon the shoulders of the patriarch, and got down covered with powder from his wig without having had the pleasure of seeing him.'—(*Life of Voltaire*. By James Paton, vol. ii. p. 588.)

geological formation of the district, and collected materials for his '*Essai sur la Théorie des Volcans d'Auvergne*,' published in 1789. It was republished in 1801 as a bookselling speculation without his consent, and is still, we believe, regarded as a work of reputation and authority amongst geologists.

In the interval between his marriage and his entrance into public life, about seven years, his range of reading was immense; embracing, besides a comprehensive course of philosophy, everything bearing on his favourite subject—the early monarchical and feudal institutions of France: his fixed idea being, that the best hope of the nation lay in a return to them in their original simplicity. He was also a follower of Mesmer, and, according to his own account, effected some wonderful cures by magnetism. The approach of the Revolution was signalized by the dissensions of private life and the quarrels of society in the provinces, as well as by the incipient disturbances of the capital. A dispute with a relative led to a duel, which was something more than an affair of parade. 'The encounter was very animated. My sword, a bad one, bent twice against his breast. I received two wounds, one in the face, which cut open my under lip, another, slight, in the arm. I received a third in the wrist, which divided the artery and left me without defence. I never liked duels: this one less than any other.' We shall find him engaged in five or six more before we have done with him. In illustration of the popular feeling, he states that on his way to Paris, every time he came across a herd of deer, the peasants would cry out: '*Voilà la noblesse*'—referring to the damage done to their fences and crops by the deer. He dines at Necker's, and thus describes his impression of Madame, the onewhile beloved of Gibbon:—

'She was a tall thin woman, of a dry dignity and a measured politeness. She appeared to me to have the mind and the bearing befitting her position. All this, however (I will own my childishness), occupied me less than a strange peculiarity which I will mention. As I sat opposite to her at table, each time she said a word I thought I remarked something glittering in her mouth. Teased by this singularity, I kept my eyes fixed on her. At last I discovered that it was a gold wire of considerable size. Her old teeth had apparently got loosened in their sockets. To sustain them, she had taken it into her head to fasten them in this manner.'

The dentist's art was then in its infancy, and it is told of Louis XV. that, looking round a circle of courtiers and contemporaries, he asked: 'Has anybody got any teeth?'

'Immediately after dinner,' he continues, 'I saw a meagre mean-looking fellow come up to her to solicit the place of manager in one

of the hospitals of which she had the direction. I learnt that the applicant was a member of the *tiers*, deputy for Arras, named Robespierre. The face struck me by its singularity: nothing about him led me to presage his future destiny.'

Of Madame de Staël at this time he says that he thought her face ugly without being disagreeable. 'Fine black eyes, an animated and sparkling conversation, diverted attention from her features.' He struck up an intimacy with Siéyès, who proposed and got him elected at the Club de Valois. It required only a very short experience of the States-General to convince him they would prove unmanageable, and that, unless the pretensions of the third order could be checked, it would infallibly absorb the other two. The tone of the courtiers and the military about the Court was openly hostile and confident. As Montlosier was crossing the terrace at Versailles, the Comte d'Espindral, standing in the midst of a numerous group of officers, called to him: 'These officers were talking of the pleasure they should have in throwing all this frippery (*prétintaille*) of States-General out of window, saying: *Ils nous en ont bien fait, mais cette fois nous avons aiguisé nos couteaux.*' ('They have got the better of us, but this time we have sharpened our knives').

Although not yet a member, he took his seat day after day in the chamber of the *tiers état* without being once questioned as to his right, and he was present at some remarkable scenes. He adopts the popular version of Mirabeau's famous apostrophe to the Grand Master of the Ceremonies: 'Go tell your master that we are here by the will of the people, and that we will only be driven out by bayonets.' A much mitigated version was given by the son of the Grand Master, the Marquis de Dreux Brèze, in the Chamber of Peers in 1833.

Montlosier records some interesting conversations with Lafayette, who, pointing to the improvised army of Paris, of which he had been named commander, remarked, 'You see those men there; they grant me honours rather than obedience: I appear here as the chief: I am far from being the master.' On another occasion, referring to the court circle at Versailles, he said, 'They are angry with me in high places because I sometimes speak to them the language I have learnt at Boston, and which will soon be spoken through all Europe.' 'Since you are looking for comparisons,' suggested Montlosier, 'had you not better cite England, where one finds at least a chamber of peers?' He replied, 'A chamber of peers in England! Within six months there will be none.' 'You believe that?'—'It is as sure as that I am now going to dine with Madame de Tessé.' 'This prevision,'

prevision,' adds Montlosier, 'has not been realized, but, in truth, it was nearly so, as will be seen when I give an account of the condition in which I found England in 1794.'

He returns to Auvergne soon after the taking of the Bastille (July 14) to attend an assembly of the nobles convoked to fill some vacancies in the representation. The preceding assembly was attended by three hundred; hardly eighty appeared at the second. Without influence at first, he had now, fresh from the centre of intelligence, suddenly become a man of importance and authority. He was elected provisionally to fill the place of a noble who had tendered his resignation; and on the resignation being formally completed, he took his seat in the National Assembly towards the end of September, 1790.

Marked changes had taken place during his absence; one of the first members whom he met in the lobby told him: 'You are come here perhaps in search of liberty: you will find tyrants.' The Liberal-Conservatives, or Constitutionalists, like Mounier, Lally-Tollendal, Malouet, Clermont-Tonnerre, and Virieu, whom he had left eager for progress and unconsciously promoting disorder, he found 'alarmed, distressed, not knowing where to turn nor what to do for liberty, for the King, for themselves.' Siéyès had just uttered his famous phrase: 'You wish to be free; you do not know how to be just;' and when Montlosier asked him what he thought of the Assembly, he replied, bending down, '*Caverne, s'y jeter, y demeurer*' (a cave to throw yourself in, to remain in), and continued his walk. Montlosier joined the moderate Royalists, and speedily attracted attention by his resolute attitude, spirit, and tone. Thus, when motions for leave of absence were becoming frequent, Rewbell moved for a return of the absentees, urging that this was the more important because it was bruited abroad that many had absented themselves from poltroonery. The Duc de Caylus rose and said, 'I am one of those who have demanded leave of absence: I beg the preceding speaker to come to me individually and tell me whether he suspects me of poltroonery.' Then, according to the '*Moniteur*,' as Rewbell was leaving the Tribune, Montlosier addressed him, 'Is it you, sir, who accuse the members of the Assembly of poltroonery?' Rewbell stole away, and took refuge amongst the Left. This is the same Rewbell who, in the Directory, flung an inkstand at Talleyrand's head, exclaiming, 'Vil émigré, tu n'as pas le sens plus droit que le pied.'

When Montlosier was pressed to cultivate a talent for oratory, he declined to take the trouble, for, he says, 'If I had perceived anything settled in the new order of things, if, as in England,

I had found before me a form of deliberative assembly, linked with a regular system of institutions, I should have had a prospect of service, a future of utility, to which I might have been able to attach myself. But for myself alone, for a few days' petty reputation, for the trivial successes of the *salon*, I could never, like Maury or Cazalès, have undertaken such a task.' He might have seen, from the example of Mirabeau, that something more than an ephemeral reputation, that real power capable of being used for high purposes, was to be acquired by oratory. Yet without study or preparation he once obtained an oratorical success equal to the best of Mirabeau's. It was in January 1791, when the ecclesiastical members of the Assembly refused to take the oath of fidelity to the nation except with the reserve of things spiritual. The question having been referred to an ecclesiastical committee, Montlosier moved in mockery that Rabaut de Saint-Etienne and Barnave should be added to it. Then, he says, seeing (what was now rare) that a little attention was vouchsafed to me, I added:—

'I do not believe, Messieurs, do what you will, that you will succeed in forcing the bishops to quit their sees. If they are driven from their palaces, they will take refuge in the huts of the poor they have fed. If their cross of gold is wrested from them, they will take a cross of wood. *It is a cross of wood that has saved the world.*'

The impression produced by these words was remarkable. The Assembly was hushed into a dead silence which lasted several minutes. There was another memorable occasion on which he struck in with emphatic brevity. Petitions had been presented from the Jacobin clubs praying for the disbandment of the army, and were about to be considered when he rose and said, 'Messieurs, instead of the disbandment of the army, I demand the disbandment of the clubs.' The Right supported him to a man, but his motion was contemptuously set aside.

His remarks on this phase of the Revolution, and his analysis of the motives of the principal actors, are suggestive and generally sound. He speedily became impressed with the hopelessness of bringing the extreme parties to a compromise. The *bourgeoisie*, represented by the *tiers état*, would accept nothing short of complete equality, and the privileged classes could never be brought to give up the notion that everything might be set right by a timely resort to force. He adopts and illustrates the theory, that men are more frequently swayed by vanity and self-love than by their interests, well or ill-understood. The real levellers, he contends, were not the lower orders, but the *élite* of the middle class, who, with all the advantages

advantages of wealth and education, were placed under a social ban by the accident of birth. The most rational and best disposed amongst them went with the rest on this question of equality.

'We had in our ranks on the Right a certain number of members of the *tiers* who, in all questions of religion, of the clergy, of monarchy and public order, were accustomed to vote with us. The moment the suppression of the nobles came on, several of them ran over to the Left. I held back one, a particular acquaintance, by the flap of his coat. It was well nigh left in my hand, as he tore himself away exclaiming, "I am not for the noblesse!"'

It was envy rather than dislike that lay at the root of this hostility. Towards the commencement of the emigration, some of Montlosier's noble friends were complaining to a citizen of Amiens, of the hardness of their lot in being expatriated. 'You think yourselves objects of pity,' was his remark. 'I have thirty thousand livres a year, and I would give it all to be in the same position as you.' The abolition of their order was advocated by the most illustrious of its members, Mathieu de Montmorency and the Vicomte de Noailles, who asked triumphantly, 'Do we speak of the Marquis Franklin, the Count Washington, the Baron Fox? No, any more than they spoke at Rome of the Marquis Cicero, the Count Fabius, or the Baron Lentulus.' A comic instance of the incidental support given by men of rank to the Democrats was supplied to Montlosier by the Count de Biancourt the day after the deputation of Anacharsis Clootz: '*Parbleu*, an amusing thing has just occurred to me. One of these ambassadors of the human race came to me this morning, and asked me for twelve francs. I asked by what title. He replied that it was he who had played the Chaldean. He took me for the Duc de Liancourt.'

Shortly before the flight to Varennes, Montlosier published his '*Essai sur l'Art de constituer le Peuple*.' In the Introduction, admitting the fatal errors that had been committed, he maintained that the French were still capable of better things. 'Give this people a good constitution, and it will become strong; introduce order into its government, and you will introduce order into its ideas. The French, it is said, need wisdom, therefore they do not need liberty. Then, say I, they need liberty to become wise.' The constitution he proposed was to be monarchical and aristocratic, comprising an hereditary and a representative chamber—in fact, a constitution like that of England. Of course it pleased neither party. The bare notion of an hereditary chamber was spurned by the Left, and that

of

of a popular representation of any sort was rejected by the Right.

The fatuity of the pure royalists was betrayed by one of their organs in the 'Journal de la Cour et de la Ville,' which on the morning of the King's departure (June 21, 1791) announced: 'Those who wish to be comprehended in the amnesty of the Prince de Condé may have their names inscribed in our bureau till the end of August. We shall only except one hundred and fifty persons, whose names and descriptions will be given very shortly.' A month after the fugitive monarch had been brought back, Montlosier met an important personage who had just come from Madame Elizabeth and Madame Campan. Madame Elizabeth's words, as repeated by this personage, were, 'M. de Lafayette really wishes to save us? We, above all, wish to be saved from M. de Lafayette.'

The Essay was highly recommended by Necker and Burke, and he published a second edition, which he sent to all the courts of Europe. This was followed by one entitled 'De la Nécessité d'une Contre-Révolution,' which was denounced from the tribune by Dupont. Chiefly owing to this denunciation, it had an immense success. 'The publisher, to whom I gave it, told me he had sold twenty thousand copies, and immediately afterwards I published another Essay entitled, "Des Moyens de Contre-Révolution." In the former I spoke to all the passions, in the latter to all the reason. It had little success.' This project of effecting a counter-revolution by appealing to the good sense of the nation, was about as practicable as catching sparrows by putting salt upon their tails.

When he entered the Assembly, he had a strong prejudice against Malouet, whose champion he unexpectedly found himself. Malouet's name having been mentioned at a meeting of deputies, a M. Huguet (of the Left) exclaimed, addressing Montlosier, 'Your M. Malouet is no better than an *intrigant*.' Montlosier retorted: 'Understand, Sir, that M. Malouet, whom you are insulting without cause, is no more an *intrigant* than you are a rascal (*fripon*).' This led to a challenge, and a meeting the next day in the Bois de Boulogne. 'The combat was long and obstinate. At last I gave him a thrust in the lower part of the stomach which went completely through him. He fell: we thought him dead: his wound, however, did not prove mortal: he recovered completely in three months.'

Montlosier saw a good deal of the Abbé Maury, whose readiness of repartee more than once proved an effectual safeguard in an emergency. It was he who, pursued by an excited crowd shouting 'à la lanterne! à la lanterne!' turned round to them

them and asked, pointing to a lamp over his head, 'Well, if I were à la lanterne, would you see the clearer?' The hooting was converted into applause. We cannot venture to reprint his famous reply to the Dames de la Halle. He was a man of herculean strength, and finding himself followed by an itinerant newsvender vociferously offering for sale a broad-sheet, entitled 'Grande Trahison de l'Abbé Maury,' he turned round, seized the man by the collar, and dragged him, struggling, to the nearest guardhouse, where he handed him over to the officer, saying: 'Sir, as deputy and citizen, I charge you with the custody of this scoundrel, who has been following me in the street with a defamatory libel.' Again, the public laughed and cheered. On one occasion his fondness for a joke led the Abbé into a serious scrape. After the enforced return of the King, there was a mania against everything royal: the very word was proscribed. In the Abbé's neighbourhood there was a furrier, whose sign was a tiger with the words: 'Au tigre royal.' 'Unhappy man,' exclaimed Maury, 'what are you about? Do you wish to be stoned to death? Do you not know that the word *royal* is everywhere effaced, and is to be replaced by *national*?' The poor furrier was simple enough to act upon this advice, and the next day the inscription was changed into 'Au tigre national.' The whole quarter was in tumult, and the furrier laid the blame on the Abbé, who was obliged to hide himself for some time.

On the dissolution of the National Assembly, Montlosier, thinking a resort to arms inevitable, resolved to join the first flight of emigrants at Coblenz. He made no secret of his intention, for, on applying to the treasurer of the Assembly for the travelling expenses to which each member was entitled for his home journey, instead of specifying the number of posts to Clermont, he thought it fairer to mention Coblenz as his destination. 'I have nothing to do with that,' said the treasurer, an avowed democrat, 'I have only to learn where you are going.' The published autobiography breaks off at this point. We have henceforth to rely for our materials on the memoirs of his contemporaries and on what reaches us, through M. Bardoux, of the unpublished continuation of his own.

With the first emigrants, ultras to a man, he had few sympathies and hardly a principle in common, for in their eyes a constitutional monarchy was little better than a republic. It was said of them that those who had arrived at Coblenz on the Monday looked down on those who arrived on Tuesday, who in their turn affected an air of superiority to those who arrived on Wednesday. The most eloquent defender of monarchy was Cazalès;

Cazalès; but he had latterly favoured the project of the 'Two Chambers,' and when he was expected at Coblenz, several who had preceded him went one after the other to the landlord of the hotel where he had engaged a room, to state that he must absolutely have two. This was meant and taken as something more serious than a practical joke. Montlosier's reception was in the same spirit, although he was invited to supper by the Princes, and saw enough of their society to impress him with its frivolity. What struck him most at this supper, was Madame de Balbi coquetting with the Chevalier de Puysegur. 'Their conversation was very animated, and, seated near them, I could easily hear that pretty trifling which was only known at Paris and in the eighteenth century. It was impossible to be more profuse in every sort of futility, and to give to nothings more amiability and grace.'

The result of this visit to Coblenz was expressed in a sentence: 'I had nothing to say to those who would listen to nothing.' In less than two months he was again in Paris, when he made it his principal care to ascertain the remaining chances of the monarchy. With this view, he presented himself boldly wherever the turns of opinion could be caught. At the theatre, during the representation of the popular piece 'Charles IX.,' he was recognized and assailed with cries of 'À Coblenz! à Coblenz!' His appearance in the tribunes of the Assembly led to no hostile demonstration, and many of his former colleagues in the Constituent Assembly came to talk to him. One day he got into discussion with Alquier, to whom he frankly owned that he had been to Coblenz, and should possibly return there before long. 'You are right,' replied Alquier, 'what could you do here? A man of your birth cannot now be elsewhere than at Coblenz, and with the Princes. If I were a noble, I should do like you. We members of the *tiers état* were in a degraded condition; the means of elevating ourselves have been given us: we have done it: it is the *raison d'être* of the Revolution.' Montlosier had several conferences with the moderate members of the Right, who still entertained hopes of saving the Throne; but they were met on one side by the extreme weakness and depression of the King, and on the other by the ignorant overweening confidence of the emigrants and Princes, favoured by the Queen. Besides the regular French ambassadors, there were then accredited to the principal Cabinets of Europe a private envoy of the King, an envoy of the Queen, and the representatives of the Princes:

'All these watched and thwarted each other at their pleasure. The unofficial envoys of the Princes assumed a haughty tone of superiority,

riority, and found no difficulty in discrediting every system of constitution or compromise, from whatever quarter it might come, and particularly the Two Chambers. In this respect their success was complete at Vienna and Berlin, and still more so at St. Petersburg. The most extravagant language was held, not only against the supporters of these systems, but even against the King himself. Some crack-brained people talked of nothing less than naming a Regent and declaring the Crown vacant.'

The emigrants had made up their minds, and openly declared, that a march on Paris would be a mere military promenade: that there would be no resistance, moral or material: and that, as for defiling themselves (*s'encanailler*) by contact with those scoundrels called Constitutionalists, 'Never!' 'The boots of Marshal de Binder, and the sword of the Great Frederic, would suffice.' The Abbé de Calonne was in high favour, because, on hearing that the King of Prussia was coming with fifty thousand men, he exclaimed: 'What is he going to do with all those? Fifteen hundred gentlemen will suffice to make the counter-revolution.' On the other hand, the Marquis de Bouillé was obliged to leave Coblenz for writing that the ancient régime was definitively condemned. The wonder is, that foreign courts were so fatally misled, and began the war in complete ignorance of the feelings and resources of the French nation.

Montlosier was distinctly warned that, if he came to Coblenz again, he would be thrown into the Rhine, and Malouet begged him to consider what good he could do by going. 'My place,' was his reply, 'is amongst the gentlemen of my province: they have named me their deputy: they have a right on my part to some return in the shape of gratitude and services.' One of the first persons of note, with whom he communicated on his arrival amongst the emigrants, was Mallet du Pan, who advised him to hold aloof from them: 'From all I see,' were his words, 'the Powers will do harm, our Princes will do no better. You have courage, they do not wish for it: you have wise views, they wish for them even less. On this account you will be kept out of everything and employed in nothing.' 'My friend,' replied Montlosier, 'as regards the final issue of the enterprise, I have the same fears as you. As regards my conduct, it is imperatively marked out. Neither you nor I can exactly foresee events. They may be of a nature to enlighten blindness and command reason; and then I have some comrades I can rely upon amongst the nobles of Auvergne.' The nobles of Auvergne held a meeting to decide whether he was to be admitted of their fraternity, and called

called upon him for an explanation of his opinions and his intentions. It was brief and to the point: 'As to the present and future state of France, if the Princes think fit to question me, I will tell them with pleasure what I know and what I think. As to my intentions, I have come as a private soldier to join my comrades and fight with them for the King and the country.' He was admitted, but not unanimously, and one of the dissentients, the Chevalier d'Ambly, protested in terms which provoked a challenge. The duel is thus described by Chateaubriand:

'Montlosier had continued celebrated on the reputation of his famous phrase of the cross of wood, a phrase a little damaged (*ratissée*) by me when I reproduced it, but true at bottom. On quitting France, he repaired to Coblenz: badly received by the Princes, he had a quarrel, fought a duel by night on the bank of the Rhine, and was run through the body. Not being able to stir, and seeing nothing, he asked the seconds if the point of the sword came out behind. "Full two inches," they replied, after feeling. "Then it is nothing," replied Montlosier; "Monsieur, withdraw your sword."'

When Chateaubriand joined the invading army at Trèves, he met with a similar reception. He was told that he was one of the waiters upon events: that he arrived when the victory was assured: that he was no longer wanted: that 'squadrons of cavalry were deserting daily: that the artillery was coming over in a body, and that if this went on there would be no knowing what to do with these people.' He was admitted to serve through the intervention of his cousin, who pleaded for him with the Breton nobles.

Although not a single man declared for the Royalists in the invaded provinces, the infatuation lasted till the retreat began; and to obviate the inconvenience of the anticipated rush, an order was issued along the whole line, before crossing the frontier, to refuse deserters who should present themselves. Montlosier received this order when he was on duty at an outpost. After the failure of the campaign, being pursued by some hussars, he took refuge with a German family near Königstein. The head of the establishment accosted him: 'You are probably some French lord. I can understand that the revolution is not to your taste. You must make the best of it. It is called the French Revolution: it had better be called the revolution of the world.'

If the hopes of the emigrants were temporarily damped by

* 'Mémoires d'Outre Tombe,' vol. ii. 117. In his 'Génie du Christianisme' Chateaubriand mentions the famous phrase as a specimen of eloquence produced by religion.

ill-success,

ill-success, the slightest turn of fortune sufficed to rekindle them. At Brussels, which became their headquarters after the battle of Neerwinden, they were heard triumphantly exclaiming: 'A few days, and we shall be in Paris!' One of the least extravagant happened to remark in the salon of Madame de Montregard that he was a partisan of the ancient régime without its abuses. 'Without its abuses!' exclaimed the hostess, 'but these were the cream of it.'

There was in this society an abbé who went by the name of the Abbé Roulé, because he had vowed to keep his hair *roulé* till the counter-revolution. He was wont to maintain that the arts and sciences were useless, and one day when Rivarol remarked that a certain error might have been avoided with *un peu d'esprit*. 'De *l'esprit*, de *l'esprit*,' interrupted the Abbé, 'it is *esprit* that has ruined us.' 'Why, then,' retorted Rivarol, 'did you not save us?' The Abbé appeared no more—not the first or last Frenchman extinguished by a *bon mot*.

In the course of a conference with the Baron de Breteuil, the Baron spoke of the revival of the Parliaments as indispensable. 'What!' exclaimed Montlosier, 'and the *lettres de cachet* too?' 'No doubt,' replied the Baron; 'in France it is impossible to govern without them.' Writing to Mallet du Pan at this time, Montlosier tells him, 'I have an idea, to which all ought to be subordinate: it is that the Jacobins have completely constituted the nation. They have applied to it a wonderful art, to which history will be obliged to give its attention. We must organize order in the same manner in which they have organized anarchy.' Again, to the same, in March, 1793: 'I shall have nearly five hundred louis at my disposal very shortly. I offer them to you with all my heart. If we were willing to give ourselves the trouble, and settle down at our ease in a tolerably free country, I believe we could easily command public opinion, and that we should have a great influence even in the direction of Cabinets. It is necessary in the first instance to provide ourselves with good and eligible correspondents.*' This was the germ of a project he afterwards attempted to carry out. In the 'Considérations sur la Nature de la Révolution,' Mallet du Pan did not spare the emigrants, who retaliated by threats and denunciations:

'Collected in groups in the Park, like the Jacobins in the Palais Royal, a few hundred hare-brained fellows, decorated with collars and crosses, could talk of nothing but hanging me after the counter-

* 'Memoirs and Correspondence of Mallet du Pan,' vol. i. p. 369.

revolution.

revolution. For the last ten days my unlucky pamphlet has been the subject of discussion in all circles. Women take violent part for or against it. However, victory has almost always remained with my party, which gains ground from day to day. Montlosier has been most useful : his warm friendship has carried him, armed at all points, over the breach.*

It was to have a look at these hare-brained fellows that Mallet du Pan resolved to run the gauntlet of the promenade in the Park, and Montlosier volunteered to accompany him. When they appeared, arm-in-arm, showing by look and bearing that they would stand no nonsense, there was some affected laughter and whispering as they passed, but no word or gesture which they felt called upon to resent. 'It is quite natural,' observed Mallet du Pan, 'that adversity should derange minds that have not been bred in it: quite natural that it should have given them neither a lesson nor an idea, nor a notion of anything.' This comes very near the well-known saying that the emigrants had neither learnt nor forgotten anything, which has been traced to a letter from the Chevalier de Panat to Mallet du Pan, dated London, January 1796; in which, speaking of the persons about the exiled Princes, he writes: 'We see all close at hand, and we sigh; no one has improved; no one has known how to forget or learn anything.' The German princes had got so sick of the emigrants, or grown so apprehensive of the danger of harbouring them, that on the signposts of their frontiers was inscribed: 'Emigrants and vagabonds are forbidden to pass further.' The only safe place of refuge was England, where Montlosier arrived towards the end of September, 1794. His first visit was to Burke. Their conversation was in French, and Montlosier reports Burke as complaining that he was not able to find in the emigration a leader equal to the circumstances. What Charles Butler reports him saying in August 1791 (also in French) was: 'That which now most drives me to despair is that when I hover (*plane*) in the political hemisphere, I hardly see a ministerial head equal to the circumstances.' The remark was not limited to the emigrants. On this occasion, when one of them asked him whether they should return to France, he replied: 'Never, false hopes are not the current coin that I keep in my drawer.' And, catching up the epithet *coquins* applied to the Republicans, '*Coquins!*' granted, but the most terrible *coquins* ever known to the world.'

Chateaubriand, who had arrived in England in 1793, tells

* 'Memoirs,' vol. i. p. 282.

the story of two French bishops conversing in St. James's Park in the spring of that year. 'Monseigneur,' said one, 'do you believe that we shall be in France in the month of June?' 'Monseigneur,' replied the other, '*Je n'y vois rien d'inconvenient.*' There were more than four thousand ecclesiastics in the first flight of emigrants, and the University of Oxford caused four thousand copies of the Barbou (French) edition of the New Testament to be printed for their use. Amongst other touching instances of the respect paid them by the common people is one related by the Bishop of Laon as experienced by himself. He was walking in the street with his grand vicar, who suddenly felt some one press against him: he turned round: it was a milkwoman who had placed a penny in his hand and gone on without waiting for thanks. A penny was a godsend to many of them. Chateaubriand states that, after living a week on the half of a penny roll a day (which he divided with a friend), he went five days without any food whatever, sucking morsels of linen dipped in water and chewing grass and paper. A fund for the relief of the emigrants, at the rate of a shilling a day for each, was voted by Parliament, but the distribution was left to the Bishop of Laon and the Baron Nanthier, who, when Pitt asked him what he thought of the Constitutionalists, replied: 'They are men perjured to their constituents and pickpockets (*filous*) to their king.' Chateaubriand preferred dying of starvation to being kept alive by such a dole, and Montlosier managed to get on without it, although frequently hard pressed. Chateaubriand, recalling his reminiscences of this period in 1822, says:

'Montlosier, received, but with reserve, for his royalism, repaired to England and took refuge in literature, the great refuge of emigrants, where I had a mattress near his. He obtained the editorship of the *Courrier Français*. Besides his journal, he wrote physical-political-philosophic works: he proved in one of these that blue was the colour of life, by the fact that the veins grow blue after death, life coming to the surface of the body to evaporate and return to the blue sky. As I am very fond of blue I was delighted.'

The work was entitled '*Mystères de la Vie Humaine.*'

Just when Montlosier's resources were running low, two ladies of his acquaintance, Madame de Monregard and Madame de Medavi, arrived from Holland. They brought with them two granddaughters, three servants, and an abbé who had followed them into exile. After paying the expenses of their journey they had not a shilling. They notwithstanding took a house in Green Street, where they gave excellent breakfasts and dinners. The Abbé made epigrams: the grandchildren played at

at shuttlecock: all wore an air of gaiety. 'What are you doing so far away from us?' asked Madame de Monregard of Montlosier: 'come here, we have an apartment for you.' 'But I have not wherewithal to pay for it.' 'Bah, neither have we: come all the same.' Some rich English friends fortunately came to the assistance of these ladies.

One of the few emigrants who had money, M. de Chaumilly, took it into his head to give an entertainment to the Duc de Bourbon. All the French of any consideration were invited; and a proverb was acted, entitled 'Il n'y a pas de Douleurs Eternelles.' By a strange forgetfulness or fatality, this entertainment was given on January 21st, the anniversary of the execution of Louis XVI. No one had thought of the coincidence. Montlosier states that the Duc de Bourbon was suddenly struck by it at the fête. 'The choice of the proverb, that of the day, the presence of a prince of the blood, was it not extraordinary? Happily the English papers did not get hold of this occurrence.' This may pair off with the thoughtlessness of Swift's friend, Sheridan, who, having to preach on the anniversary of the succession of the House of Hanover, inadvertently took for his text, 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.' 'It proved at least,' remarked the Dean, 'an evil day for Sheridan, who shot his fortune dead by chance medley with this single text.'

Under the title of 'Effects of Violence and Moderation in the Affairs of France,' Montlosier now published three letters addressed to Malouet in August 1787, with a preface, which produced an effect precisely opposite to what he intended. Cazalès, who substantially agreed with him, exclaimed at Burke's: 'I do not know why Montlosier has set himself to write about moderation. He is the most violent man of my acquaintance.' Rivarol wrote to a friend who was furious against the publication: 'You do not know Montlosier: he loves wisdom with folly, and moderation with transport.' Malouet spoke of the letters as containing 'a great deal of *esprit*, just views, fine reflections, and some awkward things.' One of these was his telling the emigrants in so many words: 'You have made yourselves answerable for more crimes than Marat and Robespierre.'

Chateaubriand's statement, that Montlosier had obtained the editorship of the '*Courrier Français*,' is incorrect. The thought of establishing a journal occurred to him and others in 1795, his only capital being thirty guineas sent him by the Princess d'Hénin. He started one under the title of '*Journal de France et d'Angleterre*,' which did not pay its expenses, and was speedily given up. His attention was then turned to a journal which
had

had prospered as the '*Courrier de l'Europe*,' edited by Brissot, but, continued as the '*Courrier de Londres*' by the Abbé de Calonne, was on the point of breaking down. The Abbé, hearing of Montlosier's projects, called on him one morning and thus opened the business: 'You may well be prejudiced against me, for I admit that, at Coblenz, if I had been the master, I would have had you thrown into the Rhine. I had then a feeling of irritation against you and your Two Chambers, that I cannot even now define to myself. I am now quite cured of these dislikes, and having heard that you have some inclination to write for the "*Courrier de Londres*," I come to show my desire to have you for a collaborateur.' Montlosier closed with the proposal, and within a few days (the Abbé having left England for Canada) the sole conduct of the journal devolved upon him, with a third of the property and a liability for the expenses to the amount of 200 louis, half of which was advanced to him by the Baron de Montalembert.

Backed by friends, he established a correspondence throughout Europe, and placed the '*Courrier de Londres*' on a firm basis as an influential organ of opinion. He had little sympathy with English modes of feeling and thinking at any time, and when he took the direction of the journal the nation was getting tired of the war and the Government were not indisposed to peace. This excited his indignation as the meditated betrayal of a sacred cause, and his hostility became so marked as to give plausibility to the report, that the English Cabinet had come to a formal decision to send him out of the country. On hearing this he wrote to Mr. Windham, who was principally charged with the execution of the Alien Bill, and elicited an assurance that there was no foundation for the report, which he traced to Baron de Roll, a follower of the Comte d'Artois. He followed up the discovery by a hostile message, but the affair was arranged by friends. This led to an interview with Windham, who was a regular reader of the '*Courrier de Londres*.' They met at Mrs. Crewe's, where Montlosier's positive uncompromising tone provoked the lady of the house into saying rather sharply: 'Monsieur de Montlosier, you are in a great hurry, I am sure, to see your Princes in France.' 'Yes, madam, but with a national representation.' 'You are convinced that monarchy is the only Government suitable for France.' 'Yes, madam, but with public liberties.'

The Speech from the Throne in 1798, announcing the renewal of negotiations with the Directory, was a stunning blow to the emigrants. The Bishop of Arras begged Montlosier to call upon him to discuss the situation. Montlosier suggested reasons,

reasons, which proved well founded, for believing that these negotiations would lead to no result. 'Good,' said the Bishop; 'I met Cazalès the other day: instead of giving me reasons, he overwhelmed me with insults. But never mind Cazalès; have the kindness to put down in writing what you have been telling me, that I may show it to Monseigneur the Comte d'Artois. I hope also you will insert something to the same effect in your journal.'

This raised his reputation for political sagacity, and softened the prejudice against him in high places. The Comte d'Artois sent to enquire after him when he was suffering from the effects of a painful operation, and on his recovery he requested permission to pay his respects to his royal highness. Admitted to an audience, with several of his countrymen, he was thus apostrophized by the Prince: 'Well, M. de Montlosier, and how about your journal! it sometimes contains many foolish things (*sottises*).' He replied: 'Monseigneur, I hear so many that it is quite possible I also may write or utter one.' The audience ended there, and was not repeated.

Apropos of General Fitzpatrick's motion in the House of Commons, he wrote strongly against the prolonged detention of Lafayette in an Austrian prison, thereby adding, if anything could add, to his unpopularity with the ultras. But his independence and originality caused his society to be much sought after. He passed most of his evenings at the Princess d'Hénin's and Madame Lindsay's, where he struck up an intimacy with Chateaubriand, whose '*Essai sur les Révolutions*' had been favourably noticed in the '*Courrier*.' They dined together on Wednesdays with a small circle of sympathizing friends: in summer on the Thames, at some obscure tavern at Chelsea, where they discoursed of Shakspeare and Milton: in winter, or in bad weather, at Montlosier's. His household consisted of two sisters, one of whom, the younger, was little and humpbacked, the other hideous, which led to the Chevalier de Panat's remark, 'Montlosier must be an enchanted prince, for he is guarded by two monsters.' On Saturdays the coterie met at the house or lodging of Chateaubriand, who treated them to punch, and occasionally to a reading of '*Atala*' or the '*Genius of Christianity*.' He has left a striking but overcharged portrait of Montlosier, to which we despair of doing justice by translation.*

Amongst

* 'Féodalement libéral, aristocrate et démocrate, esprit bigarré, fait de pièces et de morceaux, Montlosier accouche avec difficulté d'idées disparates; mais s'il parvient à les dégager de leur délire, elles sont quelquefois belles, surtout énergiques: antiprêtre comme noble, chrétien par sophisme et comme amateur des vieux siècles, il eût été, sous le paganisme, chaud partisan de l'indépendance en théorie

Amongst the constant attendants at these readings was the Abbé Delille, an author of some note in his day. One evening, when his absence was remarked, Malouet and Lally went to his lodgings to look for him. They found him in bed, and asked anxiously if he was ill. He replied in the negative, throwing at the same time significant glances at a lady in the room. In explanation of this scene Montlosier relates that the lady, who on the Abbé's arrival in England passed for his niece, had recently assumed the name and duties of a wife, and was notoriously ruling him with a rod of iron. The story went that, on her flinging a quarto volume at his head, he submissively asked whether she could not have rested satisfied with an octavo. He had entered into a contract with his publishers at Paris for the completion of a poem within a given time, and they had come to an agreement with the lady to allow her a percentage for keeping him at work. It was his habit to compose in bed, and she required him to compose thirty lines every morning before getting up. Her mode of insuring the performance of the task was simple enough. 'There is a certain garment which the French have coarsely named *culotte*, but which the English ladies term the little garment *small-cloth*, (sic). When the Abbé had composed his thirty lines she brought him his little garment, and he might get up: but not otherwise.' On the day when he was missed at Chateaubriand's he had been lazy, or not in the vein, and the indispensable garment was withheld until the arrival of Malouet and Lally, by whose intervention, late in the evening, it was brought to him.

No people suffer so much from the *maladie du pays* as the French. So soon as there was a settled Government, with which it was possible to come to terms, the emigrants manifested such extreme eagerness to return at all risks, and even at all sacrifices of principle or consistency, that the exiled Princes got alarmed at the defection, and induced the British Government

théorie et de l'esclavage en pratique, faisant jeter l'esclave aux murènes au nom de la liberté du genre humain. . . . Je ne veux point dire de mal de mon *Auvergnat fumeux*, avec ses romances du *Mont-d'Or* et sa polémique de la *Plaine*; j'ai du goût pour sa personne hétéroclite. Ses longs développements obscurs et tournoiemens d'idées, avec parenthèses, bruits de gorge et *oh! oh!* chevrotants, m'ennuient (le ténébreux, l'embrouillé, le vaporeux, le pénible me sont abominables); mais, d'un autre côté, je suis diverti par ce naturaliste de volcans, ce Pascal manqué, cet orateur de montagnes qui péroré à la tribune comme ses petits compatriotes chantent au haut d'une cheminée; j'aime ce gazetier de tourbières et de castels, ce libéral expliquant la charte à travers une fenêtre gothique, ce seigneur pâtre quasi marié à sa vachère, semant lui-même son orge parmi la neige, dans son petit champ de cailloux: je lui saurai toujours gré de m'avoir consacré dans son chalet du Puy-de-Dôme une vieille roche noire, prise d'un cimetière des Gaulois par lui découvert.'—*Mémoires d'Outre Tombe*, vol. ii. pp. 118-19.

to check the movement by refusing passports, except with the approval of the Bishop of Arras, their accredited Minister at London. Cazalès, whose loyalty was beyond reproach, was one of those who were most heartily sick of England. He wrote to Fouché, and, receiving a favourable answer, mentioned his approaching departure to Lord Liverpool, when Montlosier, who professed the most unbounded confidence in Cazalès, expressed his surprise at his connection with Fouché. 'Bah,' he replied, 'that is just like the whole lot of you! Fouché is at present the only man in France. Nothing can be done except with him and by him.' This was in 1799, at the commencement of the Consulate. Strange to relate, this same man held much the same position at the conclusion of the Empire and the commencement of the Restoration, after an unbroken career of treachery and tergiversation. Chateaubriand states that he was met on his approach to Paris, after Waterloo, by Marshal Macdonald and Hyde de Neuville, on their way to tell Louis XVIII. that he must not think of crossing the frontier till he had accepted Fouché for Minister. 'The Duke of Wellington arrived: I saw him pass: the plumes of his hat were floating in the air: he came to bestow M. Fouché and M. de Talleyrand upon France. When it was represented to him that the regicide of M. le Duc d'Otrante was perhaps an "inconvenience," he replied: "It is a frivolity."'

Although the exiled Princes were anxious to prevent their followers from recognizing the *de facto* French Government in any shape, they did not shrink from opening a communication with Buonaparte on their own account, nor from employing as their confidential agent one whom they had affected to distrust. Some time in 1800, Montlosier was dispatched by them on a mission to the First Consul, to propose to him a sovereignty in Italy if he would consent to the re-establishment of the Bourbons. Although provided with a passport, Montlosier was arrested at Calais and confined in the Temple, from which, after thirty-six hours, he was released by Fouché, then Minister of Police, who apologized for the detention, but forbade him to fulfil his mission and ordered him to leave France within ten days. Before quitting Paris, he had several interviews with Talleyrand, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, who frankly (or with well-simulated frankness) expounded the policy of the First Consul, with his intention to restore the unsold property to the emigrants and to re-establish the Catholic religion.

This brief glimpse of his country confirmed the determination of Montlosier to return to it. He paved the way for the
step

step he was about to take by a declaration in his journal which might be regarded as a parting blow to the Royalists: 'All civil and political France is now concentrated in one man. Whatever may be our public claims, or our secret wishes, it is to one man that we must look for everything: it is one man that we must ask for everything.' Towards the end of 1801, he got his name struck out of the list of emigrants, and we find him definitely fixed at Paris in May, 1802. In the course of the following month he announced by prospectus the re-establishment of his journal as the '*Courrier de Paris et de Londres*,' stating that its principal object would be to make England better known. He reckoned without the censorship. On the 11th of September the '*Courrier*' was suppressed, the pretext being an absurd quarrel with the editor of the '*Bulletin de Paris*,' in which Montlosier was described as having, prior to the Revolution, retailed claret (*vin clairot*) in his native mountains. The First Consul, however, thought it more prudent to secure his services than to break with him. By way of indemnity for the suppression of his journal, he was attached to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs with a salary of 6000 francs, his duty being to be generally useful with his pen. On the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, he was required to take the Directorship of the '*Bulletin de Paris*,' a journal remarkable for its hostility to England. His articles, anonymous at their first appearance, were, much to his mortification, published in a collected shape with the title: '*Les Anglais Ivres d'Orgueil et de Bière*.' His position at this time was far from agreeable, and he writes in a tone of comic despondency to M. de Barante:—

'I have been on the point, not of dying but of being dead. When you called on me, you may have observed a door alongside of mine. There dwelt Mademoiselle Hus, the actress, who all of a sudden took it into her head to die. It was not my fault. The next morning, the porter who brushes my clothes having left my doors open, the undertaker's people, with the bier and all the apparatus, had no doubt that it was I with whom they had to do. Fortunately I awoke, to their great astonishment. If my sleep had been a little sounder, only think what might have occurred! It would have been the end of all my troubles.'

The necessity of temporizing with the Empire as the only possible government, the only safeguard against a fresh reign of terror, seems to have been so generally admitted amongst reasonable politicians, that Montlosier's readiness to serve under it did not prevent his being received on a friendly and even confidential footing in the society which revolved round

Madame de Staël and Madame Recamier. In January 1806, he writes to Barante *père*, the Prefect of Leman:—

‘When you see Madame de Staël, tell her that I wish her to love me with all her *esprit*, for she has a great deal. It is her ruling quality: not that she has not a good heart, but this is for her a kind of *arrière-fief*. Oh, heavens! what have I said? She who holds the feudal Government in horror! According to all appearances, she will not come very soon to Paris. In her place I should be easily consoled. But not to come to Paris, not to be there to enjoy the brilliant society, the brilliant conversation!’

In April 1807, immediately after the publication of ‘*Corinne*’ he writes:—

‘I have not read “*Corinne*,” but Madame Recamier is to send it to me. In the meantime, I am angry with Madame de Staël for having given the principal part to an Englishman. It is a singular mania.’

Napoleon found the same fault with the book, and imputed the interest with which she has invested Oswald to a want of patriotism. Montlosier had no sympathy with her extreme longing for Paris, the feeling which made her prefer the gutter of the Rue du Bac to ‘the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone.’ When (in 1810) the offence taken at her book on Germany bade fair to prolong her exile, he writes:—

‘She is a very unhappy woman, is Madame de Staël! It would only depend on herself to be more so. She would only have to fret because snow is falling in the Alps, or because the lake is at her door. . . . I am sorry my sermons have displeased her. Voltaire had almost as much *esprit* as Madame de Staël, and he managed to live at Ferney.’

Montlosier was more struck by the principal defect of Madame Recamier’s character than by her admitted fascinations and amiability:—

‘I ought to have spoken to you a great deal of Madame Recamier. She believes she has a passion at Lyons. This is why she is come to Rome. She sometimes thinks she has a passion for God. She deceives herself. She will never be *dévôte*, for it would be necessary for her to adore, and she is exclusively bent upon being adored.’

Montlosier appears to have lived mostly in Auvergne during the last three years of the Empire. He came to Paris during the first Restoration, and wrote to the Comte d’Artois to offer his services. Receiving no answer, he was on his way to the Tuileries to make enquiries, when he met Chateaubriand, who told him of Napoleon’s landing in France. During the

Hundred

Hundred Days he was a looker-on, agreeing with Madame de Staël that there was an end of liberty if Napoleon won in the grand game he was playing, and of the national independence if he lost. In a series of short notes or billets to Prosper de Barante, Montlosier relates what he heard from day to day from Benjamin Constant touching the progress of events:—

‘April 20, 1815.—I have seen Benjamin. He has seen the Emperor three or four times, and discovered in him an infinite sagacity. We dine together to-day. To me, war seems certain. Benjamin does not believe in it.

‘April 21.—I dined with Benjamin *au cabaret*. He had just left the Emperor, who appears to have the best dispositions in the world in favour of a Liberal Constitution. The sovereignty of the people—all the other doctrines,—he now believes in them as firmly as Bonald in the immaculate conception.

‘April 22.—Benjamin is attacked on account of the Constitution, which is called the *benjaminisme*.

‘May 6.—I do not know whether I told you that Madame de Staël is lost in admiration of Benjamin’s Constitution. He has been to see me, and showed me a letter from Lafayette, who is all for the Constitution, with the Tracys and the Latour Maubourgs. He told me that the constitution was making rapid progress in public opinion, and that I should be lost in admiration of it within a week.’

Montlosier’s confirmed opinion of it appears from a letter dated June 1, to the same correspondent:—

‘Benjamin repeated that the Emperor had spoken to him of me. “Why has he taken part against us?” were his words. “Why does he maintain that my Constitution is but the plan of a campaign.”’

The communications between the friends were suddenly interrupted by a dispute about the privileges of the nobility in Madame Recamier’s salon and in her presence. An insulting expression from Montlosier led to a duel, and he received a wound in the hand which prevented him from holding his sword. A complete reconciliation was effected upon the ground. Montlosier, accustomed to such affairs, took the matter easily enough, and simply wrote a handsome letter of apology to Madame Recamier for the disturbance he had created in her society. Benjamin Constant, taking a much more serious view, wrote two letters, which were allowed to reach their destination, although the contingency they contemplated did not occur. One was to the Emperor, in which, after a somewhat gratuitous justification of Madame Recamier and her salon, he writes:—

‘I regret, Sire, to have had so little time to prove my zeal. I shall carry

carry with me to the grave a profound gratitude, and my last wishes for two inseparable things, the glory of your Imperial Majesty and the Liberty of France.'

The other was to Madame Recamier, and leads to the impression, certainly unfounded, that they quarrelled about her:—

'If you had only loved me with a tender friendship, I would have sacrificed everything, even honour. I should be happy, if you loved me: even in the midst of the universal blame, I will endeavour that nothing annoying shall reach you. If M. de Montlosier is killed, I answer for it that nothing shall. . . . Adieu. I have loved you tenderly although vainly, and if I die, it will be loving and offering up prayers for you. You have often been hard, and I find it difficult to conceive that, reduced to simple friendship, my affection should have had so little value in your eyes. But I owe it to you to regard all these chances with indifference. Nothing can make me suffer as I have suffered for you. Adieu. I love you as much as ever. May you be happy!'

It would have been better for the writer's reputation if these letters had been suppressed, and we incline to think that Napoleon took the right view when on a preceding occasion he wrote to Cambacérès: 'Keep an eye on Benjamin Constant, and on the slightest meddling on his part, I will send him to Brunswick to his wife's (*chez sa femme*).'

Under the impression that a book in favour of monarchical and aristocratic institutions, as contrasted with democratic, might incline public opinion towards the Empire and the new nobility, the Emperor commissioned Montlosier to put together his thoughts on these subjects in the shape of an Essay; which was duly completed and submitted in manuscript to his Majesty, who took no notice of it. It was published in the third or fourth month of the Restoration, probably with additions, under the title of '*La Monarchie Française depuis son établissement jusqu'à nos jours*,' in three volumes. His researches into the origin of the feudal system had created a passion for it, and an intense desire for its revival. The only check upon the Crown, which, if he could have had his own way, he was disposed to recognize, was that of the greater feudatories with their seigniorial privileges; and if we push his arguments to their legitimate conclusion, his beau-ideal of a constitutional king would be King John at Runnymede, or Henry the Third encircled by the barons telling him that they would not allow the laws of England to be changed. The peculiar objects of his dislike and distrust were the *bourgeoisie*, and it was sorely against the grain that, in compliance with the spirit of the times, he assigned a place in his system to a representative chamber.

M. Charles

M. Charles de Rémusat, in the course of a discussion on electoral corruption in the Chamber of Deputies, was provoked into saying in a loud aside: 'I verily believe that personal dignity has disappeared from this country of ours.'—'Yes, since Louis XIII.' calmly replied M. Lepelletier d'Aulnay. Montlosier was of this school. He dates the decline from Richelieu, who broke down the power of the nobles and compelled them to turn courtiers. 'We may thenceforth reckon up the plagues of France as people reckoned up the plagues of Egypt. Nullity of public law, decadence of religion, distaste for country, corruption of manners, degeneration of the national character: such are the great factors of the revolutionary calamity.'*

Besides new editions, he published four continuations of this work, bringing down the history of the French monarchy successively to the 1st of April, 1815; to the end of the Session of 1816; to the 1st of January, 1821; and to the 1st of January, 1824: making altogether seven volumes. The continuations were so many party pamphlets adapted to the times, and gave rise to more than one animated controversy. The principal biographers of Thiers agree in stating that he made his first mark in journalism by a review of this book. 'He was admitted on the staff of the "*Constitutionnel*" in October, 1822; and in March 1822, he published an article of which the success was so striking, that his friends, his comrades, even those who were envious of him, were compelled to avow that there was in him at once the making of a polemical writer, an historian, and a statesman. In this article he judged with indisputable power and authority the still famous work of Montlosier on the *Monarchie Française*.'† Another biographer, M. Franck, adds that it was this article that led to Thiers' introduction to Talleyrand. But we have sought for it in vain in the '*Constitutionnel*' for March, 1822, and Montlosier makes no allusion to it in the Introduction to the continuation of 1824, in which he replies to several of the leading journalists.

The purely political questions which agitated Paris prior to the Revolution of July have lost their interest; but not so those with which religion was mixed up. These are as fresh, as replete with agitation and excitement, as in the days when Bossuet eloquently upheld the liberties of the Gallican Church and fearlessly took his stand upon the Declaration of

* Vol. ii. p. 28.† '*Histoire complète de M. A. Thiers*.' Paris, 1878. Page 7.

1682.* The Ultramontane spirit is abroad: the Jesuits are struggling and protesting; the Clerical party (the *parti prêtre*, as Montlosier christened it) is unsubdued. The essential difference is, that the spiritual power is now everywhere in opposition to the temporal power: that the civil authority, temperately or intemperately asserted, is supreme; but when Montlosier entered the lists against an aggressive and encroaching priesthood, inspired and encouraged by Rome, they had the complete control of the royal family of France and bade fair to obtain an over-ruling influence in the government. He had long been watching them, and he gives some striking examples of their growing arrogance and intolerance. The Abbé de Pradt had been reading M. Guizot's '*Des Moyens d'Opposition et de Gouvernement*.' He praised it before the curé of his village, and read some passages. The curé violently attacked them: the archbishop defended them: the curé forbade him to enter the Church, and threatened to turn him out if he drove him to it. It was only by an appeal to the bishop of the diocese that the archbishop was enabled to receive the sacrament. Other bishops were not equally open to reason. Montlosier's brother, the Mayor of Saint-Ours, had induced two young people, who were living together, to marry. They attended at the municipality and went thence to the church. The curé refused to receive them, unless, besides confessing, they would undergo a public penance by formally separating for an assigned period. The bishop held with the curé.

Referring to the same period, M. Martin states that 'the missionaries made more noise than ever with their exercises, their processions, and their plantings of the cross.' They required all baptisms and marriages, at which constitutional priests (priests who had taken the oath to the State) had officiated, to be renewed. When the Bishop of Clermont, in obedience to this requisition, was pronouncing in his own cathedral the formula of renewal, 'Louder, prelate!' cried one of them. 'Pontiff of the Lord, slowly, more majestically,' interrupted another.' In 1816, Montlosier wrote to M. de Barante:—

'The priests look upon themselves as God. Is it prudent to raise such pretensions in times like these? They will perish, and cause the nation and the king to perish with them. I pray this people may return to God! but they will rather give themselves to the devil than to the priests. The French people may submit to every other kind of

* The substance of this Declaration was contained in two propositions: 1. The civil authority is not subject to the ecclesiastical in things temporal: 2. As decreed by the Council of Constance, a General Council is superior to the Pope.

servitude:

servitude: they will not submit to *that*. *That* will render the reigning family odious and draw down upon them the curse of the Stuarts.

Montlosier's piety was beyond dispute. His 'cross of wood' spoke volumes; every evening at Randanne he read a chapter of the 'Imitation' to his household; and in the Preface to his Memoirs he writes thus:—

'When the priest, restricting himself to the functions of his ministry, ascends the altar and by the authority vested in him calls down God: when at the birth of an infant he consecrates it by holy ceremonies to the God of Clovis and Saint Louis: when, by the sacrament of penance, he takes from a criminal heart the fury of remorse and restores to it, in the name of heaven, the peace which it has lost and which the world cannot give: when, by another sacrament, he blesses and sanctifies the conjugal union; when, in the hour of death, he comes to recommend us to God and gives us the hand to help us to go down into the grave—it is then that I bow down before the priest, it is then that he has my respect, my affection, my obedience. Let no one venture in my presence to attack a man like this, let no one dare to take from my bishop the cross of gold which he has received from the piety of the faithful; let no one attempt to take from my curé the little patrimony which the same piety has provided for him round his parsonage. I am with them and for them.'

Now for the contrast. Look here, upon this picture and on this—

'But there is another priest who is not satisfied with so elevated a calling. There is a priest who comes to the King and says to him: "Sire, you are the most Christian king: you have the public force at your disposal, that is, soldiers and gendarmes: obtain for us through them what we can no longer obtain by our exhortations and by our example. With your civil authority procure for us a religious authority, so that by this religious authority we may afterwards augment your civil authority. To attain it, religion is not what we have to employ: it leaves men reason and liberty: it is superstition that intoxicates and enslaves. We have the sword of St. Peter, you that of Constantine. "Let us unite the sword to the sword"—as the great Bossuet said to Louis XIV.: *Gladium gladio copulemus*.'

Louis XVIII., who was suspected of scepticism and was with difficulty induced by Madame du Cayla to receive the extreme unction on his deathbed, kept the zealots in check, but Charles X. lent a willing ear to their counsels; and the three first measures of his reign were an indemnity to the emigrants, and two measures which Lamartine describes as 'a deplorable and fatal concession to a party, the sacerdotal, more ungovernable

able than the Royalists.' These were the re-establishment of conventual institutions with endowments in perpetuity; and a law against sacrilege which was thus defined :

'The profanation of sacred vessels (*vases sacrés*) and the consecrated host (*hosties consacrées*) is a crime of sacrilege. The profanation of sacred vessels is punished by death. The profanation of the consecrated host is subjected to the punishment of parricides. The parricide is led to the scaffold, barefoot, his head covered with a black veil, and after he has heard the sentence which condemns him, his hand is cut off, then his head.'

A law to this effect was in existence and was savagely enforced only fifteen or sixteen years before the Revolution. On a vague charge of defacing a crucifix, singing irreverent songs, and remaining covered before the Host, the Chevalier de la Barre, a young man of twenty, was condemned to have his tongue torn out, to be burnt before a slow fire, his hand cut off, and then his head. A part of the sentence was evaded by the executioners, more merciful than the judges, but he was publicly mutilated and beheaded on the scaffold. The spirit in which the revival of this law was pressed may be inferred from the language of its advocates. An embryo archbishop and cardinal, M. de Bonald, Bishop of Puy, took the lead in meeting the objections based on the mild spirit of Christianity :

'Religion, you say, enjoins men to forgive. Yes, but it enjoins the civil power to punish; for, says the Apostle, it is not without cause that it bears the sword. The Saviour prayed for forgiveness to his executioners. Yes, but His Heavenly Father did not grant it. He has even extended the punishment over an entire people, who, without a chief, without territory, and without an altar, drag along with them everywhere the anathema with which they are branded. As to the sacrilegious criminal, what do you do to him by a sentence of death but send him before his natural judge?'

When such language was clamorously applauded in the Chamber of Peers, when Royer-Collard vainly tried to stem the rising tide of intolerance in the Chamber of Deputies, it might well be thought that the days of Calas were returning—days which, it was thought, had been held up to lasting execration by Voltaire. The public mind was divided and distracted between shame, indignation, and alarm, when Montlosier (February 1826) published his '*Mémoire à Consulter*,'* in which he foretold the impending ruin of religion and society, the

* '*Mémoire à consulter sur un Système Religieux et Politique tendant à renverser la Religion, la Société, et le Trône.*' Par M. le Comte de Montlosier. Paris, 1826.

certain downfall of the altar and the throne, unless a speedy stop were put to the baneful influences that were undermining them. He especially signalizes, as sources of evil and legitimate objects of dread, the Congregation, the Jesuits, the growing Ultramontane and anti-Gallican spirit, and the tendency of the new generation of clergy to overstep the proper limits of their vocation.

'You wish to inspire respect for the priests. In the name of God, keep them from the world. Whatever they may say to you, prevent them from prostituting themselves in the details of human affairs. You shut up your sacred vases in tabernacles: you do not produce them to the public view, even during worship, except with caution: act in the same manner with your priests. Do not permit these living pyxes and chalices to be seen parading in your festivities. Women are flowers: to mix them up in affairs is to blight them. The priests are sacred vases: to employ them for the usages of the world is to profane them.'

He was here referring to the jubilee ordered by the Archbishop, in which a numerous body of ecclesiastics in full canonicals had paraded the streets, followed by the King. 'It could be read in the eyes of all,' writes M. de Villèle, 'that the population were pained at seeing their King humbly following the priests. There was less of irreligion than of jealousy and animosity against the part which the clergy were playing.' This is confirmed by M. Martin: 'The proud attitude of the clergy, who seemed to lead the King like a servant in their train, deeply discontented the people.'

In another eloquent passage, Montlosier contends that France had never ceased to be at heart a religious nation:—

'The French Revolution is certainly, in political and civil order, the most complete overthrow that ever occurred amongst nations; and, in ordinary language, it may be said to have overturned religion and morals; but this is only true in a degree. In point of fact, whilst losing her social institutions, that is, the visible and sometimes worn-out forms in which her former spirit (*esprit*) was embodied, France did not lose that spirit. Even in the worst times of the Revolution, given over to the tyranny of an exasperated middle-class, she preserved the noble and delicate sentiments of the elevated classes which she proscribed. She preserved in her bosom, even when they could no longer germinate, the seeds of delicacy and honour which she had received from preceding generations, as the earth preserves in winter the seeds that were entrusted to it in autumn.'

The effect of this publication was immense. Eight editions were exhausted in two months. The journals were full of it and of the pamphlets in reply. The Ministry showed their exasperation

exasperation by an act which added largely to the popularity of the author. They deprived him of his place in the Foreign Office. The clergy placed him under a ban, although he had done his best to avert their wrath by a uniformly respectful tone, as well as by the following postscript :—

‘I believe in the pure intentions of the persons I contend against : all I ask is that they will have the goodness to believe in mine. If I obtain this justice, I shall regard it almost as a favour. I shall then thank my adversaries : I shall also thank Him who has reserved to Himself glory in heaven, but has promised peace on earth, good will to men.’

The Bishop of Clermont fulminated from the pulpit a sort of excommunication against the ‘Mémoire ;’ and the curé of Montlosier’s parish refused to administer the sacrament to him at Easter. These petty persecutions only added to his popularity. Following up the blow, he assumed, under legal advice, the duties of a public prosecutor, and lodged with the Cours Royales a *Dénonciation* or indictment against the proceedings of the Congregation, the Jesuits, and the other inculpated parties, as bringing the rights of the Crown and the laws of the State into contempt. This curious document (which he published with a Preface) was considered in full conclave by the Cour Royale of Paris, where, by a majority of two-thirds, they declared the re-establishment of the Jesuits illegal, but declined to consider the other charges, as not falling within their jurisdiction.

His next step was a Petition to the Chamber of Peers, published with a commentary, in which he satisfactorily disposed of a prevalent objection, which hardly deserved an answer : ‘You are discontented with your religion—why don’t you change it?’ He replied that he was not discontented with his religion ; ‘I am a Christian ; I wish to remain so : I wish to go to church to fulfil my religious duties ; and yet I do not wish, either for myself, or my wife, or my children, to submit to your insults, your whims, or your caprices.’ His Petition was referred to a Committee, who reported against the Jesuits, and recommended that the Petition be referred to the Council of Ministers. In January 1827, it gave rise to a debate in the Chamber of Peers, which lasted two days, and ended by the virtual adoption of the Report. The Duc de Fitz-James personally assailed Montlosier :—

‘This strange man, we have all known him in England. One day he called his friends together to read to them the last of the plans of counter-revolution that had emanated from his brain ; and would you like to know what was one of the means he wished to employ against Jacobinism ? He proposed nothing less than to form into an army all

all the Capucins of Europe, and for this army to enter France in a procession bearing the cross as their standard.'

Considering Montlosier's known estimate of the monastic vocation, this story was absurd upon the face of it. He was in Auvergne during the debate, but, on being informed of the attack, he addressed a letter to three distinguished friends, which was published in the '*Constitutionnel*':

'On account of my advanced age, people shrink from putting themselves in the wrong by challenging me: they hope to provoke me into challenging them. In a little time we shall see: meanwhile I shall not fall into the trap. Attached as I am to a great cause, on which, in my opinion, depends the salvation of religion, of the King, and of France, it is with this cause above all that I have to occupy myself. . . . And now a word as to my famous plan of counter-revolution by the Capucins. Voltaire has said:

"Souvent au plus grossier mensonge
Se mêle un peu de vérité."

I have been searching in my thoughts, and in all my reminiscences, for this grain of truth. I have vainly interrogated those that remain of my London friends of 1799. M. de Fitz-James was then about seventeen. It is not probable that, connected as I was with the gravest persons, I confided my counter-revolutionary plans, absurd as they may have been, to young persons of seventeen. Then, as now, full of respect for pious priests, for pious monks, hearing often from the feather-brained people of that time, as from the feather-brained people of this, of the necessity of recovering France by legions of Jesuits, it may have occurred to me to demand the preference for legions of Capucins. That something of the sort, wrongly understood, might have got erroneously lodged in the heads of those grands seigneurs who were sometimes hanging about us, is possible. It is what, however, I can in no way either affirm or deny.'

Three years before the event, Montlosier had foreseen the revolution of July and the elevation of the Duc d'Orléans (Louis Philippe) to the throne. In 1827 he wrote to M. de Barante:—

'At the present moment, the Duc d'Orléans is a danger: my notion is to make him a resource. At the rate at which things are going, if they are suffered to go on, it will not only be the King,—but also the Dauphine and the Duc de Bordeaux who will be swept away. The proper course for the Duc d'Orléans is to remain united to his family and to legitimacy; to redress the errors of the Government, if this is in his power, and to wait, from time and the will of Providence, for the eventualities which may one day give him the Crown.'

Montlosier readily gave in his adhesion to the new dynasty, and was made a peer of France in 1832 by the Soult Ministry on the

the recommendation of the Duc de Broglie, who also caused his place and pension to be restored to him. 'The situation of the clergy,' said M. Guizot, addressing the Chamber of Deputies in 1832, 'is greatly changed: its defeat, as a political power, is complete. The clergy have not been expelled from France with Charles X.; but, as a political power, they have been not less dethroned than he.' The reaction was at first so strong, that the sacred calling was unjustly and injuriously discredited. The priests could hardly venture into the streets in the dress of their order for fear of insult. But this state of opinion was temporary, and did not prevent Montlosier from keeping a careful watch over the former objects of his distrust. In 1833 he published a pamphlet entitled, 'Du Prêtre et de son Ministère dans l'état actuel de la France': and on the few occasions on which he appeared in the Tribune, it was to combat the rising pretensions of the Church. During the concluding years of his life he was actively occupied in agricultural pursuits, and an interesting description of himself and his establishment, the month before his death, is given in an unpublished letter from Mr. Leonard Horner to Sir Charles Lyell:—

'Clermont, Sept. 1838.—We started for Mont Dore and reached Randanne, the house of Count Montlosier, for whom I had a letter from his very old friend Mallet.

'Count Montlosier received us with the greatest kindness. He spoke of your visit to him with the Murchisons, when he received you in a cottage, but now he has a capital house, well furnished, but smelling strongly of *Cowigen* (as Dr. Beddoes' patient called the air of his *byre* that he made her breathe)—for the Count has the wings of his house occupied by about thirty cows in each, with a free communication with the centre. He had a capital breakfast ready for us, and after spending about three hours, we left him with a promise to see him again, and spend a night on our return.' . . .

Again, in another unpublished letter, a few days later, from Randanne:—

'After breakfasting, the Count got out his two chars-à-bancs, and we set off for the Lac d'Aidat, when we had an opportunity of seeing to great perfection the vast stream of lava, flowing from the Puy de la Vache, which choked up the streamlet to form the lake, and flowed on for three leagues. We got back to dinner at five, and spent a very pleasant evening with the Count, who amused us with many interesting stories connected with the early part of the Revolution, when he was flying with the emigrants after the defeat of the Duke of Brunswick. He is a very fine old gentleman, with most graceful manners—a fine specimen of the old French noblesse of the best sort. He is eighty-three, reads without spectacles small print, and not only has every one of his thirty-two teeth, but strange to say, within the last three months three more have sprung out at the side of his jaw,

jaw, and when we were there, he told us he was suffering considerable pain from the cutting of a thirty-sixth tooth. We took leave of the Count with much regret."

His death was destined to cause as deep and widespread a sensation as any event or work of his life. On the 13th of October, 1838, conscious of his approaching end, he wrote to a distinguished friend:—

'I do not boast to you of possessing the immensity of faith and belief which distinguishes M. de Bonald and M. de Genoude: but you know full well the zeal with which I am animated for the preservation of Christianity, and above all of Catholic Christianity.'

On the 2nd of December he sent for M. Charolois, of Clermont, senior member of the Municipal Council, and said:—

'I am very ill: I have duties to fulfil. You know my sentiments. I wish to die in the religion of my forefathers, in the Catholic Apostolic and Roman religion. I wish to confess, but as a simple Christian without controversy; in my present state I could not support any.

'See the bishop in my name, and tell him that, if he has the goodness to come at my entreaty, I shall receive him with humility.'

The bishop did come, and the substance of what passed was communicated by the dying man to M. Charolois:—

'I have seen the bishop: I am not content: he requires from me, prior to any confession, a retractation which I cannot give him. You know what I told you: I wish to be confessed like every one else.'

The required retractation, to be formally attested like a *procès-verbal*, was in these words, which had been settled by the clerical authorities some time before in contemplation of the emergency:—

'In the presence of the Bishop of Clermont and the undersigned, M. de Montlosier, ardently desiring to prepare himself for a Christian death and obtain mercy from God, has declared that he retracted, in all the sincerity of his soul, everything that in his writings or speeches might have (*avait pu*) afflicted the Apostolic and Roman Church, and have been contrary to its teaching on dogma, morality, or discipline.'

At the bare mention of a declaration, Montlosier exclaimed: 'Enough. I understand. They wish to make me die without confession. The responsibility is with them.' Then, after a pause to collect his senses:—

'They would not have my confession. But God is just, and I can dispense with prayers refused in this manner. You will have me carried to the little burial-place which is quite ready at Randanne. You will plant a cross on it to prove that I wished to die as a Catholic.

The

The poor women will make the sign of the cross as they pass: their prayers will suffice for me.'

He was, notwithstanding, confessed by the vicar, who directly afterwards did his best to nullify the act by stating that it was conditional on the acceptance of the declaration; and the discussion as to what had really taken place was still proceeding when Montlosier breathed his last. His will contained this clause:—

'On the subject of my sepulture, I declare, so far as in me lies, my wish to be carried to the church according to the usages and ceremonies of the religion which I profess after the example of my fathers. Moreover, my intention is to be carried from the church, to be then buried in the tomb which I propose to have constructed at the top of my pine wood, for which I have already announced to the bishop that his benediction would be asked.'

The will was shown to the bishop, who was requested to give directions for the reception of the body in the church. This was refused, and it was distinctly notified to the family that the church would be closed. In point of fact, when the funeral procession defiled in front of it, the folding doors were thrown open, but neither vicar nor curé was in attendance and the altar was stripped bare. The whole of the circumstances were published in a document entitled '*Derniers Jours de M. de Montlosier*,' authenticated by the public functionaries of the district, as well as by the principal members of the family. The affair made a great noise, and M. Cousin brought it before the Chamber of Peers, exclaiming: 'There has been found then a religious society daring enough to refuse the ecclesiastical sepulture to the intrepid Christian who defended religion when it was menaced and proscribed.' M. Cousin was supported by M. Villemain, and a formal complaint was lodged by the Keeper of the Seals, M. Barthe, with the Council of State, which passed an *ordonnance* (Dec. 30, 1828) to the effect that the ecclesiastical authority had been abused (*qu'il y avait eu abus*).

It will be remembered that the full funeral honours to which Montalembert was entitled were denied to him at Rome, as if to give the most marked denial and refutation of his favourite doctrine, that papal supremacy and infallibility were reconcilable with entire liberty of thought. Montlosier was more fortunate. The *parti prêtre*, who plotted and carried out this posthumous stroke of bigotry, were unconsciously adding point to the strongest charges of intolerance and uncharitableness which he had levelled at them; and he might have smiled in his grave to think of that irony of fate, which could convert the meditated stigma on his principles and opinions into a striking exemplification of their soundness and their truth.

ART.

ART. VII.—*An Introduction to the Study of Fishes.* By Albert C. L. G. Günther, M.A., M.D., Ph.D., F.R.S. Keeper of the Zoological Department in the British Museum. Edinburgh, 1880.

ICHTHYOLOGY can perhaps never become a very popular study, in the way that Entomology, Conchology, or Ornithology, are popular, intense as is the interest it excites in its true votaries, and wonderful as are some of the results of their investigations. The animals of which the science treats are such as do not readily appeal to our sympathies. Fishes live so much out of our sight that, to most of us, the remainder of the proverbial saying naturally follows, and they virtually put themselves out of our mind. To few persons is given the imagination or the intelligence to supply the gaps which even the most attentive observers cannot fail to find. We may walk day after day beside a ditch, brook, or river, which we know to abound in some kind of piscine life, and yet obtain nothing more than an occasional glimpse of the finny folk that people its waters. At times we detect a dusky-form that glides like a shadow across from bank to bank; or, shooting past us, vanishes still more rapidly at our approach. If we pause and, 'with hesitating step and slow,' creep nearer to the brink, stopping there in hope to see more of the unseen world beneath us, we shall generally be disappointed. Perhaps a silvery flash is flung into the air, but the action is so instantaneous, that in most cases we miss the sight, and hear only the splash caused by the leaping fish, as it momentarily changes its element. Thus it is our ears, rather than our eyes, that tell us of the movements we fain would observe. By the sea, or on it, there is still less to attract our attention to the scaly inhabitants of its deeps or shallows, and we may watch and watch, hour after hour, without perceiving the slightest indication of their having a living tenant.

But it may be objected, to what end has the Aquarium, of which so much was expected, been invented, if in it we cannot keep fishes as long as we like and observe their ways? The answer is not very encouraging. It is true that the possession of a glass-tank, filled with salt-water or fresh, and stocked with as many animals as can therein maintain a healthy existence, affords much delight to a considerable number of persons, some of whom may take more than the cursory interest in its inhabitants that was evinced by Mr. Pepys, who records in his diary under date of the 28th of May, 1665,—'Thence to see my Lady Pen, where my wife and I were shewn a fine rarity; of

fishes kept in a glass of water, that will live so for ever [!]; and finely marked they are; being foreign.' Pleasure, no doubt, is given to many more people by contemplating those captive denizens of the vast crystal cisterns which are the pride of the enterprising gentlemen who manage the numerous public exhibitions called by the pseudo-Latin name of Aquarium, in various parts of this country, to say nothing of those on the Continent, from Hamburg to Naples. In all of them the visitor has ample opportunity of admiring the delicate or brilliant hues—sometimes so softly blended, sometimes so vividly contrasted, but always disposed in the way whereby Nature puts Art to the blush—that are displayed by the gurnard, the mackerel, and the wrasse, among marine fishes, or the trout, the stickleback, and the perch, among freshwater species. He may be amused to mark the varied styles of motion, respectively characteristic of the tope, the sole, and the pipe-fish, the eel, the pike, and the tench—all so easy, all so graceful, and all so different. Less engaging, perhaps, yet strangely attractive, it must be confessed, is the cold, vacant, and unimpassioned expression of countenance, presented by fishes with scarcely an exception. The merely mechanical opening and closing of the often lipless jaws, the unmeaning turn of the nearly always lidless eyes, convey to the looker-on no more notion of piscine intelligence, than do the tremulous, albeit truly-timed featherings of the lateral fins, or the undulatory quivering of those that are vertical. Not love, not hate, not anger, not fear, betrays its presence by the least change in the immovable features of the fish's face. The strongest emotions by which the animal may be possessed only affect, and this in comparatively few species, the other parts of its body, and thus, though the visitor should watch for hours, he might still be fitly addressed—'ζῶν ὁρᾷς οὐ ζῶν.' Hitherto little or nothing has been attained by means of the Aquarium to promote a real knowledge of ichthyology, whatever it may have done to aid the study of the lower forms of aquatic animals. Even so simple a question as whether fishes sleep or not can scarcely be said to have been solved, as one would expect it might have been, by observations made through the walls of a transparent tank.

Next there is the unquestionable fact that, to pursue any branch of Natural History successfully or satisfactorily, we must have at hand a collection of the objects we study. It is equally undeniable, that hitherto it has been found almost impossible by any known means to preserve a collection of fishes in such a way that the specimens may present an appearance which is not the reverse of agreeable to the spectator. Everybody knows the look

look of the giant pike or trout that, having been subjected to the manipulation of the neighbouring 'naturalist' (as he calls himself), stands in the hall or the lobby of the ordinary country house—the goggle eyes, the painted fins, the varnished scales of the monster, stuffed to bursting, bedecked with catstail bulrushes or feathery reed-top primly arranged after the fashion of a Dutch garden, and stiffly extended in a glass coffin—the whole affair as unlike anything that exists in nature as well can be. And yet such preparations, from their frequency, seem to afford some measure of delight to their possessors, especially if they be keen fishermen.* Things are not much bettered when, by a more scientific squire, the fish is placed in a bottle of spirit, according to the mode common in museums. It then rests vertically either on its head or its tail—either of them of course an impossible attitude—its proper colours absolutely gone, or obscured by the preserving liquid, which, without more care and cost than the resources of most collectors can afford, quickly becomes stained till it assumes the hue of the best and oldest sherry in the squire's cellar. Compared with a collection, or even a few specimens, of birds, shells, or insects, wherein each example retains more or less of its original beauty, such a collection of fishes is to the general eye one of the most unpleasing and repugnant spectacles. There is nothing to suggest the limpid water, or the lissom form that once glided through it at a speed only surpassed by a bird on the wing—here poising itself over a shallow paved with many-coloured pebbles, or a reef studded with gorgeously-tinted corallines—and there seeking refuge amid the swaying shelter of sea-weed fronds or floating lily-leaves.

On the other hand, it is needless to expatiate on the interest taken from the earliest times in fishing. A vast gulf separates the artists of Egypt and Assyria, who have left us mural representations of the fishes of the Nile, the Tigris, and the Euphrates, from the author of the 'Halieutics,' and a gap only less wide divides Oppian from the unknown author or authoress who profited by the newly-invented art of printing to present to 'gentyll and noble men' the 'Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an Angle.'† Thenceforward to our own time works on the subject

* The practice of taking casts of fishes answers well in some cases, especially when the subjects are of large size; but to be at all successful the services of a painter such as Mr. Rolfe must be secured, and his art might just as well, if not better, be applied on a flat surface of canvas or cartridge-paper.

† On the very slight ground for connecting this work with the name of that almost mythological personage Dame Juliana Berners, or, to use the original form, 'Dam Julyans Barnes,' see Mr. Blades's preface to the newly-published *facsimile* edition of the 'Boke of St. Albans.'

are so numerous, that a mere catalogue of them forms a goodly volume, and enrolls many an honoured name, chief among them being Izaak Walton and Sir Humphry Davy. These, however, are fishermen's books, and not works on ichthyology: sport and not science is their object. Then too there is a whole library on 'Fisheries'—fisheries in the restricted sense of the word, which eliminates Whales and Oysters and pearls—fisheries involving rights in defence of which the chief nations of Europe have not hesitated to equip navies and to set the battle in array. Was it not believed that the herring was 'king of the sea,' and that the Power that caught the most herrings must needs rule the waves? Even now much soreness exists between our American cousins and ourselves in regard to the cod-banks of Newfoundland, and not so very long ago it was only the forbearance of statesmen on both sides that settled what might have turned into a very pretty quarrel between this country and France as to the claims of the latter in the same part of the world. Yet it is obvious that all this interest was and is wholly distinct from any that may arise out of consideration of the Fish as an animal, of its place in creation, or of the light it may shed on the problems of life—in short of Ichthyology.

Not to dwell on the obstacle which Ichthyologists themselves have raised to the popularity of their science by a hideous nomenclature—*Ichthyology* itself is uncouth enough, but what English lips can 'frame to pronounce right' such names as *Pharyngognathi* and *Chondropterygii*?—there is another difficulty in the way of the learner. In beginning the study of any department of Natural History, whether it relates to plants or to animals, the first effort is to find out characteristics of the smaller groups composing it, and to assort them in accordance with those characteristics—in short to arrange or classify them. The young conchologist, for example, sees in an instant, that out of a miscellaneous collection of shells some are bivalve and others univalve, and that some of them exhibit clear distinctions connected with the form of the animal to which the shell belongs. The young entomologist with still greater ease perceives the difference between most of the insects that come in his way, and indeed in some cases needs no instigation to look for them—the difference between a grasshopper and a house-fly, a beetle, a butterfly, and a moth, being self-evident to any one with eyes. We might carry the illustration indefinitely further amongst most of the animals known as Vertebrates. It requires no previous zoological instruction to enable any child to point out characters that will separate a snake from a tortoise, a rabbit from a sheep, a whale from a camel—and

—and the rough primary division of all these creatures is at once perceptible. But with fishes this is not so. The learner, judging, as he is at first inclined to do, from outward survey, is surprised to find that the essential differences between a lamprey and an eel are deemed to be far greater than between an eel and a salmon, and that a skate is much further removed from a turbot than the latter is from a gudgeon, while a lancelet which, when immersed in a bottle of spirit, looks so like a small smelt, differs, in the opinion of certain systematists, more from it than the smelt does from a frog, or indeed from any other existing vertebrate. All this, which the learner finds written in the first book on the subject (if it be one of the least authority) to which he has access, is so entirely in contradiction, as he thinks, to the plain evidence of his eyesight, that he may well be staggered at the outset of his studies and discouraged from their prosecution. If he perseveres, however, he will find that he need not despair. It was long, very long, before ichthyologists were able to arrive at some of the conclusions now universally accepted, and he may be pardoned for being no wiser than a Willughby nor more learned than a Linnæus.

The classification of fishes has in truth been a task of no ordinary difficulty, and it is a subject requiring a far greater knowledge of their internal structure than can possibly be expected of a beginner. We shall not attempt to descant upon it here, for the matter is too technical for the general reader, though presently, in justice to the author of the book named at the head of this article, we shall have to relate in brief terms a brilliant discovery of his, which removed one of the chief obstacles, that had for many years exercised the ingenuity of zoologists to surmount. Moreover, though the subject now appears to be pretty clear to those who will undergo the labour of comprehending it, we have too much faith in the progress of ichthyology not to believe that from time to time other difficulties, at present unsuspected, will spring up, to be duly resolved doubtless, but for a while to puzzle even the most practised investigators of the science. It has been truly said that naturalists live a life of surprises, and it is of course impossible for any of us to indicate in what form difficulties will present themselves; but if we may judge from past experience, not only of this but of other departments of natural history, it would be very rash to presume that fresh obstacles will not arise, or to forecast the means by which they will be overcome. All we can say at present is that, though we know there is much more to be known, what we do know now is fairly sufficient to explain the difficulties that have as yet arisen.

But

But it is time to say something of the author of the book under review, more especially as, notwithstanding the high reputation he has gained among his scientific brethren in the country of his adoption as well as in that of his birth, his name is probably but little known to the unscientific public. We find the 'Candidat A. Günther' appearing as Reporter of the seventh meeting of the Würtemberg 'Verein für vaterländische Naturkunde,' held at Tübingen, in which University he received his education, on the 24th of June, 1852. In the following year, having attained the Doctorate to which all German students aspire, he published his first contribution to ichthyology in the 'Jahreshefte' of the same Society. An unambitious contribution it was, having for its subject only the fishes of the Neckar—that beautiful stream which is (or at least was, in pre-Bismarckian days) the pride of all patriotic Würtembergers' hearts; but the promise it bore has since been amply fulfilled. The subject was wrought out with all the thoroughness that characterizes the best work of his countrymen; and there are possibly few naturalists who, after they have attained distinction, can look back with greater satisfaction to their earliest performances than our author, though in his preface he modestly attributed the chief merits of this almost maiden essay to the teacher under whom he had studied, Prof. W. von Rapp. Another ichthyological memoir followed a couple of years later; and, in 1858, Dr. Günther produced a handbook of medical zoology—one of those short-lived works from which the best among us can reap little or no glory, while the risk of failure in their execution is not inconsiderable. About the same time he came to London, with the intention, we believe, of merely seeing England and then returning to Germany. But here he was attracted by the enormous store of Reptiles and Amphibians which, in the course of many years, had been accumulating in the underground regions of the British Museum, and defied the overtaken powers of its scanty staff of officers to determine and catalogue them, notwithstanding the indefatigable attempts of the then Keeper of the Zoological Department, the late Dr. J. E. Gray, to cope with the daily-increasing collections. Through him it was arranged with the Trustees that, as a temporary measure, Dr. Günther should be engaged to complete the catalogues, begun by Dr. Gray, of the classes of animals above mentioned. The result of the experiment was shown in the catalogues of 'Colubrine Snakes' and of 'Batrachia Salientia,' which Dr. Günther speedily drew up and brought out. It is not too much to say that a perfectly new spirit was thus infused into the system of cataloguing.

On

On the completion of these works, a much severer task was proposed to and undertaken by our author, who had now proved himself so well fitted for the labour, and in 1859 there appeared the first volume of the 'Catalogue of Acanthopterygian Fishes,' which at once placed his reputation, considerable as it had been before, beyond any cavil. Other volumes, to the number of eight in all, followed in succession, forming what was acknowledged to be in some respects the most complete work on ichthyology in the world, and revealing the treasures which had long been silently growing in the cellars at Bloomsbury. It began to dawn upon naturalists that the Museum of Paris, which from the days of Cuvier and Valenciennes had held a position unchallenged, and by some thought unchallengeable, in regard to its ichthyological collections, had been far outstripped by that of London. Moreover, the quality of the work proved that in Dr. Günther, who by this time had been taken on to its permanent staff, the Museum had acquired the services of one who was immeasurably the first ichthyologist of the age.* Vacancies caused by death or resignation naturally led to promotion, and our author has now for some years past filled the post of Keeper of the Zoological Department in the Museum; and all naturalists will agree with us in saying that never have the Trustees had a more faithful servant, or one feeling keener or more personal interest in the development of the establishment, than the foreigner who some twenty-three years ago set his foot on our shores without a thought of attaining the position he has reached, or even of making England his permanent home.

Dr. Günther's volume now before us has been written concurrently with the article 'Ichthyology' in the new edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' now in course of publication,†

* It must be mentioned that meanwhile Dr. Günther's activity in other respects was almost ceaseless, as is shown by his numerous papers in the 'Proceedings of the Zoological Society,' 'Annals and Magazine of Natural History,' and other journals. In 1864 he originated the 'Record of Zoological Literature'—a work the utility of which to the zoologist cannot be overrated, since in its annual volume it gives a concise account of and accurate reference to all that has been published during the preceding year in zoology. Six of these volumes were not only edited by Dr. Günther, but he also contributed to them the portions relating to Mammalia, Reptilia, and Pisces. His folio on the 'Reptiles of British India,' published by the Ray Society in 1864, and his quarto 'Fishes of Zanzibar,' written in conjunction with Col. Playfair, and published in 1866 with the assistance of the Government of Bombay, were of themselves sufficient to secure their author a place among the leading zoologists of the world.

† We gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity to direct the attention of our readers to the satisfactory progress of this important work. The article on 'Ichthyology' referred to above appears in vol. xii.; and vol. xiii., published at the end of last year, comes down to the beginning of the letter K, and contains numerous valuable articles.

that article being, as the author here tells us, 'an abstract so condensed as to be adapted for the wants of the general reader.' But the scope of the work under review, he states in his preface, 'is to give in a concise form an account of the principal facts relating to the structure, classification, and life-history of Fishes. It is intended to meet the requirements of those who are desirous of studying the elements of Ichthyology; to serve as a book of reference to zoologists generally; and, finally, to supply those who, like travellers, have frequent opportunities of observing fishes, with a ready means of obtaining information.' These purposes, we may say, are fulfilled to the letter. Some acquaintance with the literature of zoology enables us to declare that there is only one other English book, and none we suspect in any foreign language, that so thoroughly meets what is required of an 'Introduction' to any branch of the science as this.* It has faults—or shortcomings perhaps we should call them—nevertheless. First, the want of precise and sufficient references to the sources whence more particular information concerning any genus or species of fishes may be obtained, is to be ascribed to Dr. Günther's retiring disposition, which has hindered him from telling us that, in most cases, the desired references may be obtained by consulting his great 'Catalogue of Fishes' spoken of above. Having regard to this defect from the side of the tiro, the next we have to notice is from that of the expert, if we may in Dr. Günther's presence claim for ourselves such a title. It cannot of course be that he does not fully appreciate the importance of the essential distinctions of structure, development, and so forth, that have of late years been so strongly insisted upon by morphologists, with regard to the several sub-classes, or whatever we may choose to call the primary groups which the Class *Pisces* contains; but, with all deference to the author, we think the importance of all this is not brought out so clearly as it might and should have been. The technical details of our criticism would have no interest for the general reader; and we have little else but praise, and high praise too, for the rest of the book. Without any affectation of fine language or graceful style, Dr. Günther writes good sensible English. It is only occasionally that the trace of a foreign idiom is perceptible; but even then, being a clear-thinking man and compelling his words to follow

* The exception we make is in favour of the late Mr. Samuel Woodward's 'Manual of the Mollusca,' which we have always maintained to be a model of what a zoological handbook should be. But it appeared thirty years ago, and, although the author's brother has done his best to bring fresh editions up to the present level of knowledge, it cannot but be regarded as being now out of date, though its utility to the student of malacology is still far from being exhausted. In its time it was a wonderful book.

his thoughts, the meaning of his language is seldom, so far as we can see, open to misconception; and taking it as a whole the book is as readable, as a book on what we have already attempted to show will never be a popular subject can be. We have recurred again and again with pleasure to its contents, and we shall endeavour to lay before our readers some few of the many wonderful and interesting matters which are more or less fully expounded in its pages.

Dr. Günther's first chapter gives a brief but very complete account of the history and literature of ichthyology. Herein, with one remarkable exception, he assigns due credit to almost every writer on the subject worthy of notice. That exception is himself! We have already stated, that we should have to say something more of the group called *Palæichthyes*, with respect to a discovery of his own. Not to trouble our readers with hard names more than is needful to understand the question, we may premise that there had long been known certain groups of fishes, or of fish-like animals, the relations of which to each other and to other fishes had been an inscrutable puzzle to all systematists. There was for instance an indefinite number of fossil fishes,* 'Ganoids,' mostly of very ancient date, whose remains showed that they had left but few of their types to this day, and these survivals were curiously restricted to the fresh waters of Eastern Asia, North America, and tropical Africa. There were other fossil fishes of equal or nearly equal antiquity, which were closely allied to the abundant sharks, dog-fishes, rays, and skates, of our own seas, the 'Chondropterygians' or 'Elasmobranchs.' There were also sturgeons, 'Chondrosteans,' possessing much of an archaic character; and, more than this, there were known to exist at least two animals, commonly called 'Mud-fish,' and scientifically '*Dipnoi*,' which by some great authorities were deemed true Fishes, while others maintained that they belonged to the next class of Vertebrates—the Amphibians; though certain piscine characters, and these betokening a very low *status* even of Fishes, were in them confessedly manifest. In the early days of the settlement of what is now Queensland, tidings occasionally reached naturalists of the existence in the rivers of

* We cannot mention fossil fishes without referring to the recent loss which so many departments of science have suffered by the death of Sir Philip De Malpas Grey Egerton; but most of all this branch of ichthyology, the study of which he was one of the earliest to take up in this country, and throughout his long life it was the subject in which he most greatly delighted. We have no intention of giving an outline of his career, indeed we could only speak of the naturalist side of his widely sympathetic character, but his cheerful smile and kind heart, his perfect courtesy and ardent zeal, will never be forgotten by any with whom he came in contact.

Northern Australia of a large fish which the colonists called a 'Salmon,' from the fact of its having salmon-coloured flesh and of sometimes (it was said) rising to a fly. Considerable interest was aroused as to what this so-called 'salmon' could be, and still greater interest was felt when, at the end of the year 1869 or early in 1870, a specimen was procured by Mr. William Forster, a member of the Colonial Assembly, which, having been submitted to the late Mr. Krefft, the Curator of the Australian Museum at Sydney, was pronounced by him to be allied to the 'Mud-fish' above mentioned, but to possess teeth so closely resembling those of certain fossil fishes attributed by the elder Agassiz to sharks, that no doubt could be entertained of the generic identity of the two forms. Accordingly the newly-found animal was described as a species of *Ceratodus*—that being the name which Agassiz had conferred on the creatures whose fossil teeth he had long before made known. Now all this was in itself sufficiently remarkable, for it proved that *Ceratodus*, as a genus, had persisted from the mesozoic era; but its important bearing was not fully perceived until after some more examples had been obtained and sent to Dr. Günther, who, in the 'Philosophical Transactions' for 1871, not only described the recent *Ceratodus* in great detail, but was able by its means to show how the palæozoic as well as recent Ganoids, the sharks and skates—both ancient and modern—the sturgeons, the 'mud-fishes,' with some other forms that had hitherto been irreconcilable, could be all brought together through some essential characters common to the whole of them, and harmoniously placed in a single Class, to which Class he now assigned the name *Palæichthyes*—fishes of ancient type. It must be admitted, as Dr. Günther in his memoir was careful to state, that Professor Huxley had, ten years before, pointed out the affinity of the 'mud-fish' to certain Ganoids, drawing attention to 'the many and singular relations which obtain' between them, and recounting 'unquestionable facts' in support of that position. But he had to 'leave their bearing upon the great problems of the zoological theory' undeveloped, since materials did not then exist for him or any one else to take the wider view since opened by Dr. Günther's perspicuity; and it only remains to be said that this wider view has met with almost general acceptance, while its merits as one of the most remarkable and important discoveries in the higher zoology have been as fully recognized as the hint conveyed by Professor Huxley's guarded words intimated that they would be.

Dr. Günther's next dozen chapters treat of the structure, and particularly of the internal structure, of fishes, and are so purely technical

technical that, though by no means difficult to understand, it would be out of place to consider them here in any detail. Yet one matter touched upon in them we cannot pass over without notice. This is the conclusion at which he has arrived, though not now for the first time, as to the forms which have been often grouped as *Leptocephalidæ* being but the young of certain marine eels, abnormally arrested in their growth. These 'Leptocephalids' are small, narrow, elongate, more or less riband-shaped fishes, pellucid when alive or in a fresh state, but assuming a white colour when preserved in spirit, having a skeleton entirely cartilaginous, or with a few slight ossifications. They are of small size, generally characterized by the slenderness of their head, which has given rise to their name, and are found floating with slow and languid movements, frequently at a great distance from land. They continue growing to a certain size 'without corresponding development of their internal organs, and perish without having attained the characters of the perfect animal' (p. 181). The way in which this abnormal kind of existence is brought about is unknown; but Dr. Günther suggests that it is within the bounds of possibility, that fishes usually spawning near the land may sometimes spawn in the open ocean, or that floating spawn may occasionally be carried out by currents to a great distance, in which case embryos requiring for their normal growth conditions afforded by proximity to the shore may, if hatched at a distance, grow into such undeveloped creatures as these seem to be. It is the more necessary to mention all this, since examples of these forms occur from time to time in our own seas. Sir John Richardson, in editing Yarrell's well-known work on 'British Fishes,' still recognized as a good species the so called 'Anglesey Morris' of Pennant, which Dr. Günther, later in this volume (p. 673) declares to be 'an abnormal larval condition of the conger'—that well-known fierce and voracious monster eel.

Then follow eight chapters, which to the general reader will be found the most interesting in the volume. They describe Domesticated and Acclimatized Fishes, and the Distribution of Fishes in time and space, with a variety of miscellaneous information, some of it exceedingly curious and suggestive. As regards the Geographical Distribution of existing fishes, our author does not rise to the level of our expectations. Perhaps we had been led to look for too much, after the example set by some naturalists who have recently professed themselves able to write the history of our planet, or at least of its inhabitants in all time, from their knowledge of those inhabitants which still remain on its surface. That such a task may be possible one of these

these days, and especially as regards the inhabitants of the land, we do not mean to dispute; but clearly we have much more to learn on the subject, particularly as regards fishes, and the prudence exhibited by Dr. Günther, in approaching and treating this tempting theme, contrasts favourably with the surmises and hypotheses, hardly deserving to be called theories, which some soaring speculators have of late advanced. We cannot help thinking that he has erred perhaps on the side of caution; for it really seems to us that so great a luminary of zoological science as he is could have guided us a little further on our path than he has vouchsafed to do. Still no one can doubt, in respect of Ichthyology at least, that, as he puts it (p. 213), 'the endeavour to establish by means of our present fragmentary geological knowledge the divisions of the fauna of the globe, leads us into a maze of conflicting evidence.' To us it appears, however, that the proposition is here stated inversely, and that the key to the position is held by zoologists, whose duty it is to fill up the gaps of geological knowledge, inevitable in the present imperfect condition of the geological record, by adducing and judiciously adapting the evidence that they, and they only, possess.* It might indeed be expected *à priori*, and on a very slight consideration it becomes obvious, that Fishes from their nature are not amenable to the laws of Geographical Distribution which govern land-animals, and moreover that, in treating of the Geographical Distribution of Fishes, we have to separate them into three, if not four, distinct categories, though the boundaries of these categories cannot be very sharply defined. Dr. Günther takes the latter number—(1) Freshwater Fishes; (2) Brackish-water Fishes; (3) Marine Fishes—these last being subdivided into Shore-Fishes and Oceanic or Pelagic Fishes; and, finally, (4) Fishes of the Deep Sea. Even in the case of Freshwater Fishes, which of course live under conditions more similar to those of land-animals than do those of the other categories, he disallows the six great Zoo-geographical Regions which most zoologists have accepted, and would arrange them in three zones, Northern, Equatorial and Southern—somewhat indeed after the manner in which Linnæus more than a century ago inclined to treat plants. It is true that Dr. Günther breaks up these zones into Regions, which roughly correspond with the six generally received—except that he has one

* What this evidence will ultimately be like, is perhaps foreshadowed by Mr. F. M. Balfour in his remarkable 'Monograph on the development of Elasmobranch Fishes' (London, 1878); and another instalment of it may be seen in the concluding volume of his still more remarkable 'Treatise on Comparative Embryology' (London, 1881).

more, for the 'Australian' Region of most zoo-geographers is by him split into two—a 'Tropical Pacific' and an 'Antarctic,' which last is made to include the Patagonian seas as well as those of New Zealand and Tasmania—a proceeding we are not prepared to criticize. The Fishes of his second category, owing to the fact of their living in salt water equally with fresh, and thus being able to spread readily over the globe (a few only being limited to particular regions) are useless in any plan of parcelling out the earth's surface into natural districts. The Shore-Fishes afford somewhat better definition, and of them our author forms five groups, inhabiting respectively the Arctic Ocean, his North-temperate Zone, the Equatorial Zone, his South-temperate Zone, and finally the Antarctic Ocean—all of which, except the first and last, may be subdivided. We then come to the Pelagic Fishes, which seem indeed to require separation, but just as little can be deduced from them as from the inhabitants of brackish waters, and they insensibly mingle with the Fishes of the Deep Sea, of which there is much more to be said.

Truly by far the most wonderful part of Dr. Günther's work is that which treats of these Fishes of the Deep Sea, the existence of which as a distinct category he has been the first to reveal to us. Thirty years ago no one had the audacity to believe that the abysses of the ocean were tenanted, perhaps even thronged, with piscine life. Even animal life of any sort, as we have so often been told, had been supposed to be impossible at a greater depth than that which we now find to be but the portal of a new world of beings. The discovery of what have since proved to be deep-sea forms of Fishes began indeed long ago, but the abysmal nature of their haunts was hardly suspected, and certainly not recognized, till much later. The fact was established by our author, jointly with the late Mr. James Yate Johnson, a gentleman who, having to winter yearly in Madeira on account of his health, and possessing a strong taste for natural history, sought occupation in carrying on the investigations into the fishes of its surrounding waters, which had already been so successfully commenced half a century ago by the Rev. Richard Thompson Lowe; but the very phrase 'Deep-sea Fish' is, we think, hardly older than 1864, though since that time, or thereabouts, it has come into general use. Here however it will be as well to let Dr. Günther speak for himself:

'The knowledge of the existence of deep-sea fishes is one of the recent discoveries of ichthyology. It is only about twenty years ago that, from the evidence afforded by the anatomical structure of a few singular fishes obtained in the North Atlantic, an opinion was expressed, that these fishes inhabited great depths of the ocean, and that their organisation

organisation was specially adapted for living under the physical abyssal conditions. These fishes agreed in the character of their connective tissue, which was so extremely weak as to yield to, and to break under, the slightest pressure, so that the greatest difficulty is experienced to preserve their body in its continuity. Another singular circumstance was, that some of the specimens were picked up floating on the surface of the water, having met their death whilst engaged in swallowing or digesting another fish not much inferior or even superior in size to themselves.

'The first peculiarity was accounted for by the fact that, if these fishes really inhabited the great depths supposed, their removal from the enormous pressure under which they lived would be accompanied by such an expansion of the gases within their tissues as to rupture them, and to cause a separation of the parts which had been held together by the pressure. The second circumstance was explained thus:—A raptorial fish, organised to live at a depth of between 500 and 800 fathoms, seizes another usually inhabiting a depth of between 300 and 500 fathoms. In its struggles to escape, the fish seized, nearly as large or strong as the attacking fish, carries the latter out of its depth into a higher stratum, where the diminished pressure causes such an expansion of gases as to make the destroyer with its victim rise with increasing rapidity towards the surface, which they reach dead or in a dying condition.'—(pp. 296, 297.)

It was also shown that, as the same species and genera are found in very distant parts of the globe, these Deep-sea Fishes are not limited in their range, and consequently (as has since been admitted on other grounds) that the physical conditions of the ocean-depths must be much alike all the world over. That the Deep-sea Fishes are not of a peculiar order, however peculiarly organized, but for the most part modified forms of surface-types, was another conclusion arrived at from the scattered evidence available before dredging at great depths was systematically practised, and a conclusion that has since proved to be right. Nevertheless it still remained to ascertain more precisely the bathymetrical horizons in which the different kinds lived, and this has been to some extent attained by observations made during the voyage of the 'Challenger,' though these, as is afterwards explained (at p. 304), cannot be received without further critical examination; for unfortunately no precaution seems to have been taken to keep the mouth of the dredge closed during its descent or ascent, and therefore it is probable, if not in some cases certain, that fishes were occasionally entrapped while the machine was passing through the surface water. On the other hand, the majority of the examples taken in the dredge offer literally internal evidence that they were inhabitants of the abysses, being so organized as to be unable to live near the surface,

surface, and consequently that they were captured at the greatest depth to which the dredge reached, or nearly so.

The physical conditions of the deep sea, affecting the organization and distribution of these fishes, which it is so hard to realize to the mind, are thus formulated by our author:—

‘1. Absence of sunlight.—Probably the rays of the sun do not penetrate to, and certainly do not extend beyond, a depth of 200 fathoms; therefore we may consider this to be the depth where the Deep-sea fauna commences. Absence of light is, of necessity, accompanied by modifications of the organs of vision, and by simplification of colours.

‘2. The absence of sunlight is in some measure compensated for by the presence of phosphorescent light, produced by many marine animals and also by numerous Deep-sea fishes.

‘3. Depression and equality of the temperature.—At a depth of 500 fathoms the temperature of the water is already as low as 40° Fahr., and perfectly independent of the temperature of the surface-water; and from the greatest depths upwards to about 1000 fathoms the temperature is uniformly but a few degrees above freezing-point. Temperature, therefore, ceases to offer an obstacle to the unlimited dispersal of Deep-sea fishes.

‘4. The increased pressure by the water.—The pressure of the atmosphere, on the level of the sea, amounts to fifteen pounds per square inch of the surface of the body of an animal; but the pressure amounts to a ton weight for every 1000 fathoms of depth.

‘5. With the sunlight, vegetable life ceases in the depths of the sea. All Deep-sea fishes are therefore carnivorous; the most voracious feeding frequently on their own offspring, and the toothless kinds being nourished by the animalcules which live on the bottom, or which, “like a constant rain,” settle down from the upper strata towards the bottom of the sea.

‘6. The perfect quiet of the water at great depths.—The agitation of the water, caused by the disturbances of the air, does not extend beyond the depth of a few fathoms: below this surface-stratum there is no other movement except the quiet flow of ocean-currents, and near the bottom of the deep sea the water is probably in a state of almost entire quiescence.’—(pp. 297, 298.)

Now the effect of these conditions on some part or parts of their structure is such, that all Deep-sea Fishes are easily recognizable, without positive evidence of their having been caught at a great depth, and in many of them the most striking characteristics relate to the pressure of the water they inhabit. Their bones and muscles are comparatively feebly developed; the former ‘have a fibrous, fissured, and cavernous texture, are light, with scarcely any calcareous matter, so that the point of a needle will readily penetrate them without breaking.’ They are

are loosely attached to each other—the vertebræ especially; and, unless carefully handled, the body will almost fall to pieces. But that this is not the animal's normal condition, we may be well assured. It is due simply to the absence of the pressure which keeps the whole organization compact; for, as has just been stated, most of these fishes are rapacious, and to indulge their voracity (enormous, as we shall presently see) they must execute rapid and powerful movements, to effect which their muscles must be as firm, and their vertebræ as tautly braced, as in their surface-swimming relatives. Marvellous as this is, it is far from being all that is marvellous in the structure of these dwellers in the profundities. We pass over the modifications of their eyes, for such are found in plenty of other groups of animals; but many of them are furnished with 'more or less numerous, round, shining, mother-of-pearl-coloured bodies imbedded in the skin'—

'As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems.'

Here let us again quote Dr. Günther:—

'These so-called phosphorescent or luminous organs are either larger bodies of an oval or irregularly elliptical shape placed on the head, in the vicinity of the eye, or smaller round globular bodies arranged symmetrically in series along the side of the body and tail, especially near the abdominal profile, less frequently along the back. . . . The organs of one kind consist of an anterior, biconvex, lens-like body, which is transparent during life, simple or composed of rods; and of a posterior chamber, which is filled with a transparent fluid, and coated with a dark membrane composed of hexagonal cells, or of rods arranged as in a retina. . . . In the other kind, the organ shows throughout a simply glandular structure, but apparently without an efferent duct. Branches of the spinal nerves run to each organ, and are distributed over the retina-like membrane or the glandular follicles. The former kind of organs are considered by some naturalists true organs of vision (accessory eyes), the function of the latter being left unexplained by them.'—(pp. 301-303.)

There can, it seems, be no reasonable doubt, that the function of both these kinds of organs has reference to the conditions of light under which the animals possessing them live, but further than that our judgment concerning them must at present be suspended. Dr. Günther briefly states the three hypotheses which have been broached as possible. *First*, that both kinds are 'accessory eyes,' to which there is the objection that several fishes, having well-developed and even large eyes, perfectly adapted for seeing in the dark, are endowed with them, while in other Deep-sea Fishes, without external eyes, they are absent.

Secondly,

Secondly, that only the organs with a lenticular body and a retina-like membrane behind it are visual, but that the glandular organs are phosphorescent: and more may be said for this view than for any other, since the glandular organs are certainly luminous. *Thirdly*, that all the organs are producers of light; in which case it must proceed from the inner cavity, and be emitted through the lens-like body as through a 'bull's-eye' lantern. We hope we shall before long learn which of these suppositions may be adopted, but it will not be easy, we think, to decide the question. It might be different if we could but capture some of these remarkable beings alive and unhurt, and, removing them to an aquarium, reproduce in a glass tank the conditions of the deep sea! That may in time come to pass, but meanwhile we must depend on the investigations of anatomists.

Among other properties of the Deep-sea Fishes, and in connection with their visual powers, it may be observed that they display few colours;* and gay tints would indeed be useless amid 'the gloom of Tartarus profound.' Their body is generally either black or silvery, but the silveriness has a most brilliant sheen, which is preserved even after years of immersion in spirit. A few are 'picked out,' as a coach-painter might say, with bright scarlet, either on the fin-rays or the filaments attached thereto. Such filaments, developed in connection with the fins or the end of the tail, are, we may remark, eminently characteristic of fishes that inhabit still water, and many of the Deep-sea forms are adorned by them—a fact perfectly in accordance with the belief in the unvexed state of the nethermost abysses. Another remarkable property of some of these creatures—

'That woo the slimy bottom of the deep'—

is a stomach so capable of distension that it can hold a prey of twice or thrice the bulk of the destroyer! Figures of two of these are given by Dr. Günther (pp. 311,† 473), reproduced from Mr. Ford's beautiful plates in the 'Proceedings of the Zoological Society' (1866, pl. ii., and 1864, pl. xxv.). Even with such a

* One of the chief exceptions seems to be in the fish known as *Plagyodus* or *Alepidosaurus ferox*, which is described and figured by Lowe as exhibiting vivid and beautiful tints; but a specimen obtained by Johnson was by no means so brightly coloured (Proc. Zool. Soc. 1862, p. 128). There is also the beautiful *Rhodichthys regina*, known only from a single specimen, taken in 1878 by the Norwegian North Atlantic Expedition, midway between Bear Island and Jan Mayen Island.

† There is a slight inaccuracy in the description of the figure on this page. The original was not obtained in the North Atlantic, though the species has since been taken there, but near Dominica, whence it was sent by Sir Leopold McClintock to Dr. Carte (see Proc. Zool. Soc. 1866, p. 35).

meal they are not always content, for, though a fish seven inches and a half long was found in the latter specimen, itself not four inches in length, yet, we are told, 'it was tempted to take a bait.' One of the earliest-recorded instances of this extraordinary voracity was observed by Mr. Johnson, who wrote as follows of a specimen (of another and very rare species, however) he procured at Madeira, which had been found floating on the surface:—

'The man from whom I obtained it stated that he had a fish with two heads, two mouths, four eyes, and a tail growing out of the middle of the back, which had astonished the whole market; and the fishermen one and all declared they had never met with anything like it before. At first sight it really did appear to be the monster described; but a short examination brought to light the fact, that one fish had been swallowed by another, and that the features of the former were seen through the thin extensible skin of the latter. On extracting the fish that had been swallowed, it proved . . . to have a diameter several times exceeding that of its enemy, whose stomach it had distended to an unnatural and painful degree.'—(*Annals of Natural History*, October 1862, p. 277.)

Here we may remark that, according to Dr. Günther, it is hardly correct to say that the victim is 'swallowed,' for there is no action of the pharyngeal muscles in deglutition. It is seized by the formidable captor, whose teeth are literally 'as spears and arrows,' and whose jaws are composed of bones that can be moved independently owing to the elasticity of their ligaments, just as in so many of the snakes. Holding on by his relentless fangs, the structure of which precludes any yielding, he proceeds to draw himself over his prey, and thus the struggle between the two fishes must needs be protracted if they be at all matched in size or strength. Still the chance of the victim's escape must be very small, though he may often bring destruction on his assailant, who, having finally 'got outside of his dinner,' in transatlantic phrase, floats gorged and helpless on the top of the water, a prey in his turn to many enemies.

We have dwelt at some length on these creatures, not merely because of the interest we can hardly doubt our readers will take in being introduced to them, but because the subject is likely to be new to most persons, no connected account of them having, we believe, before appeared. Even the unscientific imagination cannot fail to be aroused at the thought of the dark, cold, and still depths of the sea, lit up only here and there by the fitful gleams of their phosphorescent inhabitants, which must serve but to render the mysterious gloom more horrid—a gelid, watery Erebus, peopled by submarine furies as fierce

as those that tenanted the subterranean realms of classic mythology. What a contrast to the poet's vision of ocean-grottoes 'under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,' haunted by graceful nereids 'sleeking their soft alluring locks'!

But it must by no means be supposed that Dr. Günther's chapter on Deep-sea Fishes exhausts the interest to be found in his book. It only contains more that is novel. There is much beside which is curious, instructive, and, what in these days is of more consequence, entertaining. The general reader, who may take the trouble of looking into the 'Systematic and Descriptive Part' of the volume, uninviting as its title might seem, will find much to repay him. He will be told (p. 518) of the Fighting-fish of Siam, which, on seeing another of its species, or even its own image in a mirror, becomes suddenly excited, and, though dull in hue at other times, 'the raised fins and the whole body shine with metallic colours of dazzling beauty, while the projected gill-membrane, waving like a black frill round the throat, adds something of grotesqueness to the general appearance. In this state it makes repeated darts at its real or reflected antagonist.' The Siamese are infatuated with the combats of these fishes, staking on the result considerable sums, and sometimes their persons and families, while the license to exhibit fish-fights is farmed, and brings in no small revenue to the royal treasury. In this severely scientific age, it is a pleasure to find that a naturalist of Dr. Günther's high standing will condescend to retail to us an anecdote of this kind, which would have delighted a Goldsmith or a Bingley.

Of a very different kind, and to ourselves, we confess, far more exciting, is the interest raised by the brief account (pp. 553, 554) of the changes undergone by what are commonly known as 'Flat-fishes' in their progress to maturity. All of us know the flounder, the plaice, the sole, the brill, or the turbot, and in our time some of us may possibly have wondered at the unsymmetrical form and the strangely situated eyes of those favourites of the table; but few of us are aware that their one-sided peculiarity is not born with them. When young, they are much as other fishes are. They then swim in a vertical position, and each side of the head has its ordinary eye; but they have a strongly compressed pellucid body and no air-bladder, while the lateral fins whereby they balance themselves in the water are exceedingly weak. In consequence they fall over either to one side or the other, and take to swimming laterally. The side which is uppermost, being turned towards the light, soon becomes coloured, while that which is beneath assumes an opaque whiteness, and the eye of the lower side, be it right or left, transfers itself to

the upper, making its appearance above and close to the eye proper to that side. The precise way in which this remarkable modification is effected has not, however, been yet determined, or at least two opinions are expressed concerning it. Some observers think that the travelling eye pushes its way through the yielding bones, displacing them as it passes from the lower to the upper side, while others hold that it carries the surrounding parts of the head with it; but there is no question whatever that its movement is affected by the action of the light, which it follows. In some of the Flat-fishes, as the turbot and the brill, the right is nearly always the blind side; in others, as the holibut and the sole, the left; but in the flounder and a few more there is much irregularity in this respect, which, it has been suggested, may be owing to some of them (the flounder especially) living close inshore or being inhabitants of tidal rivers, and therefore subject to more violent movements of the water than they are able to resist.

There is indeed no end to the wonders to be found in fishes' eyes. Those of the genus *Anableps*, known in Demarara as 'four-eyes,' have the iris horizontally divided by an opaque band, giving them an appearance which almost justifies their name; and as these fishes frequently swim with the head half out of the water, it is presumed that the upper and lower portions of the cornea are adapted for the different density of the media in which they are respectively used. The 'star-gazers,' *Uranoscopus*, and others, have eyes that can be raised or lowered at will; but the most remarkable instance of mobility in these organs seems to exist in certain gobies of the genus *Periophthalmus* and its ally *Boleophthalmus* (p. 488), which might be called 'oglers,' as they have the power of thrusting their eyeballs far out of the socket, and turning them as freely as a chamæleon rolls his. These fishes are also remarkable for another faculty, towards which these versatile eyes must contribute not a little. At low water they remain on the muddy flats, and hunt for their prey, consisting of small crustaceans and other marine animals, making rapid leaps by the aid of their fins and tail, which are strong, and when their eyes are retracted they are protected by a membranaceous lid. 'A fish out of water' is indeed not so uncommon, nor always so uncomfortable a creature, as the proverb would imply. The so-called climbing perch of the East Indies has long been known, though why it should take the trouble to mount trees is not so clear. There is a group of Siluroids, from rivers of tropical America flowing into the Atlantic, the *Doradina*, of which Dr. Günther writes:

'These fishes have excited attention by their habit of travelling during

during the dry season, from a piece of water about to dry up, in quest of a pond of greater capacity. These journeys are occasionally of such a length that the fish spends whole nights on the way, and the bands of scaly travellers are sometimes so large, that the Indians who happen to meet them fill many baskets of the prey thus placed in their hands. The Indians suppose that the fish carry a supply of water with them, but they have no special organs, and can only do so by closing the gill-openings, or by retaining a little water between the plates of their bodies, as Hancock supposes. The same naturalist adds that they make regular nests, in which they cover up their eggs with care and defend them, male and female uniting in this parental duty until the eggs are hatched. The nest is constructed at the beginning of the rainy season, of leaves, and is sometimes placed in a hole scooped out in the beach.'—(pp. 572, 573.)

But we need not go to Central America to find nest-building fishes. The bullheads and sticklebacks of our own waters are architects of distinguished ingenuity, and erect edifices of grass-stalks, aquatic plants, and other matters that, glued together with the mucus that exudes from the builders' skin, form beautiful subaqueous arbours, capable of withstanding the flow of tides or the current of the ditches and rivulets at the bottom of which they are constructed. The habit seems to be common to all the members of the group, though the style of architecture varies somewhat according to the species, from the form of a molehill to that of a lady's muff. In every case the male alone seems to be the builder, and, when he has completed the chamber to his satisfaction, he seeks out a mate, captivates her with his caresses, and conducts her to the bower he has prepared. Induced to enter it, she therein drops her eggs. Occasionally his suit is urged several times, and not always in the same quarter, though always with the same blandishments. At length he appears to think that enough eggs have been laid, or for reasons best known to himself he leaves off wooing, and mounts guard jealously over the precious deposit, not allowing the approach of any other fish—even his former partner or partners—until the fry are hatched and sufficiently grown to need his protecting care no longer.

The part played by the male of certain other fishes is remarkable enough to demand a few words. In some species of *Arius*, a Siluroid, he carries the ova about with him in his capacious pharynx, and the same is said to be the case with the *Chromida* of the Sea of Galilee (fishes allied to the celebrated *bulti* of the Nile). In those queer-looking creatures, commonly called sea-horses—dried specimens of which are so often to be seen among the miscellaneous contents of Chinese 'curiosity boxes'—and

—and allied forms, the males have a subcaudal pouch, formed by a fold or by folds of the skin, in which the eggs are carefully nursed, as the parent sits upright in a proud posture with the prehensile tip of his tail grasping the stem of a seaweed. It is worthy of notice, also, that many of the pipe-fishes which also have this habit are furnished with extraordinary means of protection. Not only is their colour closely assimilated to that of the particular kind of seaweed they frequent, but their spines terminate in filmy streamers or pennons, so like the fronds to which they attach themselves, as completely to mask their appearance and make them seem to be merely part of the plant. The 'Proceedings of the Zoological Society' for 1865 contains figures (pls. xiv. and xv.) of two of these pipe-fishes, one of them drawn by that conscientious zoological artist, the late Mr. Ford before mentioned, and Dr. Günther has done well to copy it in his work (page 682), though the woodcut naturally fails to represent the soft beauty of the original lithograph. One cannot but be struck with the curious analogy of these instances of protective resemblance to those afforded by some animals of a very different kind—the sloths to wit, whose shaggy coat, as they cling, back downward, from the lofty trees of their forests, renders them hardly distinguishable to the eye from the tufts of hair-like lichens (*Tillandsia*) that depend from the same branches—the resemblance being heightened by the greyish-green colour common to both the vegetable and the animal mass, and in the latter case now known to be due to minute cryptogamic organisms.

In the singular monster, which always excites the wonder of sea-side visitors, and is variously known to our fishermen as the sea-devil, fishing-frog, and angler, appendages of a similar kind to those of the pipe-fishes serve another and most artful purpose. The animal creeps along the bottom of the sea by means of its regularly-articulated pectoral and ventral fins,* and when it stops buries itself in the sand.

'All round its head, and also along the body, the skin bears fringed appendages, resembling short fronds of sea-weed; a structure which, combined with the extraordinary faculty of assimilating the colours of the body to its surroundings, assists this fish greatly in concealing itself in places which it selects on account of the abundance of prey. To render the organisation of these creatures perfect in relation to their wants, they are provided with three long filaments inserted along the middle of the head. . . . The filament most important in the economy of the fishing-frogs is the first, which is the longest,

* These are said (p. 471) 'to perform the functions of teeth,' but the last word is an obvious misprint for 'feet.'

terminates

terminates in a lappet, and is movable in every direction. There is no doubt that the Fishing-frog . . . plays with this filament as with a bait, attracting fishes, which, when sufficiently near, are engulfed by the simple act of the Fishing-frog opening its gape. Its stomach is distensible in an extraordinary degree, and not rarely fishes have been taken out of it quite as large and heavy as their destroyer.'—(pp. 471, 472.)

The young fishing-frog, which is figured by our author, is, we may add, still more grotesque in its appearance, owing to the branches with which its superior appendages are adorned. We must also observe that the three long filaments which, situated on the head, contribute so effectively to the maintenance of this wonderful creature 'are, in fact, the detached and modified first three spines of the anterior dorsal fin.' This may sound strange, yet it is by no means the only, or even the most remarkable, case to be found among fishes, of the complete diversion of a portion of the organization to another part of the body or to an altogether different function. In *Malthe*, a genus of fishes peculiar to the American shores of the Atlantic, and belonging to the same group as the fishing-frog, the anterior part of the snout is prominently produced, and beneath it is a cavity containing a retractile tentacle—or organ of touch—which is found to be the first dorsal spine thus wholly transposed!

Now let us turn to a very different phase of fish-life. We have already touched briefly upon some of those members of the class which voluntarily come ashore, and for a longer or shorter time maintain their existence on land. But some fishes there are, as all our readers have heard and many have seen, which essay a third element, and with more or less success indulge for a few moments in a mode of progression denied to the highest of animated beings. The 'Flying-fishes' belong to two very different groups. A few species—three only according to Dr. Günther—are allied to the gurnards, and form the genus *Dactylopterus*; while the greater number—forty-four as he says—have affinities with the garfishes and more remotely with the pikes, and constitute the genus *Exocoetus*. The former are generally the more bulky and, as in the true gurnards, have the anterior rays of the pectoral fins detached and separate; but of them we profess not to speak further. The latter, which are the ordinary 'Flying-fishes' of voyagers, have all the rays of the pectoral fins connected. The power of flight possessed by these animals has long been a moot point among zoologists, some observers denying their ability to steer their course, while

while others * maintain that they are not only able to alter its direction horizontally but vertically. As we can testify from experience, appearances are in favour of so much of the latter view as relates to lateral movement; but all naturalists know, or ought to know, how deceitful appearances may be. It is clear that the fish obtains the impetus for its 'flight' from the resistance of the water as it leaps out of its natural element, and unquestionably the old travellers' stories of its aerial excursions being made for the object of catching insects are to be rejected. But, on the other hand, we are not so sure that it cannot at will change its course when once under sail. That it does not ply its fins as a bird or a bat does its wings is very probable; but we think that those who would so greatly curtail its power to direct itself do not sufficiently bear in mind the effect of the slightest lateral movement of the tail on a body passing through the air with a velocity that is admittedly considerable. We are sorry we have not room here for the long abstract which our author gives (pp. 622, 623) of the observations of Professor Möbius of Kiel, who is, we grant, a high authority, and we regret this the more, since the opinion expressed by him as the result of those observations, and adopted by Dr. Günther, is not wholly in accordance with our own,† for we have more than once seen the aerial course of a Flying-fish suddenly changed in a way that we have been unable to reconcile with the theory of the animal being merely an agile voltigeur and its deviation being caused solely by the wind.

Space fails us to dwell as we should wish to dwell on many other matters of the deepest interest, that are dealt with in this book or are naturally suggested thereby. The *Salmonidæ* alone would supply more than enough matter for an article, and an article which could hardly fail to contain facts that would be novel to our readers, much as has already been written about the fishes of this family. In little more than fifteen pages Dr. Günther has given (pp. 630-646) a most admirable general account of them, and one which ought to explain, so far as they are at present explicable, many of the difficulties that have for years exercised the ingenuity of ichthyologists and fishermen. These 'practical men,' like nearly all outdoor observers of Nature, are disposed to be extremely dogmatic. They put an overweening reliance on their own observations, and refuse belief in those of any one else. Kept within due bounds, this trust and mistrust are not only justifiable but praise-

* See especially Mr. Gosse's 'Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica,' pp. 9, 10.

† It has been also forcibly challenged by Mr. Whitman in the 'American Naturalist' for September, 1880.

worthy.

worthy. These bounds are however too often exceeded, and perhaps they have never been more exceeded than among those who have written on the natural history of the salmon and its allies. Dr. Günther does not conceal the fact that many points still remain very obscure, and in a general way he seems to attribute much of this obscurity to the great variation of appearance, habits, and so forth, caused mainly by the influence of external circumstances, the general effect of which is so apt to be neglected by writers who confine themselves to observations made in one particular locality. But he also justly remarks, that the trouble is partly due to the unusual attention which has been given to the fishes of this group, and 'has revealed an almost greater amount of unexplained facts than of satisfactory solutions of the questions raised.' This, we apprehend, involves a truth which is only beginning to dawn on the investigators of all departments of biology, but a truth which it will become daily more and more necessary to recognize. The more closely any group of animals or plants is studied, the harder to solve are the problems which examination discloses. Yet we should by no means be discouraged on that account. If we may judge of what remains to do by what has been done, we have every reason to think that one by one an explanation of every difficulty will at last be reached, however long that explanation may be in coming.

Again with the herrings. Short as is the account which our author gives of them, it would supply texts on which it would be easy to descant to an indefinite length. We have before referred to the enormous importance rightly attached to the fishery which has this group, or, to be precise, but one single species of it, for its object. A library only less extensive than that of the Salmonids treats of the herring, its history and mode of capture. Yet about no family of fishes have more erroneous notions prevailed, and even still prevail, in spite of the investigations carried on and the evidence collected by Professor Huxley and his brother-commissioners between fifteen and twenty years ago. A good history of the herring is still, and probably will for long continue, a thing to be desired, and whenever it shall be written it will be found to abound in wonders, even as the fish itself abounds in the sea, or, for the matter of that, in estuaries also, since all authorities now seem to concur in deeming 'whitebait' to be but the fry of the herring.

Much the same is to be said of the cod and his kind; and, though the number of works concerning them is perhaps not so great, the scant page and a half which Dr. Günther devotes to them would afford a theme for a succession of dissertations; but

but the cod-fishery of the British coasts has never attained the overwhelming importance that our herring-fishery has, nor does it with us approach the magnitude that it reaches on the banks of Newfoundland, and in the seas of Iceland and the Loffoden Islands, in which last locality upwards of 20,000,000,000 are said to be annually taken!

We cannot conclude without a few words on eels. Extraordinary as it may seem, considering the abundance of this species of fish in this country, Dr. Günther has at the present day to write of it as might have been written by Artedi or Bloch a century ago:—

‘Their mode of propagation is still unknown. So much only is certain, that they do not spawn in fresh water, that many full-grown individuals, but not all, descend rivers during the winter months, and that some of them at least must spawn in brackish water or in deep water in the sea; for in the course of the summer young individuals from three to five inches long ascend rivers in incredible numbers, overcoming all obstacles, ascending vertical walls or floodgates, entering every larger and smaller tributary, and making their way even over terra firma to waters shut off from all communication with rivers. Such immigrations have long been known by the name of “*Eel-fairs*.” The majority of the eels which migrate to the sea appear to return to fresh water, but not in a body, but irregularly, and throughout the warmer part of the year. No naturalist has ever observed these fishes in the act of spawning, or found mature ova; and the organs of reproduction of individuals caught in fresh water are so little developed and so much alike, that the female organ can be distinguished from the male only with the aid of a microscope.’—(pp. 672, 673.)

Here we must stop, far as we are from having said all we should wish of this volume—a book the like of which, we believe, does not elsewhere exist—and one which, if it will not interest a majority of our readers, cannot fail to please all who have any taste for Natural History and a desire to know more of it.

- ART. VIII.—1. *The Irish Land Act of 1881.* London, 1881.
 2. *Speeches of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., during the Recess.* 1881.
 3. *Official Reports of Outrages in Ireland.* 1880–81.
 4. *Letters of the Duke of Argyll and Mr. J. Chamberlain, M.P.* 1881.

THE time is now at hand when the Government will be compelled to defend a policy which has brought to pass a series of events calculated to amaze, not only the British nation, but the entire civilized world. It will be admitted that it has evinced no inclination to anticipate by a single moment the discharge of this duty. Mr. Gladstone has shown a strong desire to avoid being hampered by Cabinet meetings, just as he has shown, on many previous occasions, an uncontrollable impatience of the ordinary forms of Parliamentary discussion. Towards the end of last November, the intimation appeared in one of the numerous journals which struggle so zealously for the first place in official esteem, that the Cabinet would meet no more until the new year, and that the Prime Minister would forthwith retire into Wales. The Government, in fact, desired to have it generally understood that, although much foolish excitement prevailed in the newspaper world, the country was tranquil, contented, and prosperous. In accordance with the programme thus considerably advertised, the close of the first week in December witnessed the disappearance of the Cabinet. A letter or two appeared now and then from the Prime Minister, forewarning the House of Commons that it must be brought into due subjection to his wishes, even at the sacrifice of that freedom of debate which has been its boast for centuries. There was also a series of hardy, but futile, attempts on the part of Mr. Chamberlain to reconcile his former support of the Irish Land League with the wholesale imprisonment of its leaders, male and female. No other sign of life was given for nearly two months. Even Sir W. Harcourt relapsed into silence.

Any one who had been in the habit of observing the various movements which go on in the political world must have looked upon all this with bewilderment. During the last few years, whenever the Conservatives happened to be in power, Mr. Gladstone has frequently been impelled by his high sense of duty to come before the nation with an emphatic warning against the perils of permitting a Minister to take too much power into his own hands. Visions of usurpation disturbed his slumbers, and he saw with dismay the liberties of the people threatened

threatened with extinction. If a fortnight elapsed without a Cabinet meeting, danger signals were promptly exhibited from the well-known watch-tower, and the note of alarm was passed rapidly from one 'caucus' to another. 'In so grave a state of affairs,' he wrote on one such occasion, 'I trust we shall soon hear of a meeting of the Cabinet.' What caused him disquietude at that moment was the report of certain outrages far off in the province of Bulgaria. When he retired to his home last December, barbarous outrages, perpetrated under circumstances which might have moved the hardest heart to pity, were occurring daily and hourly in Ireland, but we did not 'hear of a meeting of the Cabinet.' The Prime Minister himself made a long railroad journey without delivering a single speech on the way. The rest of the Ministry dispersed in the happiest frame of mind, and multitudes of helpless women and children were left to the tender mercies of Captain Moonlight and Rory of the Hills.

The indifference exhibited by the Government for the misery which it has in no slight degree occasioned is consistent with its entire policy, and it is fully shared by its customary supporters. They are ready to admit, upon compulsion, that what Mr. Chamberlain has pleasantly described as 'this kind of thing'—referring to murders, maimings, and brutal assaults—is to be regretted; but, after all, what have we a right to expect? The Irish are gifted with a sensitive nature and a lively imagination, and they cannot always control their feelings when they are asked to pay rent. If occasionally they are unable to resist the temptation to cut off a neighbour's ears, or to hamstring his cattle, it is our duty to remember the wrongs inflicted upon their country by Saxon rule. We are also frequently reminded that 'things' were much worse in 1798. It is to be hoped that these considerations have afforded comfort to the bereaved or impoverished mothers and children for whom 1881 was a year of calamity, ever to be remembered with sorrow and tears. If discontent was more rife in 1798, at least we had then made no great effort to allay it. Since that time concession after concession has been granted, and 'healing measures' have been passed almost without number. Catholic disabilities are gone; so is the Irish Church; so is the right of the landlord to manage his own property. Priesthood and laity alike have had almost everything yielded to them which they have demanded—except total separation; and even that is not altogether beyond their hopes. But it is clear that we have made no approach whatever towards a true conciliation of the people. The spectacle which has been presented for many
months

months past in Ireland is, considering all the circumstances of the time, entirely without a parallel. Numbers of families have been deprived of the ordinary protection of the law, and have almost entirely lost their means of subsistence. Some of them have been brought to the very verge of starvation, and are compelled to depend upon public charity for food, or to take refuge from cold and hunger within the walls of the workhouse. The Ministry hope to be able to tell Parliament, with some plausibility, that outrages are less numerous than they were; but the truth is that the system of terrorism is now so complete that there is 'no necessity,' as Mr. Parnell once said, for murders. This is 'peace,' no doubt, much in the same sense as that in which Byron, after Tacitus, describes it. If nobody is killed, it is because nobody resists. Meanwhile, the entire relations between landlord and tenant have been practically reversed. The tenant, as an Irish correspondent has recently explained, 'is owner of the soil, while his landlord is only a receiver of rent (if he can get it). With his lease for fifteen years and a covenant for perpetual renewal, at a rent fixed by himself and his neighbours, and with the sanction of his sympathetic friends, the Sub-Commissioners, the tenant is better off than the nominal owner of the fee. If the times prove more prosperous, his alone will be the benefit, and at the end of the fifteen years his good farming will be rewarded, and his rent remain unchanged.'*

The only offence, which has been charged against the class which has thus been dispossessed of its rights, is that it had inherited or purchased land. It is not pretended that the majority of landlords have been harsh or unjust in the exercise of their rights; on the contrary, Mr. Gladstone himself, in introducing the measure for their spoliation, expressly declared that they had been put upon their trial, and had been acquitted. Mr. Chamberlain, whose ideas concerning the private property of others are at least as liberal as Mr. Gladstone's, admitted that he could not find 'a single word to say against Irish landlords as a class;' that they had upon the whole been 'just, and even generous.'† Against the most helpless of this class—those who are unable from poverty or other causes to leave Ireland—a war has been waged in which cruelty in almost every known form has had free license. It is easy to imagine how Mr. Gladstone would have made the world shudder over the barbarity of the system known as 'boycotting' if it had

* The 'Times,' January 2nd, 1882.

† Speech at Liverpool, October 26th, 1881.

grown up under a Conservative Government. With the instinct of a rhetorician, he saw how grand a field for display lay here before him, and on two occasions * he found it impossible to resist the temptation to venture at least upon the edge of it. He told his audience that boycotting meant 'simple ruin' to all who 'decline to obey the doctrines of the Land League.' He admitted that he had received reports of 'more than a thousand cases' down to that time, and he added, 'the ferocity, I may say the cruelty, with which the thing is pushed to its remotest consequences is hardly credible.' An equally emphatic description of it has been given by Earl Fitzwilliam, in a letter to the magistrates of the West Riding of Yorkshire†:—

'When a man is under the ban of the League, no one may speak to him, no one may work for him; he may neither buy nor sell; he is not allowed to go to his ordinary place of worship, or to send his children to school. The horses of those who are "boycotted" are not allowed to be shod; their cattle are mutilated; their property of every description is destroyed; their lives are menaced, and have often been taken. This tyranny is not confined to the owners and occupiers of land, but is extended to the labourers who venture to work for them. The absolute martyrdom which has been endured by many honest and loyal men in Ireland has hitherto been little known or appreciated by the public in England.'

This system was notoriously in operation for many months before any effort was made to suppress it, and it formed a recognized part of the agitation which a Minister of the Crown has told us was allowed to go on unchecked, in order that 'I and my colleagues'—to use his own modest phrase—might introduce what they called their 'reforms.' So far from regretting anything that has happened, this sagacious Minister assured the public not long ago that all was well; no mistake whatever has been made; 'if we had to do it again, I would do the same.'‡ The peculiar language used—'*I* and my colleagues,' '*I* would do the same,' 'the time had come, in *my* opinion, to act,' 'in doing this *I* confidently rely on the support of every Liberal'§—might naturally have given rise to the impression that it was Mr. Gladstone who was addressing the country. In reality, it proceeded not from the Prime Minister, but from the gentleman who intends to be Prime Minister, and

* At Liverpool, October 27th, 1881, and at the Guildhall, London, November 9th, 1881.

† Published in the 'Times,' January 2nd, 1882.

‡ Speech at Liverpool, October 26th, 1881.

§ Letter to Rev. J. P. Hopps, 'Times,' Dec. 26th, 1881.

who seems all the more determined to assert his claims because, when Mr. Gladstone recently bequeathed the succession to the Liberal leadership, he seemed to take particular pains not to mention the name of Mr. Chamberlain.

There is no more melancholy or more disheartening page in the history of Ireland than that which contains the story of Mr. Gladstone's policy of unconditional concession. The evils which he professed himself able to cure are all before us to-day in a more aggravated and more hopeless form than ever. Almost every one is able to perceive that his conception of the circumstances with which he had to deal bore no relation whatever to the facts. The Irish vote was given for him in a solid mass in 1880, and even at that time there was no excuse for entertaining the shadow of a doubt as to the objects which the leading agitators had in view. They sought the severance of Ireland from England, but this by no means checked the friendly advances of Mr. Gladstone and his followers. Lord Ramsay, at Liverpool, shook hands with the Home Rulers, and his political chiefs gave him their formal approval. Everywhere there was an open alliance between the Liberals and the party which was formed by Michael Davitt out of the Fenian organization for the partition of the empire. The alliance came to a violent end, but no breach of faith was at any time committed by the Home Rulers. Their conduct, however reprehensible in other respects, has in this matter been perfectly straightforward from the first. They have declared that they were intent upon a far different aim from that which Mr. Gladstone seemed to have set before himself. Mr. Parnell has always ridiculed the idea that Ireland could be soothed by Mr. Gladstone's 'panaceas,' and he plainly told us long ago that he never would have 'taken off his coat' but for the great projects which were concealed behind the land agitation. Neither he nor his friends have ever pretended for a moment that a Land Bill was what they wanted. They opposed it from its first stage to its last, sometimes by means which were unknown in the House of Commons till our own day, but which were warmly defended by Mr. Gladstone when he was out of office.* The Irish did not ask for the Land Bill, but Mr. Gladstone assured the country that it was the one thing needful for them, and the country put faith in him, as it has often done before, and always with the same result—ultimate disappointment, confusion in all Departments of the State, and dangerous proximity to humiliation and disaster.

* *Vide the 'Nineteenth Century,' August 1879.*

It is palpable enough now that Mr. Gladstone deceived himself and the nation in imagining that the Land Bill would drive out the demon of Irish discontent, but the Irish did not deceive him. There never has been the slightest reason for any one to be misled concerning the true state of Irish feeling in reference to this measure. Directly it had passed the House of Commons, the Land League declared war against it, and ridiculed the supposition that it would be accepted in settlement of Irish claims. Thus, at the very moment the House of Lords was required to pass a Bill, which was described as a short and speedy way to the restoration of law and order in Ireland, Mr. Parnell and his followers were proclaiming their intention of renewing the agitation for the accomplishment of their true end—the seizure of the land and its transference to the people. Mr. Parnell frankly stated that the ‘principles of the Bill were opposed to the principles of the Land League,’ and therefore the League would decline to make any ‘compromise with it.’* Again, at another August meeting, he asserted that the ‘League did not aim at fixing rent; they aimed at abolishing it altogether. God made the land for the people, not for the landholders.’ So, too, the Rev. Mr. Cantwell, of Thurles, boasted at the Dublin Convention of the League that it had ‘struck down, and would ultimately destroy, landlordism in this country, and *with it British rule.*’ In 1880, when Mr. Chamberlain admitted that the Government encouraged the League, Mr. Parnell called upon the people to organize as many branches as they could, for soon they would enter ‘on the paths of prosperity and national independence.’† A volume could be filled with similar passages; but when Mr. Gladstone came forward and assured the nation that the Land Leaguers were wild men whom no one regarded, and that the Irish people would be wholly led and advised by him, if only he were allowed to deal with them in his own way, he was once more believed, and hailed as the deliverer, not only of Ireland, but of England from Ireland. Thousands of estimable persons reposed unlimited confidence in his promises then, just as they would believe in him to-morrow if he assured them that he had suddenly been gifted with the power to perform miracles.

During the whole progress of the debates on the Land Bill, the manifestations of discontent and lawlessness in Ireland increased. It was quite evident, even then, that the measure would do as little to ‘heal the woes of afflicted centuries’ as the

* Speech at Dublin, August 2nd, 1881.

† Speech at Waterford, December 5th, 1880.

Disestablishment of the Irish Church, or as the Land Act of 1870 had done. What reason could there be for supposing it would meet with a better fate? The present occupiers of land no doubt gained something by the Bill, but not nearly so much as they thought themselves entitled to receive. And to a much larger class—the labourers—nothing whatever was given. They saw the spoil divided, but were not allowed to claim any share of it. Once more the Prime Minister had taken his own beliefs for facts. On every side he was warned that in sacrificing the Irish landlords he was not conciliating the Irish people. Twice before he had given up property to those who had no rightful claim to it, and the result was that crime increased, and the cry for further spoliation became louder than ever. Mr. Parnell did not hesitate to state at Wexford that, if the Land League had ever advocated plunder, they were taught to do it by Mr. Gladstone himself. It was the Prime Minister, he declared, ‘who had sanctioned this doctrine of public plunder,’ and although Mr. Parnell was effectually gagged soon after he had made this speech, his charge was not devoid of foundation. He plainly told the country that the only settlement of the question which would be satisfactory to the Irish people would be one ‘in which the landlord’s interest would be abolished, and the land handed over to the tenant.’ After this there remained but one of the agitators for whom Mr. Gladstone was disposed to retain sympathy and respect, and this one he singled out for lavish compliment. Mr. Dillon, he declared,* was a man of ‘a perfect unswerving integrity,’ an ‘opponent whom I am glad to honour.’ Mr. Dillon hastened to reject these unwelcome praises, and he even ventured to declare that Mr. Gladstone’s reputation was based upon a ‘singular gift of skilful misrepresentation.’ A few days after making that remark, the man whom Mr. Gladstone ‘was glad to honour’ was thrown into prison, where he had an opportunity of comparing notes with Mr. Parnell on the very serious consequences of attacking a powerful Liberal Minister.

Thus from one extreme the Government passed rapidly to another. The utmost license having been accorded for many months to the ringleaders of the Land League, upwards of three hundred persons connected with it were suddenly arrested, some of whom were ‘suspects,’ and others merely ‘suspected of being suspect.’ Whether this severity was necessary in the latter part of 1881 and the beginning of 1882, is not the point at present under consideration: the all-important fact is, that it never

* Speech at Leeds, October 7th, 1881.

would have been necessary if the Government had pursued a wise, or even a moderately prudent course, from the time it assumed the responsibilities of office. According to Mr. Gladstone's own admission, it was only essential at that time to have maintained the *status quo*, for on the last day of March 1880, just before he came into power, he acknowledged that there was 'an absence of crime and outrage' in Ireland, 'with a general feeling of comfort and satisfaction, such as was unknown in the previous history of that country.'* Lord Beaconsfield, in his letter to the Duke of Marlborough (March 8th, 1880), had warned the country that a 'danger, scarcely less disastrous than pestilence and famine,' hung over Ireland, and that 'a portion of its population' was 'attempting to sever the constitutional tie which unites it to Great Britain.' Mr. Gladstone ridiculed this warning. Precautions of any kind were superfluous. Even after he became head of the Government, he remained of the same opinion, and refused to renew the Peace Preservation Act, as a measure totally uncalled for; and yet it was a measure which had inflicted no wrong upon any peaceably disposed person in all Ireland. There was no anticipation of serious troubles, and no thought, as the Duke of Argyll has testified, of producing a Land Act. All was peace; but the leaders of the Land League remembered who it was that attributed the opportunity for abolishing the Irish Church to the 'Clerkenwell explosion,' and they knew how much the same Minister had done to strengthen them in their new agitation. Disturbances soon broke out, and they were allowed to go on unchecked, because, to quote Mr. Chamberlain's memorable and infinitely disgraceful admission, to have suppressed them 'would have been to have prevented reforms,' and 'the tenants of Ireland would have had no organization to fall back upon.'† Other Radicals have made the same confession. The very journal which endeavoured to show that Mr. Chamberlain did not mean what he said, took the trouble to explain, in one of its gushing moods, that the Land Act 'would not have been passed if the Land League had never existed'—Mr. Chamberlain's statement, slightly varied in form. 'It is idle,' said the Radical organ, 'for Liberals, in the momentary desire to fight shy of the League, to forget this, or to pretend that Act is the fruit of the native and spontaneous love of justice which leads Parliament and Ministers virtuously to take up questions on the merits, without external stimulation.' The

* Speech to the Liberal Club of Edinburgh, March 31st, 1880.

† Speech at Liverpool, October 26th, 1881.

Land League 'twitched the cloak of the Minister pretty unfortunately,' and this originated the Bill 'which the League forced upon the Legislature.'* No doubt it is a very injudicious friend, who is periodically seized with an electric impulse to rush into the streets, and proclaim aloud to the bystanders all the secrets of the family; but that is a matter which concerns the Radicals themselves. The admissions just quoted are supported by the facts, and a Cabinet Minister has taken the trouble to corroborate them. Mr. Chamberlain may now see reason to wish that he could escape from the responsibility of these unguarded disclosures; but he cannot do it unless the peculiar license enjoyed by Mr. Gladstone is to be extended to him likewise—the license to make words mean one thing one day, and a totally different thing, or nothing whatever, the next.

Mr. Chamberlain's confession has been authenticated by a witness whose respectability is beyond suspicion—that is to say, by Mr. Goschen. It is true that Mr. Goschen is a solemn mystery to the party which he serves, and consequently the Liberals are perpetually defining his 'position,' and asking where he stands to-day, and where he is likely to be found a month hence. At present he holds a place among the Liberals, which must strongly remind the beholder of the walking gentleman in a theatrical company. His chief fault is that he admits too much. He has admitted, for instance, that the Land Bill was the result of agitation, and also that 'it is a dangerous thing in the history of a country when agitation is successful.' He has owned that it seemed to him that 'a great deal of rope had been given to the agitation.'† Now these are not the charges of political foes, but the admissions of Mr. Gladstone's own friends. It is not enough to pretend that they relate to 'bygones,' and to tell us that whatever may be the misdeeds of the Government in the past, it is our duty to support it at this moment. We should like to be certain first that the Government is pursuing the right path now, and of that there is not the slightest indication. The plea for a generous consideration towards political opponents has never been refused by the Tory party. It has invariably stood firmly by the Government of the day in times of emergency. Far different was the policy of the Liberals, as we all saw—to go no further back—in 1877-8. At the time, a most critical time, when a Conservative Ministry was engaged in an anxious effort to prevent a European war, Mr. Gladstone boasted that he had devoted all his energies to

* These passages are from the 'Pall Mall Gazette' of October 20th, 1881.

† Speech at Watford, November 15th, 1881.

the work of 'thwarting' what he 'believed' to be the purpose of the Prime Minister;* and assuredly his followers were not backward in imitating him. Sir Theodore Martin has described the course pursued by the Conservatives during the Crimean War, and he has said of its leader in the Lower House, 'it was only to be expected of a statesman like Mr. Disraeli that he should refrain from embarrassing by a word the Ministers on whom devolved the difficult duty of protecting the national interests and honour.' 'Such generosity,' he adds, perhaps ironically, 'among statesmen may always be counted upon as a matter of course.†' The party which counted upon receiving it from Mr. Gladstone would find that it was the victim of a very serious miscalculation. Beyond a doubt, however, the Conservatives would again, as in the days of the Duke of Wellington, act upon the maxim that the 'King's Government' must be carried on; and assuredly there is no Conservative who would be willing to see his party rendered responsible, after all the mischief that has been done, for the restoration of law and order in Ireland. Many a *damnosa hereditas* it has received from the Liberals, but this would be the most hopeless and unmanageable of all. The Liberals must be made to finish their own work. They have conducted the country into this huge quagmire: let them lead it back again, if they can, to safe and solid ground. How they are to do it no man can see—Mr. Gladstone least of all; but flight from their duty, under any pretext, should be rendered impossible. Their complaints of the 'malignancy' of the Opposition will not deceive the nation, which knows perfectly well that Mr. Gladstone has practically had no opposition to face in this Parliament, and that he has had everything entirely his own way, from the hour of his accession to office until now. It does not become a Minister who has wielded almost all the forces of despotism to stand moaning and wringing his hands over the cruelty of a powerless Opposition.

It is no secret that the alliance between the Liberal party and the Home Rulers was entered into during the last Parliament, and that the object of it was, in the words of a well-known Radical, 'to secure for the Liberal party at the general election the Irish vote.‡' 'It was fostered,' the same authority informed us, 'by articles in magazines over distinguished signatures;' and any one who has had the industry to collect Mr. Gladstone's writings will have no difficulty in verifying the statement. It

* Speech at Oxford, January 30th, 1878.

† 'Life of the Prince Consort,' vol. iii. p. 435.

‡ Mr. Joseph Cowen, M.P., at Newcastle, February 25th, 1881.

is true that Mr. Gladstone may adopt the course which is now habitual with him, and say plainly, 'these articles were written to answer a certain purpose; having answered that purpose, I now toss them overboard bodily, and deny all accountability for them, and for every sentiment expressed in them.' This is a great privilege for a statesman to enjoy, and Mr. Gladstone has profited by it to the uttermost; but the hand of history will deal all the more sternly with him on that account. All the skill which the life-long practice of mystification may impart will not suffice to conceal the fact, that Ireland has once more been made the tool of party. When all other exciting causes of appeal to the nation have failed, Irish grievances offer themselves but too readily to the hand, and the Liberal party has never scrupled to press them into its service. The method pursued in 1868, when the question of the Irish Church was suddenly revived, has now become well established. 'Defeat us,' said the Liberal party, 'and the elements of strife will get beyond control;' or, as one of their leaders put it, you will 'find in Ireland a far greater discontent, and a far greater resolution to achieve, if it be possible, the separation of Ireland from Great Britain.'* An historian, who cannot be accused of extreme partiality for the Tory party, has spoken plainly on this subject. 'False dice,' he says, 'have more than once been used in playing with the fortunes of Ireland. The Liberal party needed to be reorganized, and Disestablishment was a convenient subject to bring the sections of it into harmony.'† Mr. Gladstone never makes a miscalculation when he is casting about for a suitable question to serve as a lure to bring jarring factions together. Religious or political animosities are undying, and he is well skilled in playing upon them all. In 1868, he knew that he would secure the Nonconformist and Roman Catholic vote by striking at the Established Church in Ireland. He promised that true peace and unity would follow from that 'message of peace,' and Mr. Bright echoed his pledge, and anticipated the triumphant result in the spirit of an ancient prophet. 'I see it,' he declared, 'giving tranquillity to our people, greater strength to the realm, new lustre and new dignity added to the Crown.'‡ Such has been the invariable mode of procedure adopted by the Liberal party during recent years—first a threat of revolution if they are not allowed to carry out their policy; then a series of vehement promises, too readily accepted by the people, that certain and lasting success will attend their measures. When these events are set forth by a faithful hand, the honest student of them will

* Mr. Bright at Liverpool, June 4th, 1868.

† Froude's *History of the 'English in Ireland,'* vol. iii. p. 579 (1881).

‡ Speech on last reading of the Bill in the House of Commons.

be startled less by the infatuation of the Ministers, who expected to cure Irish wrongs by using them for their own purposes, than by the credulity of the people who continued to set a high value upon their broken pledges.

In 1879 the Land League was used as the false dice. The Radicals were certain to support the agitation, in anticipation of the results to which it would probably lead in England; the Irish people would naturally take it up with vigour, as they would anything else which seemed likely to bring them an inch nearer to the consummation of their secret hopes. At first the plan worked well. The Irish vote, as the Radicals are compelled to own, 'was in many constituencies a vital factor in the Liberal majority which was polled in 1880.'* But then arose the usual feud between the confederates. The allies whom Mr. Gladstone had summoned to his aid refused to disperse when he had no longer any use for them. The Irish contingent insisted upon receiving a recompense for their services. Soon the old signs of 'impending revolution' became visible, and it was discovered that the abolition of the Irish Church had done no good, and that the Land Act of 1870 was merely regarded as a concession wrung from weakness and fear. There must be more concessions. The hour was ripe for Mr. Gladstone to appear again upon the scene as the great Deliverer. This time he had to announce, that the country which he found at peace was now within 'measurable distance of civil war,' and the Compensation for Disturbance Bill was brought forward as indispensable to the maintenance of order. The Bill, and the arguments by which it was recommended to the Legislature, were alike remarkable. Mr. Gladstone proved the necessity for the measure by assuring the House, in his most portentous tones, that 15,000 evictions were then pending, whereas there were not so many hundreds; and that 3500 men were employed in Galway alone in carrying out these evictions. It was afterwards officially admitted, that there were only 850 constables in Galway all told, and that Mr. Gladstone's figures had been produced by the simple process of multiplying the officers by the number of evictions they had served. A public writer who had committed so astounding an inaccuracy upon a vital matter of fact could never have held up his head again; but Mr. Gladstone went on his way as if nothing had happened. The incident did not in the least degree diminish public confidence in his knowledge of Ireland, or in the soundness of his judgment. To him all things are forgiven.

* 'Pall Mall Gazette,' Nov. 21st, 1881.

The Compensation for Disturbance Bill was nothing more nor less than a measure to enable tenants to occupy other people's houses and land without paying rent. If, for not paying rent, they were turned out, the landlord was to be compelled to give them a maximum of seven years' rent as compensation. It would not have been possible to devise a more potent stimulus to agrarian agitation. It is, wrote Mr. King Harman at the time, 'into the hands of the men who are inciting a previously well-disposed people to flagrant dishonesty and agrarian crime that the Government are playing, by bringing in a measure which must end in the extirpation of the most loyal class in Ireland.'* The landlord was to get no rent, unless his tenant chose to pay him, but he was still to be required to pay the poor-rate on his estate, the taxes, the tithe-rent charge, and to bear numerous other burdens. The recent evidence of Mr. O'Donnell is that the Bill suggested the 'no rent' manifesto of the Land Leaguers. 'No rent is nothing more than the popular version of that Disturbance Bill, which was supported by the Liberal majority of the House of Commons, and rejected by the Conservative majority of the House of Lords.'† The black flag, he tells us, was taken by Mr. Parnell from the hands of the Cabinet. Ministers have shown great anger at this statement, but it would have stood them in better stead if they had been able to disprove it.

The Irish people throughout this period were constantly given to understand by English Radicals that continued agitation would result in still more important concessions, and the Government at the same time ostentatiously discarded all precautions against disturbance. Thus a motive for disorder was first supplied, and then a clear field was left for it. Who that had the slightest knowledge of Irish history could doubt for a moment what would happen next? The 'resources' of Irish 'civilization' were at once brought into play. Men had their ears cut off or were brutally murdered, horses were lamed, and cattle were houghed. Even in the face of all this, the Radical journals continued to support and encourage the agitators, so far as they could do so consistently with common decency. 'You would not,' they kept on saying, 'give the Irish the legislation they demanded, and therefore horses have their tongues cut out, and the laws are violated.' Murder, they told us, was not perhaps a commendable means of redressing injuries, but, on the other hand, it was not pleasant to be asked to pay one's

* Letter to the 'Times,' July 3rd, 1880.

† Letter published November 23rd, 1881.

debts, and it is always dangerous to exercise any force against the 'people.' Think of the late Czar of Russia. Such was the tone, if not the exact language, of the Radical press. It condemned only the efforts to restore the authority of the law. Thus, when the Lord Mayor's Committee was formed, one of these papers, under pretence of answering a supposititious Tory, insisted upon representing it as a 'Vigilance Committee,' and warned us that the Irish would resent this impertinent interference in their affairs. Such an Association as this could not fail to be objectionable to a people who were determined to abolish the rights of property, and who could only be pacified by receiving all that they thought proper to demand. We can only govern in these days on the principle of surrendering everything. Murder must not be condemned, because to condemn it might 'wound the feelings' of the Irish. Whatever may be the issue of the present troubles, it can never be denied that the Radical press in England has from the outset done its utmost to encourage lawlessness in its struggle with authority.

The anxieties of the winter of 1881 have driven the recollection of the horrors of 1880 out of the public mind. The disaffected class in Ireland scarcely needed the encouragement they received from England to induce them to persevere in a method of warfare peculiar to themselves. After Lord Mountmorres was murdered, his little children were pelted with stones as they stood at their father's door, and no one would sell a loaf of bread to the widow. Houses were fired into, especially when it was known that helpless women and children were inside them. No man who ventured to pay his landlord was sure of his life. Even a poor woman who was suspected of this crime was dragged out of her bed at night, and brutally used in the presence of her children. No better proof could have been afforded of the absolute necessity of making further concessions.

These were the circumstances which brought the Land Bill of 1881 into existence. Agitation and lawlessness had provided Mr. Gladstone with an opportunity for developing the policy towards Ireland with which his name will be indelibly associated. Once more the stock appeal was made. 'Justice, sir, is to be our guide. Guided by that light—that Divine light—we are safe,*' Thus was brought forth the Land Bill, but there were other measures which the Irish had not asked for, but which are a necessary part of a Liberal policy. Mr. Gladstone's Government, in fact, put in force a system of

* Speech on introducing the Land Bill in the House of Commons, April 7th, 1881.

repression,

repression, which would have ruined any Conservative Government in twenty-four hours. It brought in the most severe Coercion Bill of this generation, it turned members of Parliament out of the House in droves, it resumed the system of opening letters in the Post Office, and it once more consigned 'Irish patriots' to 'British Bastilles.' If all these peculiarly Liberal measures had become indispensable, it was owing to the long-continued encouragement which Mr. Gladstone had given to Irish agitation. If obstruction had hindered the work of Parliament, Mr. Gladstone himself had told the Obstructionists in a previous Session that no one had a right to interfere with them. The offence could not be rigorously dealt with if the obstructor 'can show that by his tenacity he has been enabled to modify the action of the Government, and the provisions of the law.'* Surely no defence of Mr. Parnell and his fellow-agitators could be more complete, for all the world can see that they are not destitute of tenacity, and that they have been able very decidedly to 'modify the action of the Government and the provisions of the law.' The only powerful defence of Parliamentary Obstruction yet offered was volunteered by Mr. Gladstone, who is now threatening to deprive the House of Commons of liberty of speech, in order—to apply a classic phrase of Mr. Chamberlain's—that 'things may go on quicker and more satisfying.'† When Mr. Parnell and his followers were harassing the Government of Lord Beaconsfield, they received direct support from more than one 'distinguished statesman' who now sits upon the Treasury Bench, and they had little reason to suppose that for pursuing the very same tactics in the House they would be thrust forth, and for carrying them on outside they would be sent to prison. Flattered and caressed at one moment, cast headlong into gaol the next—such has been the result of their famous alliance with Mr. Gladstone.

The Land Bill was based upon the principle of confiscation without compensation, and this is recognized, when stripped of disguise, as in all essential respects the principle of Communism. In that light it was regarded all over the world. In the United States, where the Irish have a large body of sympathizers, the Bill was frankly described as the first-fruits of Socialism in the British Legislature. On the Continent, where the people know more about Communism than we do at present, because they have seen it face to face, the same view was taken.

* 'Nineteenth Century,' August 1879, p. 205.

† Speech at Birmingham, January 5th, 1882, ('Times,' January 6th).

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'The Land Act,' said the '*Temps*,'* 'is nothing short of a law of confiscation; so that here we have one of the foremost States, hitherto noted for its respect of individual rights, virtually saying that, whenever a population becomes an embarrassment and a menace, it is to be appeased, not at the public expense, but by interference with supply and demand.' And M. Gambetta's organ, the '*République Française*,'† declared that the Bill was *du socialisme renforcé*. The exultation of the Radical press when the Bill had passed proved that here also the same opinion was held, although it was not thought prudent to give utterance to it quite so plainly. 'Landlordism,' said one of these papers, 'is but a shadow, and even that shadow will pass away if the purchase clauses produce the effect which they were framed to secure.'‡ Another organ of the party inadvertently recommended us to 'try to make salvage of what may still be rescued from the storm.'§ Mr. O'Donnell has stated that 'the Land Act, if carried out, would put five-sixths of the Irish landlords into the Insolvency Court,' and Mr. O'Donnell, whatever may be the value of his political opinions, knows something about Irish estates and their landlords. The Commissioners, who are engaged in fixing the rents, have thus far given decisions, which must result in a reduction variously estimated at from twenty-five to forty per cent. They have apparently proceeded upon the principle which Mr. Justice O'Hagan laid down in opening the Commission—namely, that a 'fair rent' meant a rent which would enable the tenant to 'live and thrive.' No matter what kind of man the tenant might be, idle or industrious, intemperate or sober, matters must be so arranged for him as that he may live and thrive. The Commissioners do not seem to have departed from this simple rule. They considered that what would be a fair rent for a bachelor would not be fair for a married man, and that the value of land is not what it will bring in the open market, but what the man who is anxious to get it chooses to assert he can afford to pay for it. They raced over the land, and judged of its quality and value much as people might do who surveyed it from the windows of an express train. The Duke of Abercorn, at the great meeting of landlords held in Dublin on the 3rd of January, mentioned a case in which seven farms, comprising 1100 acres, were thus 'valued' in two hours. No professional

* November 17th, 1881.

† July 9th, 1881.

‡ '*Pall Mall Gazette*,' August 30th, 1881.

§ '*The Spectator*,' December 31st, 1881.

valuer was ever employed. The Sub-Commissioners, says the Duke of Abercorn, 'have been selected as antagonistic to the landlords,' most of them are Liberal partisans, and 'many of them have been very strong and confirmed tenant-right agitators.'* The summary of the Bill which had been given by the Duke of Argyll—a measure 'to enable three men to dictate the price of land, and to enable every tenant in Ireland to sell that which may not be his own by law, by custom, or by equity'†—turned out to be literally just. No wonder that Mr. Chamberlain has recently admitted, that Parliament had seen fit to confer upon Irish tenants 'privileges larger and more generous than have ever been granted to them in any other country.'‡ The lesson in Communism was not lost upon any class in Ireland. The Bishop of Meath issued a letter in which he declared that the land belonged to the people, and that to exclude the humblest man from 'his share of the common inheritance' would be not only an injustice to that man but 'an impious resistance to the benevolent intentions of his Creator!' For putting these opinions into practice, many a man in former days has been hardly dealt with. We may yet live to see the exploits of hitherto unrecognized worthies, like Robert Macaire and Jack Sheppard, put in their proper light before a sympathetic people.

There would have been but one excuse for the Irish Land Bill, and even that would have failed to justify it—namely, its success in accomplishing the object for which it was avowedly framed, the thorough pacification of Ireland. But after it was made law, anarchy became even more widespread than before, and outrages were more numerous. The Radical journals did not deny this; the evidence was too strong to admit of that; but they talked blandly of 'patience.' Apparently, they told us, the specific had not produced an instantaneous cure, but we must allow time—perhaps two or three years, perhaps twenty,—who could say? We must wait quietly, suppress reports of outrages as much as possible, and be very careful not to say a word to hurt the susceptible feelings of the cattle-houghers and the ear-croppers. The Radical leaders further invited the Conservatives to find a remedy. 'What would you do about it?' they asked; 'we have deprived the landlord of from a fourth to the half of his property; what course do you recommend us to take now?' The rights of property and the 'reign of law' are to be trampled underfoot,

* 'Report in the *Times*,' January 4th, 1882.

† Speech in the House of Lords, August 2nd, 1881.

‡ Letter in the *Times*, December 26th, 1881.

and then a duped and bewildered nation is to be asked what it would advise the authors of the disaster to do next? Mr. Gladstone alone is free from any misgivings. The 'Divine Light,' or what he takes to be a divine light, still leads him on, and if it leads him astray, he is ready to declare, with Burns, that it 'came from Heaven.' The large class which believes that he cannot err is still convinced that he has done right, for he is 'sincere,' and sincerity can never be misdirected. The opinion of his work, which is entertained by these devout admirers, was depicted very fairly in the comic journal of the day just after the Land Bill had become law. The Prime Minister was represented as a victorious and radiant knight, mounted on a milk-white steed, pressing with one hand a timid and beautiful damsel to his heart, and bearing in the other hand a huge scroll. The damsel was labelled 'Ireland,' and the scroll the 'Land Act.' It was a very affecting picture, but within a few weeks of its appearance the Irish prisons were full of men arrested under *lettres de cachet*, and Mr. Gladstone had to be defended by a squad of police from the maiden on the white horse.

These are not, as the Radical press will pretend, 'bygone matters.' They describe the state of affairs of to-day, and little reason indeed is there to hope that any great change for the better is before us. The Irish people have been shown that everything is to be hoped for—perhaps everything gained—from lawless agitation and violence. During the last four months, we have seen every man or woman who owns landed property in Ireland placed under a ban which Mr. Gladstone himself describes as ferocious. We have seen many of the landlords 'flying for their lives,' as Mr. Bright has exultantly said, while it has been found necessary to appeal to the public for money to keep numbers of families in the bare necessities of life. They are the victims of what Mr. Gladstone denounced at Liverpool as a spirit of 'rapine—sheer rapine;'* for Mr. Gladstone has no objection to denounce rapine after he has legalized it. Rents are not being generally paid even where the Commissioners have cut them down, on the 'live and thrive' principle, or where Griffith's valuation has been voluntarily accepted by the landlord. A lady in county Sligo went last month to collect her rents, with her agent, but the tenants informed her that they really could not conscientiously pay anything while the 'suspects' remain in prison. Griffith's valua-

* Report in the 'Times,' October 28th, 1881.

tion has been accepted on this estate for a year past.* It is by no means a solitary case, and all this cruel wrong has been perpetrated in the name of 'eternal justice.' Some of Mr. Gladstone's supporters have been bold enough to suggest that, after all, the present landlords in Ireland have no right to be there, seeing that they came dishonestly by their property; but this last pretext of the socialist and revolutionist has not yet been publicly sanctioned by the Prime Minister. He has contented himself, first, with depriving the landlords of the use of their property, and then with denouncing them for cowardice in not defending it.† The landlords had done all that they could. In 1880, before the Land League had obtained the mastery, they had sent a deputation of their body to the Lord Lieutenant and Mr. Forster, and described the danger of their position, and asked whether the Government would undertake to preserve order, or whether the task would be thrown upon them. The answer was an appeal to them for 'sympathy.' Then they formed two associations for the defence of their property, and, throughout the harvest seasons of the last two years, these associations have saved the crops on thousands of acres which were otherwise doomed to perish. The obstacles thrown in the way of procuring labourers were enormous; it was necessary to pay men very high wages, and, to add to the difficulties of the undertaking, scores of landlords found themselves unable to subscribe even the smallest sum towards the expenses. Rents could not be recovered; no one could rely upon the protection of the law. A spirit had been excited among the people, by the operation of the Land League on the one side, and by the action of the Government on the other, that no ordinary influences could quell. Word had gone forth that there was to be a general scramble for the land, and Mr. Gladstone's Bill threw down at least a quarter of it before the eager multitude. It only rendered them more impatient for the rest. The landlords could not resist an overwrought people, backed by all the force and authority of the Government. And then Mr. Gladstone—the model of justice; the statesman whose 'conscience' we have been taught to regard with national pride, as a peculiarly English development—turns upon them with a bitterness equal to that of Mr. Parnell himself, and taunts them with want of spirit! Obligated to guard their wives and children day and night from the hand of the assassin, not able, as one of them has written, 'to venture through their own grounds without arms,'

* The particulars are given in the 'Times' of December 12th, 1881.

† Speech at Leeds, October 13th, 1881.

dogged whenever they moved a hundred yards from their houses by murderers as insatiable for blood as famished wolves—these are the unhappy men who are held up to the scorn of the country as cowards who give the Government no ‘moral support.’ The anarchists may shoot or maim with impunity, but if the landlords had at any time taken the law into their own hands, and lives had been lost, the entire Radical horde would instantly have been in full cry after them, and we should have heard no more of the sublime virtues of ‘patience.’ Every philosopher’s usually stagnant blood would have boiled within him. Violence towards the landlord is no offence, but if he offered violence in return it would go hard with him. Revolutions are not made for the benefit of those who have anything to lose.

But it is not the landlords alone who have been blamed for inaction. We have been told by some of the journals which supported Mr. Gladstone in his Irish policy, and which are now alarmed at the misfortunes they have helped to bring upon the country, that the people of England are guilty of culpable indifference. ‘They seem to forget,’ urges one writer,* ‘that Ireland is a part of their own country; that Irish murders and outrages are going on, so to say, at their own doors.’ They did not forget it, but what were they to do? Well, said the ‘Times,’ ‘if the scene were transferred, as it sometimes threatens to be, from Ireland to England, the country would be in arms in an instant.’ That is to say, the owners of property would defend their possessions by force of arms, and there would be a civil war. It may be that this supposition will be brought to the test even in the present generation; the danger, so much ridiculed when we called attention to it a few months ago, is now near enough to be visible to the ‘Times.’ Whether England would fly to arms in defence of the landlords, is a point upon which we shall have a few words to say presently; but is it the duty of the English people to take up arms for the suppression of turbulence in Ireland? They are under the impression that the ‘greatest Minister of modern times’ is at the head of affairs, and they know that he has been clothed with power such as few of his predecessors were held worthy to receive. He has been favoured with public confidence to a degree which no public man has experienced since the days of Pitt; everything that he has asked for has been granted to him. Authority unlimited has been placed in his hands. Parliament can scarcely be said to have deliberated upon the various ideas which have fructified

* The ‘Times,’ December 5th, 1881.

in his teeming brain—it has contented itself with embodying them in laws. No autocrat could have wielded greater authority, or could have used it with greater freedom. The Shahs and Padishahs, with their Bimbashis and their Yuzbashis, who were once always in Mr. Gladstone's mouth, could scarcely do more than exact a blind obedience to their rescripts, and cast their enemies into prison. A whole Session was demanded for the glorious work of conciliating Ireland, and it was given up. The Government not only had its Land Act, but armed itself with powers of Coercion without stint—all, and more than all, that it professed could ever be necessary was conceded; and what results are there to show us now? A people more than ever hostile to our rule; the once loyal class in Ireland half ruined, and permanently embittered towards us; the principle of Communism so firmly established that no subsequent legislation can ever root it out; the foundation on which property and civil authority rest completely broken up; no one class in the whole country rendered content; misery and despair carried to a countless number of homes, and an arbitrary Government in the background whimpering over the 'malignancy' of the Opposition. Such is the spectacle now presented to the nation, and when we recollect the utter failure of Mr. Gladstone's policy in the past, what right have we to hope that there is anything better in store for the hapless island over which party spirit has hung like an all-devastating blight? A failure of this very kind was amply sufficient, in Mr. Gladstone's judgment, to consign the Turkish Government to infamy. 'Upon these handfuls of our race,' he wrote,* 'an empire of more than thirty millions discharges all its might: for this purpose it applies all its own resources, and the whole of the property of its creditors; and, after two months of desperate activity, it greatly plumes itself upon having incompletely succeeded. . . . Shades of Bajazets, Amuraths, and Mahmouds!'

If we omit the Shades, this passage applies word for word to Mr. Gladstone's government of Ireland. The larger part of the country, on which 'an empire of thirty millions discharges all its might,' is in that condition which used to be well understood in England by the message, 'Order reigns in Warsaw.' Tenants who venture to pay their rent are shot or horribly mutilated. 'For God's sake take the law of me, your honour,' said a tenant to his landlord a week or two ago, 'and save me. Don't ask me to pay without law.' Three tenants of Lord Kenmare's who were bold enough to pay their just debts were

* 'Bulgarian Horrors,' p. 15.

shot 'in the presence of their families.' Pages might too easily be filled with records of similar crimes. Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, in opening the Munster Assizes on the 6th of December last, declared that 'the very existence of the future of society was threatened.' 'Life,' he added, 'continues to be insecure, or is rendered so miserable as to be worthless. Right is disregarded, property is unsafe, and the spirit of lawlessness and disorder, marked by an insolent defiance of law and authority, continues to prevail. There is no industrial enterprise, no employer for the labouring classes. Trade does not flourish; capital has fled.' Justice Barry, in opening the Commission of Leinster in the same month, stated that 'the condition of the country was much more serious than in 1880.' At Armagh Chief-Justice Morris said that, if the present lawlessness continued, 'all society would become chaotic, and similar to that of a thousand years ago.' This is testimony from sources which cannot be questioned, and yet Mr. Chamberlain comes before the people and asserts that his policy will 'be successful in restoring order to Ireland.' 'We have administered our remedy,' he says, 'and we believe it will be an effectual cure.*' No quack in a country fair could recommend his salves and washes with more shameless bluster. This is the kind of statesman that the caucus has invariably produced, and will always produce, for grapes do not grow of thorns. For a lofty tone of public discussion there are to be substituted turbid streams of insolent vulgarity. Mr. Chamberlain speaks of opposition to his wishes as a 'great hullabaloo,' asks a grave and dignified nation how 'long this little game is to go on,' gives us to understand that he means to have a dissolution before long, and tells the Conservative leader to 'keep away from the grindstone, or else he may chance to get rapped over the knuckles.†' Such is the language to which we must now accustom ourselves from public men, and perhaps we ought to be thankful that it is no worse. It savours strongly of the streets of Birmingham, and we may rejoice that Mr. Chamberlain has thus far favoured us only with the most modest ornaments of his disreputable vocabulary.

The Radical allies of Mr. Chamberlain endeavour to bolster up his assertions, by telling us that they see a 'gleam of light' when rent-paying tenants are allowed to escape with only one ear cut off instead of two. Society in Ireland threatens to be made not only as bad as it was before Mr. Gladstone took it in

* Speech at Birmingham, January 3rd, 1882 ('Times,' January 4th).

† Speech at Birmingham, January 5th, 1882 ('Times,' January 6th).

hand, but immeasurably worse—‘as bad as it was a thousand years ago.’ And all this with between four and five hundred suspects in gaol, with an army of 50,000 men in the country, with Land Bills, Coercion Bills, Proclamations, new magisterial boards, the island parcelled out into military districts, spies, informers, and all the endless appliances of a Liberal Government in full operation. Well may Mr. Chamberlain proclaim that he and his colleagues have ‘wrought a transformation as important as that’ accomplished by the French Revolution.* The very boast shows how little there is to be hoped for from the moderation or sense of justice of the Radical Ministers. They are inaccessible to remorse, as they are to the evidence of facts—the appalling facts, which astound all the rest of the world, and by which these Ministers too must be judged, when the servile cries of their flatterers are all silenced, and the time has come for the accusing voice to be heard.

And now the mysterious Light is attracting Mr. Gladstone’s dazzled eyes towards another part of the country. If Ireland is to be made the theatre for the operation of ‘Eternal Justice,’ why not England also? Why should ‘landlordism’—the ownership of land—be suppressed on one side of a strip of water, and be allowed to rear its head defiantly on the other? These are the questions which the Radical leaders are pressing upon Mr. Gladstone.

To those who watch the course of events with the care and attention which the serious nature of the times demands, there will be nothing to cause surprise in the threatened change of scene from Ireland to England. No sooner had the Irish Land Bill become law, than a demand sprang up for a measure of the same kind for other parts of the United Kingdom. Could it be supposed that admissions, such as have been made by great Ministers with regard to the invincible power of agitation, would pass unheeded in an age when all old institutions are being shaken to their base? Or that the spectacle of victorious lawlessness in Ireland would produce no effect on the minds of any class in England? It is not necessary to deny that honesty is one of the homely virtues which is still held in tolerably good repute in the country; but when statesmen and publicists combine to teach the doctrine that rents are ‘immoral,’ and put their teaching into force by Act of Parliament, it would not be in human nature if some converts were not made among persons whose ideas as to the rights of property have always been somewhat loose. In England and Scotland, to say nothing of Wales,

* Speech at Birmingham, January 3rd, 1882.

there are large numbers who are quite willing to be persuaded that rent is a grievance against which civilized man has a right to rebel; that landlords are a class whose rights are merely imaginary, depending upon a parcel of wills, deeds, and other musty documents, the lumber of a past age; that the man who tills the soil inherited it, as the Bishop of Meath has said, direct from 'the Creator who made it.' These are sentiments which can be developed in almost any soil by diligent cultivation, and they may be extended to other descriptions of property besides land. It might be contended that the nation can only be required to pay interest on the money actually lent to it, instead of on the larger sums which the debt afterwards commanded in the market. Consols have often sold for as little as 60 or 70; why pay interest on more than that amount? Indeed, why pay even on that, seeing that the holders of Consols have had the privilege of enjoying excellent interest and undeniable security for many years past? They have had their turn, and it is now time that the less-favoured portion of the community—the 'sons of toil' and the people who are unable or unwilling to save any money for themselves—should be invited to come forward into the sunshine. There are some who profess to believe that the good impulses in man's nature may be trusted to lead him to reject these counsels, but we should not advise any one to accept that belief too implicitly. It has generally been thought desirable to give powerful guidance to man's impulses by the persuasive forces of law. It will be found, for instance, upon a little enquiry, that the desire to get land for nothing is not really confined to the Irish, but extends all over the globe, and among all races. Land-hunger is a much more common complaint than is supposed by statesmen who pursue jack-o'-lanterns under the idea that they are celestial lights. Now, whenever it comes to be recognized in England, that a person attacked by land-hunger is not only entitled to the special protection of the State, but to have his appetite appeased at the expense of landowners, it will be discovered that the number so afflicted is much larger than the usual attendance at churches and chapels would have led the casual observer to anticipate. An English acre is just as attractive an object as an Irish acre, and its possession is even more desirable, because it is possible, at present, to walk across it without being shot. On what grounds, then, was it ever imagined that the wish to obtain land without paying for it would remain unknown in England, no matter how strongly it might be developed elsewhere?

The Radicals, to do them common justice, have not made
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much attempt to spread any such delusion. Irish landlords and English Radicals alike foresaw that the day would come when the principles of the Land Act would grow quickly in favour on the eastern side of the Irish Channel. English landlords alone refused to see the danger. And even now, though the Radical leaders no longer think it worth while to conceal their real aims, the landowners remain firm in the belief that amid a world upheaved they and their rights will remain unshaken. Mr. Chamberlain has condescended to inform us all that 'we are on the eve of great political changes,' but he kindly expresses the hope that 'no violence' will be necessary. If the threatened classes yield readily, of course there need be no violence. If they resist a course of treatment which is designed for their welfare, the fault will clearly not rest with Mr. Chamberlain and his brother Radicals. Active organizations are now in the field demanding 'justice' for the tenant, and they are receiving a large measure of open and secret support. It is true, as a Radical organ explains, that the 'agrarian circumstances of Great Britain are not those of Ireland, but it does not follow that hints for dealing with the one may not be borrowed from the other.'* This, it will be admitted, is in itself a suggestive 'hint,' considering all that has happened. 'In any legislation,' says another of these papers, 'which the Government may initiate, the precedent of the Irish Land Bill is sure to be followed and drastically applied. The time may not be far distant when it will be regarded as insignificant by the side of the English Land Bill.' In more guarded language, the moderate Radical journals unite in declaring that the land question in England can no longer be allowed to remain on the shelf. The boroughs at the next election will show a large falling off in the Liberal majority in consequence of the defection of the Irish vote, and the loss must be made up by a heavy bid for the counties. Such is the end which all true patriots are exhorted to keep before them, and they are warned that, in order to attain it, they must not make an outcry about disorders in Ireland. The precedent set *there* now may be turned to good account here when the time for action comes.

The first approach is, as usual, to be made indirectly. What the Radicals have agreed to ask for is simply Land Law Reform; the removal of abuses, which will have the effect of facilitating the transfer of land. The facilities which are actually meant by

* 'Pall Mall Gazette,' September 28th, 1881.

a large section of the party are those which will ensure the transfer of land without the consent of the owner—as in Ireland; but on this point the leaders do not consider it necessary to be explicit. Some of their followers, however, have from time to time let us know what they mean by ‘Free Trade in Land,’ and it may be summed up in a few words—limited ownership, dependent upon occupation; rents fixed by a Land Court; tenancy to establish a joint proprietorship. All these objects are fairly provided for in the ‘Land Bill for England,’ which has been published under the authority of the Farmer’s Alliance, and which has received the unqualified approval of nine Radical journals out of ten. A tenant is to be allowed to sell his interest, including improvements, at any time, for the highest amount he can get; in cases of dispute about rent, the Land Court will decide how much ought to be paid, and improvements claimed by the tenant may be assessed in reduction of rent. In plain English, the present owner of land is to be turned into a part owner, the person who happens to be his tenant being called in to share his property with him. All agreements and contracts under which the land was let are to be swept aside, and the State is to confer on one of the parties to a bargain an unexpected advantage over the other party—an advantage so enormous that the mildest demands of the Radicals of ten years ago never reached halfway to it. The landlord’s interest, which is naturally the largest, for it represents a much greater sum of money than the tenant has at stake, is to be wholly set aside; he is to have no voice in the disposal of his property, and no word in the selection of his tenants. The value of the tenants’ improvements, according to the Bill, can only be ascertained by a sale; they are worth whatever they will fetch. But this principle is not to be applied to the landlord’s share in the ownership. He will not be free to let his land for what it will fetch, but only for the amount which the Court decides is fair and reasonable. The tenants he has chosen may sell out and go away, and their places may be taken by tenants to whom he may have the strongest and the most reasonable objections. The ‘unearned increment’ of the soil is to be transferred to the tenant, who will also derive the benefit of any increase in the value of the property, which the development of the locality, or other causes, may have been the means of causing. This is the Bill which leading representatives of Radical opinion assure us has surprised them very much indeed—by its moderation.

The tendency of the landowners will be to treat every scheme
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of this kind—and more than one is already before the public—with the disdain which they usually accord to threats from without. We strongly advise them to depart for once from this habit, and consider well their position. They have against them a most powerful organization, which increases in force and numbers every week, and has for its advocates some of the ablest speakers and most active demagogues in the country. We would call their serious attention to the fact, that their political power is comparatively a thing of naught, and that they have now few auxiliaries upon whom they can depend. The middle class, which once was a main source of their strength, is either arrayed in opposition to them, or has been brought to believe that its interests are opposed to theirs. There is no one who has any special motive for defending a landowner except another landowner. What this sort of defence will amount to in time of trial, and how it is regarded by the governing party, we have been shown by all that has occurred in Ireland. To begin with, care is taken that the landed class shall have no means of helping itself, and then any appeals it may make for aid are condemned as ‘party moves,’ or base attacks upon the Government. If any one presumes to step in between the landlord and his assailants, he will be furiously set upon by the Radical press—as the Lord Mayor was very recently for daring to appeal for subscriptions towards the defence of property in Ireland. Revolutionists are never at a loss for a pretext to mark a man, in England or in Ireland, as a ‘suspect.’ Now the English landlords, there is much reason to believe, would fare no better than their Irish brethren, if an equally determined attack were made upon them. Such an attack would not be unpopular—all the persons who find themselves afflicted with land-hunger would rush to support it. As a justification for the new raid upon the Irish estates, it was alleged that the landlords came into possession of them by questionable means, and that rents have been too high. Is there nothing connected with the circumstances of English estates, which would afford sufficiently plausible grounds for launching the same charges against the proprietors? If the land is claimed for the people, will it be impossible for the agitator to find a pretence for asserting that what is proposed is, after all, simply an act of restitution? But the landowners solace themselves with the thought, ‘this will never happen in England.’ Why not? ‘Because,’ it is said, ‘it never has happened; England is different from Ireland.’ The Radical leaders are prepared to maintain that there is no great difference—nothing to prevent a ‘few hints’ being taken from Ireland for use in England. What the landowners apparently fail to

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see is that they have to deal, not only with a re-arrangement of political forces, but with a totally new condition of society. The Democracy have the power to do what they please, and Mr. Gladstone has taught them that nothing is beyond their reach, and that theories of 'sacred principles' in reference to the rights of others are like so many old-wives' fables. The masses have also discovered for themselves that the power of resistance stored up within many of our famous institutions is much slighter than we had all supposed, and that it collapses before a comparatively feeble attack. The 'reserved strength' of most of these institutions depended largely upon imagination and tradition; and now we have found that at the first rude touch these safeguards are gone. What could be more august or more beyond reach of degradation, than the dignity and the authority of the House of Commons within its own walls? We have seen what grievous injuries both sustained in a few vulgar onsets. Nothing is so strong as we once thought it was, or as it looked. The history of Democracy in all nations might have prepared us for this discovery, but most people seem to have clung to the belief, that the spell which ensures England peace and happiness will never be broken. Occasional words of advice to the classes specially in danger have been uttered in these pages and elsewhere, but as Swift bitterly asks: 'How is it possible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not so much as take warning?'

If the landowners will well consider these things, and study attentively the events of the last few years, they will come forth from the Paradise of Fools, where perpetual safety reigns, and look at the position in which they actually stand to-day. After what they have seen done in Ireland, they are probably not to be misled by the affectation of moderation which some of their enemies find it convenient to assume. That tenants should receive fair compensation for their own improvements, and that rents should not be raised because such improvements have been made, are propositions which were long ago practically carried into effect on many estates. But, as we all know, the Radical leaders seek for much more than this. They ask, as we have shown, for the division of the ownership between the landlord and the tenant. Not a few of the farmers of the present day profess themselves unable to see why this concession should be granted in Ireland and refused in England. They have had a series of bad years in their business, and yet most of them have paid their rents, or paid as much as they possibly could. Should they, it is asked, be treated less generously than Irishmen because they have acted more honestly?

Is the distribution of land to take place only among tenants who defraud their landlords? If the 'live and thrive' theory upon which the Irish Commissioners are now acting has any claim to be recognized as the foundation of justice, it has as good a claim to be so recognized on one side of St. George's Channel as on the other. If there are special reasons why it should be admitted there, so there are special reasons, though not, perhaps, of precisely the same kind, for its adoption here. It would be found impossible, in the long run, to concede such a principle to five millions of people, and to deny it to the other twenty-six millions who are living opposite to them. And this view of the matter has very naturally been taken up earnestly in Scotland, where people generally go straight to the point, and endeavour to lose as little time as possible. The Scottish Chamber of Agriculture has drafted a Bill which 'it wishes to become law by November 11th, 1882.' Parliament is not only to be saved the trouble of drawing a Bill, but it is to be told the latest date which can be granted for its passage. In Wales, where Mr. Gladstone is a landlord, a similar Bill has been prepared. During the last six months, 'landlordism' has been the theme of denunciation at public meetings in all parts of England. A resolution which was passed at one of these meetings expressed the sentiment which seems to have been uppermost at all:— 'That the principle of the Land League, "the land for the people," is the only satisfactory solution of the land question, and we hereby pledge ourselves to continue the agitation till landlordism is abolished.'* The Farmers' Alliance is not quite so outspoken as this, and no doubt responsible statesmen would hesitate to adopt the resolution as it stands—at least in public. They would imitate the subtlety which Mr. Gladstone invariably employs in reference to this, as to every other important question, and which was well illustrated by his reply to a question put to him as to when he proposed to introduce 'remedial measures' for the farmers.† 'Sir,' he replied, 'I have already stated in general terms the strong impression of the Government as to the necessity for measures with respect to the land, but this is not the time when it is possible to consider the order of proceedings for the next Session of Parliament.' Any one who will recal Mr. Gladstone's elaborate fencing in reference to the use of the word 'justifiable' as applied to the Lord Mayor's Committee, will readily perceive how much may be made of

* The 'Times,' August 25th, 1881.

† In the House of Commons, August 23rd, 1881.

these few lines when the supernatural voices once more summon the Premier to advance. At present, like a coy maiden, he refuses to name the day, but leaves the wooer to indulge the pleasures of hope. The Birmingham Reform League has given him a fair idea of the expectations which they entertain. A resolution was passed at one of their meetings, declaring that 'no satisfactory settlement of the land question was possible until the *people became possessed of the soil*.'* If anybody is disposed to smile at these presages of the gathering storm, all that can be said is that wisdom and understanding have both fled from him; he would not believe even though one rose from the dead.

In these days everything is soon forgotten, but we may recal without much difficulty the outburst of enthusiasm which greeted Mr. Gladstone's accession to office. 'Hard times'—which had done far more to produce the downfall of Lord Beaconsfield's Administration than all the speeches ever delivered—were not to be seen again. Crowds gathered to welcome the Minister who, when his party were in adversity, had almost taken a formal leave of public life; and of these crowds none was so cordial as that in London, which had broken his windows only a few months before. No one could have given a reason, founded on either expediency or justice, for this sudden reaction of public feeling in Mr. Gladstone's favour. But the deed was done, and the people began to watch the operations of the Prime Minister with the curiosity which is always excited by the unknown. There are no data in Mr. Gladstone's case from which his policy may be inferred from one day to another. Decidedly, however, events did not take the turn which the popular mind had anticipated. The humble and wholesale recantation of the attacks upon Austria was quickly followed by an apology from Mr. Fawcett for the scandalous charge, that the India Office had wilfully declared a surplus when it was aware that a large deficit existed. The Radicals were irritated, but, as a peace-offering, they received a Bill which made over all ground game to tenants, regardless of existing agreements with the landlord. To please them still further, a Bill was introduced which would have had the effect of rendering vaccination optional instead of compulsory, but this was allowed to die a natural death. But these were so many little interludes, intended to keep the audience in good-humour until the chief performer had made up his mind as to the character which he would assume next. The interval of preparation, brief as it was,

* Report in the 'Times,' August 17th, 1881.

exhausted the patience of the Radical spectators. They began to warn Mr. Gladstone that it would not do for him to deal with them as he had dealt with former parties and colleagues. He was at liberty to change his opinions as often as he pleased, at the bidding of a restless and volatile conscience, but the change must always be in their favour. The sharp saying of Mr. Kinglake was again thrown at him—he was ‘a good man in the worst sense of the term.’* These disagreeable lectures helped to disabuse Mr. Gladstone’s mind of the pleasing delusion, that his Midlothian speeches had decided the issue of the election. Bad trade, bad harvests, the caucus, and Radical organization—these, and not speeches, had brought the Liberals to power, and if the truth was told to Mr. Gladstone with a bad grace, it was no doubt necessary at that time that he should hear it. The Radicals, who have no confidence in him to this day, and who accept him as their leader only because he temporarily serves their purpose, were fully resolved to show once for all that they, and not he, had the mastery of the situation. Mr. Gladstone was obliged to forget Midlothian, and pay due homage to the new electioneering machinery, which had been quietly getting into operation, while he was amusing himself with writing essays. He recognized the power which had made him Prime Minister, and he determined, at all hazards, to keep on good terms with it.

The energies of the Administration were consequently applied in the first instance to our affairs abroad. Mr. Gladstone had, not very long before, deplored the isolation in which, as he imagined, England was placed by the policy of Lord Beaconsfield. He expressed the fear that we had ‘profoundly alienated’ Russia by venturing to protect our own interests too closely. We had made ‘no conquests of affection’ in other parts of Europe. At this particular moment, Mr. Gladstone was in one of those sentimental moods which occasionally visit him. He saw everything through a veil of illusion. As a matter of fact, England had established most friendly relations with Germany and Austria, and had kept a thoroughly good understanding with France; had, in short, strengthened old friendships and made some new ones of no slight importance. Although we have been told that Lord Beaconsfield’s policy was aggressive, there was not a Power in Europe, except Russia, which did not openly deplore his fall, and avow strong misgivings at the return of Mr. Gladstone to power. No Government that ever existed in

* See the ‘Pall Mall Gazette,’ ‘Echo,’ and other Radical papers of June and July 1880.

England had done more for the maintenance of European peace, and the best master of European politics—Prince Bismarck—cordially admitted the fact. Yet it was this very Government against which a popular clamour was excited in England on the ground of its warlike and contentious disposition. The popular ignorance of foreign politics is profound, and never was it more unscrupulously played upon. The vindication of Lord Beaconsfield is now a matter of small moment—‘nothing can touch him further;’ but if the national interests are not to be irreparably sacrificed, the reversal of policy, which Mr. Gladstone passionately set on foot in 1880, will have to be reversed in its turn, and we must recover, if that be possible, the position which we had won and which we rashly threw away.

Mr. Gladstone’s first step was to alienate Germany and Austria. He had urged upon us, a few months previously, the absolute necessity of making friends wherever we could. ‘Rich and strong we are,’ he wrote, ‘but no people is rich enough, or strong enough, to disregard the priceless value of human sympathies.’ He dwelt, in a tone of tender pathos, upon ‘the hunger of the heart.’ ‘At the close of the year,’ he said, ‘should an account be taken, I trust we may find at our command a less meagre store of them [human sympathies] than we have had at its beginning.’* And thus he continued, in a strain which might have ‘drawn iron tears down Pluto’s cheek,’ and which it is difficult to recal even now without emotion.

The close of a year has come and gone, and how stands the ‘account’ which Mr. Gladstone admonishes us to make up? Has the hunger of the heart been satisfied? Have human sympathies descended upon us from all quarters of the earth, like the gentle dew from heaven? We have no satisfactory answer to give to these questions. Mr. Gladstone must have been wounded in his tenderest susceptibilities when he looked around him on the First of January, 1882, and saw that the nations had not gathered round us to the extent that even a moderately sanguine temperament might have led any one to anticipate. We had not made any new ‘conquests of affection;’ it was even a question whether some of our old conquests were not becoming seriously disposed to jilt us. The United States have profited by the favourable occasion of Mr. Gladstone’s return to power to make a demand for renewed concessions. We are required to tear up the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, but what trial will that be to a statesman who allowed the Black Sea Treaty to be torn up and flung in his face? The New

* ‘Nineteenth Century,’ March 1878.

York press also tells us that we *must* give up Nassau, and *ought* to give up Gibraltar; and as it is by this time generally understood in the world that Mr. Gladstone will give up everything that is demanded in a sufficiently peremptory manner, we cannot wonder that other nations should be resolved to make the best use of their opportunities. We are in the yielding mood, and we need not fear that advantage will not be taken of it. Where the carcase is thrown down the birds of prey will gather. We have retreated in Asia, and Russia has advanced. Candahar had been won by dint of great gallantry and military skill, but it was thrown away with every expression of our contrition and shame for having gone there. 'My heart bleeds,' wrote Professor Vambéry,* 'on seeing the singular indifference and credulity of many of your countrymen. I would prefer death rather than to see how a great and free nation is brought to the brink of ruin through the carelessness of her statesmen.' But Professor Vambéry is, as Mr. Bright would say, mad; moreover he is a foreigner. It is not at such fires that human sympathies are to be warmed and quickened. But there are other persons beside this great Oriental professor who have advised us not to throw away Candahar. Lord Napier strongly recommended the permanent annexation to India of the fortress and the surrounding territory.† 'Who that regards the course of Russian progress,' he said, 'can doubt that if we are timid, apathetic, or consenting, a few years will see them in possession of a fortress which, in their hands, will be rendered impregnable, and will command the road to India with a facility for aggression which may be measured by Abdul Khan's rapid march to Candahar?' But Lord Napier is a military man—not a statesman of the modern type, not a philosopher, agnostic or otherwise; not even an humble imitator, in the safety of a private room, of the famous 'sea-green and incorruptible' revolutionist of another age. He, therefore, was hustled out of Court, and Candahar was given up, and Russian merchants have now a field opened up to them, which would have been invaluable to us. 'Instead of purchasing Russian articles at Peshawur,' wrote Lord Napier, 'we shall deliver British manufactures to Central Asia.' Radical opinion ruled otherwise.

The next process by which the Prime Minister sought to strengthen England was still more extraordinary. During the latter part of Lord Beaconsfield's Administration, it seemed good

* Letter published in the 'Times,' February 22nd, 1881.

† 'Minute,' dated Gibraltar, October 12th, 1880.

in Mr. Gladstone's eyes to denounce the measures by which the Transvaal became British Territory. His speeches, as a colonist has said, were 'distributed broadcast over the whole of South Africa,' and produced the desired effect. The Boers did not doubt that with Mr. Gladstone on their side they could drive England back—perhaps even get rid of her altogether. Then came the war, the history of which no Englishman, out of the present Cabinet, can recal without that self-abasement which Mr. Gladstone thinks should now be the attitude of the nation. The general results were summed up by a member of Parliament who carries with him into unavoidable retirement Mr. Gladstone's certificate setting forth that he is a man of 'most single-minded attachment to his country,' and of 'a perfect unswerving integrity.' Evidence from such a man is not to be despised, and therefore we shall quote Mr. Dillon's statement,* the more readily because it is entirely accurate:—'I heard Mr. Gladstone say in the House of Commons at the commencement of the Session, that he would enter into no terms with the Dutch until the authority of the Queen was re-established in South Africa. He was beaten once, and he did not stop the war; he was beaten a second time, and he did not stop the war; but he was beaten a third time at Majuba Hill, and he then gave in.' It may be that this is not a pleasant way of putting the matter, and we may infer that Mr. Gladstone thought so, for Mr. Dillon was forthwith sent to prison. Nevertheless, Mr. Dillon told the truth. Not only did Mr. Gladstone surrender, after declaring that he never would do so till the Queen's authority had been vindicated, but he caused it to be understood, aided by his followers and his newspapers, that the war on our part was an unrighteous one, and that the brave men who fell in it died in a bad cause. In former times, whenever and wherever a mother was doomed to mourn for a son who had fallen under the British flag, whether she lived in a palace or a hovel, she found some solace in the thought, that the beloved one slept in an honoured grave. For the first time in our history, the bereaved were told that shame and ignominy were their portion; that the fields beneath which their dead were sleeping were stained with our dishonour. There used to be a song much in vogue during the Crimean war of which the burden was a triumphant cry, 'What will they say in England?' The question will in future suggest some unpleasant reflections to the soldier who is fighting his country's battles. What 'they will say in England' is, that

* Made at Dublin, October 11th, 1881.

the killed and wounded deserved no greater sympathy than if they had been so many buccaneers, who were slaughtered red-handed under the death's-head and cross-bones.

Mr. Chamberlain has, indeed, given a different version of the Transvaal affair. 'We yielded everything,' he says, 'that we thought honour might permit us to concede.'* Mr. Chamberlain discoursing upon honour is an animating spectacle. But in the opinion of those who are most competent to form a right judgment on the question, we yielded everything, not excepting honour, and the ultimate issue is not unlikely to be the loss of the Cape as an English colony. The portion of the population which was most devoted to our rule is now bitterly opposed to us. A correspondent writing from Cape Town tells us that the loyalists thus reason with themselves—and with us: 'Is the reward of our loyalty to be the loss of our lives in battle to many of us, and to the rest the loss of home and wife and child and property? Are you so weak and so cowardly, that to fight against you is certain gain, and to be your friends is certain destruction?'† The probable loss of the Cape may be regarded by the present Government with indifference, but the people of this country would view it with less unconcern if they remembered how important the Cape is to us even now. The old route to India may still become of great importance, for in the event of war it is quite conceivable that it would be beyond our power to defend the Suez Canal. Our commerce in the Southern hemisphere could not receive due protection if we lost the Cape, and the colony is of value to us far beyond the estimate of the new governing class in England, by whom colonies are regarded as so many stumbling-blocks in the path of 'liberty and progress.'

Thus stands one side of the 'account' which had to be made up at the close of 1881. Europe has been taught that it is dangerous to enter into any engagements with England, for, no matter how formally they may be ratified by Parliament, they are good only for a single Ministry. The Great Powers will concur in the conclusion arrived at by Prince Bismarck, that the only safe plan is to enter into projects concerning the future of Europe with England left out. If it is to be the rule of public life, that a Minister is never to rest satisfied until he has reversed and discredited every act of his predecessor, there can be nothing approaching to stability in our foreign policy. That policy, like the principles which regulate our domestic

* Speech at Liverpool, October 26th, 1881.

† Letter to the 'Standard,' November 7th, 1881.

affairs, will be beyond any intelligent control. It will veer wildly about with every uncertain gust of what is called public opinion. The Radical party has long aimed at the effacement of our influence in Europe, and it is fast bringing its work to completion. It is likely to be scarcely less successful in its endeavours to weaken our hold upon outlying dependencies. Our Eastern possessions stand, at the best, upon a precarious footing. The Mahometan world is in a ferment; it perceives that in Tunis it is threatened with overthrow, and it knows that the head of the faith has a relentless foe in the present Prime Minister of England. Russia has already claimed the financial administration of the vilayet of Erzeroum and other territories of the Porte, and it has never waived its claim for war indemnity, amounting to forty-five millions sterling. It is plainly seen all over Europe, that another annexation of Turkish territory is involved in the measures now being taken by Russia, and it is probable that the Porte would not unwillingly consent to further loss if it could disarm by concessions the hostility of its old and dangerous adversary. The friendship of England, it has discovered to its cost, is a reed which pierces the hand that leans upon it. The Sultan is now disposed to look for support in other directions, and the first results are already before us:—‘Germany has now in Constantinople the commanding political influence which England once possessed.’* To the Birmingham school of politicians, and to their followers generally, these may be words of little meaning; but if the body of the people understood foreign politics—and Mr. Gladstone has told us that they never do—they would look upon this altered state of circumstances with grave apprehensions.

Thus far it is impossible to see in what quarter we have won that love and sympathy without which, as the Prime Minister has explained, life is a blank. But the field is not quite exhausted. Mr. Gladstone may be disposed to assert that, if he has departed from the principles which have guided our foreign policy ever since England deserved to be called a great nation, he has done two things which entitle him to the national gratitude. It is our duty, he told us in 1878, ‘to acquire the good-will of somebody.’ Acting upon this maxim, he has endeavoured to acquire the good-will of the Pope. Mr. Gladstone’s sympathies have always been large and free, unless he has scented a political foe; and to-day they are elastic enough to take in the Pope on one side and Bradlaughism—which

* Constantinople correspondence of the ‘Times,’ December 16th, 1881.

means something much more, and much worse, than atheism—on the other. There may be a lurking hope in Mr. Gladstone's mind, that the Holy Father will resist the insidious advances of Prince Bismarck, and help us to govern Ireland, or at least to restore the semblance of order, with the aid of the priests, before Parliament meets. But the mission of Mr. Errington to the Vatican has been managed in a manner peculiarly characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's genius. We must not, it seems, speak of it as a 'mission,' for Mr. Errington is not precisely an 'accredited Minister'; he is merely armed with 'a letter of confidence.' We have not a recognized ambassador at Rome—only a gentleman who holds a ticket of admission to the back staircase. This ought to satisfy every variety of conscience, and allay the fears of the most timid. The Pontiff has, it is true, been an object of alarm on many occasions in this country; but, as managed by Mr. Gladstone, he will be rendered as innocent as a child's plaything. Bunyan saw in his vision the much-dreaded Giant Pope reduced to a mere show—grown all 'stiff and crazy in his joints,' insomuch that he could do no more than sit at the mouth of his cave grinning at pilgrims as they passed by. There can be no doubt in the mind of any reasonable man that the fulfilment of this remarkable dream has been reserved for these latter days, and that, in fact, it is now being enacted under our very eyes.

The Prime Minister will doubtless be called upon to explain the mystery of this mission, but by that time he will probably have attached little importance to it, for a new project has been developed in his fertile mind, and to this, with his accustomed 'versatility,' he is now prepared to devote all his energies. His thoughts are far away from the Pope, and even from Ireland; and the grievances of farmers must wait. As for the farmers, Mr. Gladstone recently gave them to understand that the bad harvests and other evils which he formerly attributed to the malign influence of Lord Beaconsfield he has now traced to a wholly different agency. 'It may be,' he says, 'that the prosperity of the country required the chastening hand of Providence, that we should be taught to suffer and struggle, so that we may not be too proud of the great power and wealth to which this country has attained.*' In the interests of truth, to say nothing of justice to an eminent rival, it is to be regretted that Mr. Gladstone did not make this discovery long ago. The farmers were clearly put upon a totally false scent, and this late amends is but a sorry compensation for the wrong that has been

* Speech at Hawarden, January 12, 1882. 'Times,' January 13th.

done. But it is only for an instant that Mr. Gladstone gives them his attention. The scheme which engrosses all his thoughts is the practical abolition of free debate in the Lower House by the introduction of a peremptory system of closing discussion at any moment, on the decision of a bare majority of the members present. The Ministerial supporters have been busily engaged in wrangling over the name which they propose to give to this instrument for suppressing speech, but the public may reasonably be expected to take a deeper interest in enquiring whether it is desirable to make so great an innovation upon the usages of Parliament, and whether it is prudent to entrust any Minister with the immense power which Mr. Gladstone is now so eager to possess? That some reforms are needed in Parliamentary procedure cannot be doubted; most people thought so when the Obstructionists were harassing a Conservative Government, with the connivance of Mr. Gladstone in the House, and his open defence of their tactics out of it; most people think so still. But between a judicious revision of the Rules, and the introduction of a violent method of closing debate at the mere wish of a Minister, there is surely a very long interval. Undoubtedly there should be limitations placed upon the right of Members to put questions,—a right at present so greatly abused; an unnecessary expenditure of time in the routine work of passing Bills through various stages might be avoided; and the privilege now claimed by any Member of moving the adjournment of the House, and thus opening up a debate—a device perhaps repeated several times in the course of an evening—might be curtailed with great advantage to the House and to the country. There are numerous ways by which the end that Mr. Gladstone professes to seek might be reached, but the most objectionable, we may fairly say the most tyrannical, of all ways yet known or invented is the only one which suits his present temper and disposition. The power thus sought for is susceptible of very great abuse, especially at highly critical periods in public life, when popular passions are aroused, and reason or justice has but a slender chance of being heard. It is said that the people will never tolerate any arbitrary interference with the freedom of debate; but there have been times when freedom of debate was not what they wanted, but instant compliance with some wild impulse of the moment; perhaps repented of almost as soon as formed. Had it not been for the useful delay caused by the slow process of Parliamentary action, infinite harm might have been done. The practical effect of the 'clôture,' as it is called in France, or the 'gag,' as it is called with characteristic directness in the United States, is that the party which
has

has been compelled to submit to its application resolves to repeal, at the earliest possible moment, the measure forced upon it; and it does so, whenever it gets the chance. With us, it has been customary for both parties to accept an Act of the Legislature as final; no one ever talked of repealing the Reform Bill, for example; but any similar measure, passed under the pressure of the *clôture* in other countries, would have been repealed at the very first opportunity by the party which had opposed it. Nothing will be looked upon as *settled* by the legislation of any Session if the weapon now asked for by Mr. Gladstone is placed in his hands. Moreover, it is a sword with two edges, as the Prime Minister will discover if he succeeds in getting it into his hands. Even the most powerful of Ministers cannot make sure of keeping a majority in the House at any hour of the day and night, and a debate may be closed at a moment and in a way least expected or desired. The whole system has a tendency to substitute intrigue and trickery for open and manly dealing and fair play, and if adopted here, it will inevitably tend to produce a continual and rapid degradation of Parliamentary life. It may be fatal to some of the vices of our time, but far more fatal will it be to all that Englishmen should most earnestly desire to preserve—the development of true statesmanship, and the maintenance of the ancient glory of the British Parliament, in which, until within the last few years, all parties alike took a just and an honourable pride.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Gladstone will reconsider the purpose now attributed to him by his supporters; or that if he does not, the House of Commons will refuse to make over its liberties at his bidding. In vain, as we believe, will the Prime Minister seek to divert attention from his past mistakes by vehemently pressing forward a new issue. All the efforts which he may make with this object in view will pass unregarded in the presence of the lamentable scene which is presented in Ireland. There is not an impartial witness who does not testify, that the state of that unhappy country is infinitely worse at the beginning of 1882 than it has been since Mr. Gladstone first rose to the chief place in the councils of the Queen. There is not a man who looks with impartial eyes upon the course which the Prime Minister has pursued without perceiving that it has been fatally misdirected from beginning to end, and that the consequences threaten to involve the whole nation in evils from which there will be, on Radical principles, but one method of escape.

This is the point which must now be kept steadily in view, if

we would avoid becoming once more the victims of wild delusions. There is but one logical result of Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy; there is but one end to which it can conduct us. For that end the Radical party is trying gradually to prepare the nation, by throwing out suggestions of Separation, and by urging that our first duty is not to 'govern' but to 'satisfy' Ireland. It is true that Mr. Chamberlain professes himself desirous of preserving the Union; but is there any one, even in Birmingham, so credulous as to attach the slightest value to Mr. Chamberlain's professions? During the last few months, we have frequently heard from Radical sources of the necessity of a 'reconstitution of the whole system of government in Ireland,' and of the duty which presses upon us to yield to the true 'national spirit' of the people—a spirit which is by no means expressed by Mr. Butt's antiquated ideas of 'Home Rule.' Mr. Disraeli, speaking at Glasgow in 1873, said—'I should not be at all surprised if the visor of Home Rule should fall off some day, and you beheld a very different countenance.' We are now able to see the countenance without the visor, and the governing party of the day is doing its utmost to accustom us to its aspect. More than one Radical speaker has prepared the way, by endeavouring to convince the country that the independence of Ireland would be a gain to the rest of the United Kingdom. Mr. Parnell publicly stated* that 'one of the highest of the Cabinet Ministers' had admitted that, if Ireland persisted in maintaining an irreconcilable attitude, England would have to yield her the rights of self-government. Mr. Gladstone knows as well as any man what is meant by the 'rights of self-government' as applied to Ireland, and the very reasons which are sufficient, in his own eyes, to justify him in handing over any portion of the property of landlords to the tenants would also lead him, if he followed those reasons out, to grant the last demand of the agitators. The existence of disorder, he has contended, is a conclusive proof of the existence of grievances which no free people ought to endure. Now the greatest of all Irish grievances, the one which has the power to stir to their depths the darkest passions and the most implacable animosities of vast numbers of the Irish people, is the continued subjection of their country to England. It is in the hope of breaking that bond asunder, that Irishmen are so often willing to face the gaol and if need be, the scaffold; to give up home, friends, and even life itself. Though they may be exiles from their native land, this hope never dies

* Speech at Derry, August 30th, 1881.

within them, and hence the strength of the various organizations in the new Ireland which has grown up on the other side of the Atlantic. There are more Irish in New York than in Dublin, and there is not a man or a woman of their number who would not give up the last shilling to free their country from the yoke of England. This is the plain and simple truth; denying it will not alter it, or enable us to cope with it wisely and successfully. If the theory upon which Mr. Gladstone has based his entire Irish policy is henceforth to be our guide, how can he or his party refrain from dealing in the same way with this grievance, which towers high above all the rest? Mr. Gladstone might shrink from proposing a dissolution of the Union now; so he once did from proposing the disestablishment of the Irish Church. In 1865 he declared that the 'question of the Irish Establishment was remote,' and 'apparently out of all bearing upon the practical politics of the day.' He never expected 'to be called on to share' in any measure affecting it.* Three years afterwards he came forward, as was said at the time, 'from ambush,' and destroyed the Irish Church. In 1870, he declared that he was opposed to what was called 'perpetuity of tenure,' and to endowing the tenant with a 'joint property in the soil.' 'We put aside,' he said, 'everything that promised, or seemed to promise, fixity of tenure, and anything in the way of what may be described as the valuation of rents.'† In 1880 he contended that these concessions were the very least that could be made to the Irish occupiers. At the same rate of progress in the future, how long will it be before Mr. Gladstone undergoes another change of conviction, and comes before the nation with a calm admission that we are again within 'measurable distance' of civil war, and can be saved only by Home Rule? It can never be said that we were not warned in time. We have seen one 'healing measure' after another sunk in the bottomless pit of Irish discontent; we have seen that each of Mr. Gladstone's concessions, unwisely chosen and untimely made, has served but to set Ireland at our throats with a deadlier hatred than ever. Of one thing, and of one only, may the people of this country rest assured amid the chaos that prevails around them—if they continue to sanction legislation for Ireland upon the destructive principles pursued by Mr. Gladstone ever since 1868, they will eventually be compelled either to let Ireland

* Quoted from a letter of Mr. Gladstone's by Mr. Hardy, in the House of Commons, and in Mr. Gladstone's presence—March 31st, 1868 ('Times,' April 1st).

† Speech on the Irish Land Bill of 1870. (19th May, 1870.)

go, or to wage a bloody war to keep her—to that complexion must they come at last.

This is the work which Mr. Gladstone has to look upon now that he is about to meet Parliament once more. Although it is a Parliament which trembles at his nod, it may not be altogether without some touch of anxiety that he perceives the approach of the moment when he must explain the most stupendous failure in legislation which is recorded in the history of any nation. He has been long in public life, and a species of instinct must tell him that the day of reckoning cannot be far off. His followers boast loudly, that the nation is not now in the position in which it was when Mr. Gladstone took charge of its destinies. Nothing can be more true. We had secured ourselves against any further advance of Russia towards India, we were on terms of prudent and advantageous friendship with Germany and Austria, and we had provided against renewed encroachments upon Turkey—not because we loved Turkish rule, but because our own interests demanded that the Sultan's place in Europe should not be ceded to the Czar. Ireland was not then, as she is now, steeped in anarchy; hundreds of homes were then in comfort, which are now filled with darkness and desolation; the blood of Lord Montmorres, and of the long train of victims who followed him, was not then crying from the ground. All this has been the work of less than two short years. What, then, may we not look for, if four years more of office are granted to the author of the policy which has plunged the nation into almost unexampled difficulties, which has brought revolution to our very doors, and which threatens to give us Ireland to conquer again, or to render her free of our rule for ever?

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—I. *The New Testament in the Original Greek.* The Text revised by Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., and Fenton John Anthony Hort, D.D. Text, Introduction, Appendix. 2 vols. London, 1881.

II.—1. *A Supplement to the Authorized English Version of the New Testament: being a Critical Illustration of its more difficult passages from the Syriac, Latin and earlier English Versions, with an Introduction.* By the Rev. Frederick Henry Scrivener, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, Assistant Master of the King's School, Sherborne. (Pp. 331.) London, 1845. Vol. i. [all published].

2. *A full and exact Collation of about Twenty Greek Manuscripts of the Holy Gospels (hitherto unexamined), deposited in the British Museum, the Archiepiscopal Library at Lambeth, &c., with a Critical Introduction.* By the Rev. Frederick Henry Scrivener, M.A., of Trinity College, Perpetual Curate of Penwerris, Cornwall, and Head Master of Falmouth School. (Pp. lxxiv and 178.) Cambridge, 1853.

3. *An exact Transcript of the Codex Augiensis, a Græco-Latin Manuscript of S. Paul's Epistles, deposited in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge; to which is added a full Collation of Fifty Manuscripts, containing various portions of the Greek New Testament, in the Libraries of Cambridge, Parham, Leicester, Oxford, Lambeth, the British Museum, &c. With a Critical Introduction by the Rev. Frederick Henry Scrivener, M.A., late Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, Perpetual Curate of Penwerris, Falmouth. (Pp. lxxx and 563.) Cambridge, 1859.*

4. 'H KAINH ΔΙΑΘΗΚΗ. *Novum Testamentum Textus Stephani*, A.D. 1550. *Accedunt variae Lectiones Editionum Bezae, Elzeviri, Lachmanni, Tischendorfii, Tregellesii.* Curante F. H. A. Scrivener, A.M., D.C.L., LL.D. [1860.] Editio auctior et emendatio. Cantabrigiæ, 1877.

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5. *A plain Introduction to the Criticism of the New Testament, for the use of Biblical Students.* By Frederick Henry Scrivener, M.A., LL.D., of Trinity College, Cambridge, Rector of St. Gerrans, Cornwall. [1861.] 2nd Edition, thoroughly revised, enlarged, and brought down to the present date. 8vo. (Pp. 607.) Cambridge and London, 1874. [The Third Edition is in the Press.]
6. *A full Collation of the Codex Sinaiticus with the Received Text of the New Testament.* To which is prefixed a Critical Introduction by Frederick H. Scrivener, M.A., Rector of St. Gerrans, Cornwall. [1863.] 2nd Edition, revised. (Pp. lxxii and 163.) Cambridge, 1867.
7. *Bezae Codex Cantabrigiensis: being an exact Copy, in ordinary Type, of the celebrated Uncial Græco-Latin Manuscript of the Four Gospels and Acts of the Apostles, written early in the Sixth Century, and presented to the University of Cambridge by Theodore Beza, A.D. 1581.* Edited, with a Critical Introduction, Annotations, and Facsimiles, by Frederick H. Scrivener, M.A., Rector of S. Gerrans, Cornwall. (Pp. lxiv and 453.) Cambridge, 1864.
8. *The Cambridge Paragraph Bible of the Authorized English Version with the Text revised by a collation of its early and other Principal Editions, the use of the Italic type made uniform, the Marginal References remodelled, and a Critical Introduction prefixed by the Rev. F. H. [A.] Scrivener, M.A., LL.D., Rector of St. Gerrans, Editor of the Greek Testament, Codex Augiensis, &c., one of the New Testament Company of Revisers of the Authorized Version.* Edited for the Syndics of the University Press. Part i. *Genesis to Solomon's Song*, 1870. Part ii. *Apocrypha and New Testament*, 1870. Part iii. *General Introduction and Isaiah to Malachi*, 1873. Cambridge, at the University Press.
9. *Six Lectures on the Text of the N. T. and the Ancient MSS. which contain it, chiefly addressed to those who do not read Greek.* By F. H. Scrivener, M.A., LL.D., Rector of Gerrans, (Pp. i—x and 1—216.) London, 1875.
10. *The New Testament in the Original Greek, according to the Text followed in the Authorized Version, together with the Variations adopted in the Revised Version.* Edited for the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, by F. H. A. Scrivener, M.A., D.C.L., LL.D., Prebendary of Exeter and Vicar of Hendon. Cambridge, 1881.

PROPOSING to ourselves (May 17th, 1881) to enquire into the merits of the recent Revision of the Authorized Version of the New Testament Scriptures, we speedily became aware

aware that an entirely different problem awaited us and demanded preliminary investigation. We made the distressing discovery, that the underlying Greek Text had been completely refashioned throughout. It was accordingly not so much a '*Revised English Version*' as a '*Revised Greek Text*,' which was challenging public acceptance. Premature therefore,—not to say preposterous,—would have been any enquiry into the degree of ability with which the original Greek had been rendered into English by our Revisionists, until we had first satisfied ourselves that it was still the original Greek with which we had to deal, or whether it had been the supreme infelicity of a body of scholars claiming to act by the authority of the Sacred Synod of Canterbury, to put themselves into the hands of some ingenious theory-monger, and to become the dupes of any of the popular delusions which are found unhappily still to prevail among us, on the subject of Textual Criticism.

The correction of known Textual errors of course we eagerly expected: and on every occasion when the Traditional Text was altered, we as confidently depended on finding a record of the circumstance inserted into the margin,—as agreed upon by the Revisionists at the outset. In both of these expectations however we found ourselves disappointed. The Revisionists, not content with silently adopting most of those mistaken readings which are just now in favour with the dominant German school, have encumbered their margin with those other readings which, after due examination, they had themselves deliberately rejected. For why? Because, in their collective judgment, 'for the present, it would not be safe to accept one reading to the absolute exclusion of others.'¹ A fatal admission truly! What are found in the margin are therefore '*alternative readings*,' in the opinion of these self-constituted representatives of the Church and of the Sects.

It becomes evident that by this ill-advised proceeding our Revisionists have converted every Englishman's copy of the New Testament into a partial and one-sided Introduction to the Critical difficulties of the Greek Text; out of which they have been at the pains to supply him with no single hint as to how he may extricate himself. On the contrary. By candidly avowing that they find themselves enveloped in the same Stygian darkness with the ordinary English Reader, they give him to understand that there is absolutely no escape from the difficulty. What else must be the result of all this but general uncertainty, confusion and distress? A hazy mistrust of all Scripture has been

¹ *Preface*, p. xiv.

insinuated into the hearts and minds of countless millions, who in this way have been *forced* to become doubters,—yes, doubters in the Truth of Revelation itself. One recalls sorrowfully the terrible woe pronounced by the Author of Scripture on those who minister occasions of falling to others :—‘It must needs be that offences come ; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh !’

For ourselves, shocked and offended at the unfaithfulness which could so deal with the sacred Deposit, we made it our business to expose, something in detail, what had been the method of our Revisionists. In our October number we demonstrated, (as far as was possible within such narrow limits), the utterly untrustworthy character of not a few of the results which, after ten years of careful study, these distinguished scholars proclaim to the civilized world that they have deliberately arrived at. In our January number also, we found it impossible to avoid extending our enumeration of Textual errors and multiplying our proofs, while we were making it our business to show that, even had their *Text* been faultless, their *Translation* must needs be rejected as intolerable on grounds of defective scholarship. The popular verdict has in the meantime been pronounced unmistakably. It is already admitted on all hands that the Revision has been a prodigious blunder. How it came about that, with such a first-rate textual scholar among them as Dr. Scrivener,¹ the Revisionists of 1881 should have deliberately gone back to those vile fabrications from which the good Providence of God preserved Erasmus and Stunica,—Stephens and Beza and the Elzevirs, three centuries ago :—how it happened that, with so many splendid classical scholars sitting round their

¹ At the head of the present Article will be found enumerated Dr. Scrivener's principal works. It shall but be said of them, that they are wholly unrivalled, or rather unapproached, in their particular department. Himself an exact and elegant scholar,—a most patient and accurate observer of Textual phenomena, as well as an interesting and judicious expositor of their significance and value ;—guarded in his statements, temperate in his language, fair and impartial (even kind) to all who come in his way :—Dr. Scrivener is the very best teacher and guide to whom a beginner can resort, who desires to be led by the hand, as it were, through the intricate mazes of Textual Criticism. His ‘Introduction’ (No. 5) is perforce the most generally useful, because the most comprehensive, of his works ; but we strenuously recommend the three prefatory chapters of No. 2, and the two prefatory chapters of No. 3, to the attention of students. His Collation of *Codex Bezae* (D) is perhaps the greatest of his works (No. 7) : but whatever he has done, he has done best. It is instructive to compare his collation of Cod. N with Tischendorf's. No reader of the Greek Testament can afford to be without his reprint of Stephens’ (No. 4) : and English readers are reminded that Dr. Scrivener's is the only *classical* edition of the English Bible (No. 8). His Preface or Introduction (pp. l-cxx) passes praise. Ordinary English readers should inquire for No. 9—which is in fact an attempt to popularize the ‘Plain Introduction.’

table, they should have produced a Translation which, for the most part, reads like a first-rate school-boy's *crib*,—tasteless, unlovely, harsh, unidiomatic;—servile without being really faithful,—pedantic without being really learned;—an unreadable Translation, in short; the result of a vast amount of labour indeed, but of wondrous little judgment:—how all this has come about, it is at this time of day utterly useless to enquire.

Unable to disprove the correctness of our Criticism on the Revised Greek Text, even in a single instance, the partizans of the Revision,—singular to relate,—have been ever since industriously promulgating the notion, that the Reviewer's great misfortune and fatal disadvantage throughout has been, that he wrote his first article before the publication of Drs. Westcott and Hort's Critical 'Introduction.' Had he but been so happy as to have been made aware by those eminent scholars of the critical principles which have guided them in the construction of their Text, how differently must he have expressed himself throughout, and to what widely different conclusions must he have inevitably arrived! This is what has been once and again either openly declared, or else privately intimated, in many quarters. Some, in the warmth of their partizanship, have even gone so far as to insinuate that it argues either a deficiency of moral courage, or else of intellectual perception, in the Reviewer, that he has not long since grappled definitely with the Theory of Drs. Westcott and Hort,—and either answered it, or else frankly admitted that he finds it unanswerable.

(a) All of which strikes us as queer in a high degree. First because, as a matter of fact, we were careful to make it plain that the 'Introduction' in question had duly reached us *before the first sheet* of our earlier Article had left our hands. To be brief,—we made it our business to procure a copy and read it through, the instant we heard of its publication: and on our fourteenth page (viz. at p. 320) we endeavoured to compress into a long foot-note some account of a theory which (we take leave to say) can appear formidable only to one who has either lacked the inclination to read, or else the ability to understand it. We found that, from diligent study of the '*Preface*' prefixed to the 'limited and private issue' of 1870, we had formed a perfectly correct estimate of the contents of the 'Introduction,' and had already characterized it with entire accuracy at p. 319 of our Article.

(b) But the queerest circumstance is behind. How is it supposed that any amount of study of the last new Theory of Textual Revision can seriously affect the Reviewer's estimate of the evidential value of the historical *facts* on which he relies
for

for his proof that certain exhibitions of the Greek Text are untrustworthy? The *onus probandi* lies clearly not with *him*, but with those who call those proofs of his in question. More of this, however, by and by. We are impatient to get on.

(c) And then, lastly,—What have *we* to do with the *Theory* of Drs. Westcott and Hort? or indeed with the Theory of *any other person that can be named*? We have been examining the new Greek Text of the Revisionists. We have condemned, after furnishing detailed proof, the result at which—by whatever means—that distinguished body of Scholars has arrived. Surely it is competent to us to upset their *conclusion*, without being constrained also to investigate the illicit logical processes by which two of their number in a separate publication have arrived at far graver results, and often even stand hopelessly apart, the one from the other! We say it in no boastful spirit, but we have an undoubted right to assume that, unless the Revisionists are able by a stronger array of authorities to set aside the evidence we have already brought forward, the calamitous destiny of their ‘Revision,’ so far as the New Testament is concerned, is a thing inevitable.

Let it not be imagined, however, from what goes before, that we desire to shirk the proposed encounter with the advocates of the last new Text, or that we entertain the slightest intention of doing so. We willingly accept the assurance, that it is only because Drs. Westcott and Hort are virtually responsible for the Revisionists’ Greek Text, that it is now so eagerly demanded by the Revisionists and their friends, that the Theory of the two Cambridge Professors may be critically examined. We can sympathize also with the secret distress of some who, when it is all too late to remedy the mischief, begin to suspect that they have been led away by the hardihood of self-assertion;—overpowered by the *facundia præceps* of one who is at least a thorough believer in his own self-evolved opinions;—imposed upon by the seemingly consentient pages of Tischendorf and Tregelles and Westcott and Hort.—Without further preface we begin.

It is thought that we shall perhaps be rendering acceptable service in certain quarters if,—before investigating the particular Theory just now proposed for consideration,—we endeavour to give the unlearned English reader some general notion, (it must perforce be a very imperfect one,) of the nature of the controversy to which the Theory now to be considered belongs, and out of which it has arisen. Claiming to be an attempt to determine the Truth of Scripture on scientific principles, it is to be regarded as the latest outcome of that violent recoil

recoil from the Traditional Greek Text,—that strange impatience of its authority, or rather denial that it possesses any authority at all,—which began with Lachmann just 50 years ago (viz. in 1831), and has prevailed ever since; its most conspicuous promoters being Tregelles (1857–72) and Tischendorf (1865–72).

The true nature of the principles which respectively animate the two parties in this controversy is at this time as much as ever,—perhaps *more* than ever,—generally misunderstood. The popular account of the matter is certainly the reverse of complimentary to the school of which Dr. Scrivener is the most accomplished living exponent. We hear it confidently asserted that the contention is nothing else but an irrational endeavour on the one hand to set up the many modern against the few ancient witnesses;—the later cursive copies against the ‘old uncials’;—inveterate traditional errors against undoubted primitive Truth. The disciples of the new and popular school, on the contrary, are represented as relying exclusively on *Antiquity*. We respectfully assure as many as may require the assurance, that the actual contention is of an entirely different nature. But, before we offer a single word in the way of explanation, let the position of our assailants at least be correctly ascertained and clearly established. LACHMANN’S ruling principle then, was exclusive reliance on a very few ancient authorities—*because* they are ‘ancient.’ He constructed his text on three or four,—not unfrequently on *one or two*,—Greek codices. Of the Greek Fathers, he relied exclusively on Origen. Of the oldest Versions, he cared only for the Latin. We venture to think his method irrational. But this is really a point on which the thoughtful reader is competent to judge for himself. He is invited to read the note at foot of the page.¹—TREGELLES adopted the same strange method. He resorted to a select few out of the entire mass of ‘ancient authorities’ for the construction of his Text. *Why* he rejected the testimony of *every Father of the IVth century, except Eusebius*,—it is useless to enquire.—TISCHENDORF, the last and ablest critic of the three, knew better than to reject ‘*Eighty-nine ninetieths*’ of

¹ ‘Agmen ducit Carolus Lachmannus (N. T. *Berolini* 1842–50), ingenii viribus et elegantia doctrinae haud pluribus impar; editor N. T. audacior quam limatior: cujus textum, a recepto longe decedentem, tantopere iudicibus quibusdam subtilioribus placuisse jamdudum miramur: quippe qui, abjecta tot cacterorum codicum Graecorum ope, perpaucis antiquissimis (nec iis integris, nec per eum satis accuratè collatis) innixus, libros sacros ad saeculi post Christum quarti normam restituisse sibi videatur; versionum porro (cujuslibet codicis aetatem facile superantium) Syriacae atque Aegyptiacarum contempтор, neutrius linguae peritus; Latinarum contra nimius fautor, prae Bentleio ipso Bentleianus.’—Scrivener’s Preface to *Nov. Test. textus Stephanici*, &c. See above, p. 309, No. 4.

the extant evidence. He had recourse to the ingenious expedient of *adducing* all the available evidence, but adopting just as little of it as he chose: and he *chose* to adopt those readings only, which are vouched for by the same little band of authorities whose partial testimony had already proved fatal to the decrees of Lachmann and Tregelles. Happy in having discovered (in 1859) an uncial codex (κ) second in antiquity only to the oldest before known (B), and strongly resembling that famous fourth-century codex in the character of its contents, he suffered his judgment to be overpowered by the circumstance. He at once (1865-72) remodelled his 7th edition (1856-9) in 3,505 places,—‘to the scandal of the science of Comparative Criticism, as well as to his own grave discredit for discernment and consistency.’¹ And yet he knew concerning Cod. κ that at least ten different revisers from the Vth century downwards had laboured to remedy the scandalously corrupt condition of a text which, ‘as it proceeded from the first scribe,’ even Tregelles describes as ‘*very rough*.’² But in fact the infatuation which prevails to this hour in this department of Sacred Science can only be spoken of as incredible. Enough has been said to show —(the only point we are bent on establishing)—that the one distinctive tenet of the three most famous critics since 1831 has been an overwhelming reverence for whatever is found in the same little handful of early,—yet not of necessity *the earliest*,—documents.

Against this arbitrary method of theirs we respectfully remonstrate. ‘Strange,’ we venture to exclaim, (addressing the living representatives of the school of Lachmann, and Tregelles and Tischendorf) :—‘Strange, that you should not perceive that you are the dupes of a fallacy which is even transparent. You *talk* of “Antiquity”: but you know very well that you actually *mean* something different. You fasten upon three, or perhaps four,—two or perhaps three,—one or perhaps two,—documents of the IVth or Vth century. But then, confessedly, these are one, two, three, or four *specimens only* of Antiquity,—not “Antiquity” itself! And what if they should prove to be *unfair* specimens of Antiquity? Thus, you are observed always to quote B or at least κ: but why may not the Truth reside instead with A or C or D? You quote the old Latin or the Coptic: but why may not the Peschito or the Sahidic be right rather? You quote either Origen or else Eusebius,—but why not Didymus and Athanasius, Epiphanius and Basil, Chrysostom and Theodoret, the Gregories and the Cyrils? . . . It will

¹ Scrivener’s *Introduction*, p. 429.

² N. T. Part II. p. 2.

appear therefore that we are every bit as strongly convinced as you can be of the paramount claims of Antiquity: but that, eschewing prejudice and partiality, we differ from you only in *this*, viz. that we absolutely refuse to bow down before the *particular specimens of Antiquity* which you have yourselves selected as the objects of your worship. You are illogical enough to propose to include within your list of "ancient authorities" codd. 1, 33 and 69,—being severally MSS. of the Xth, XIth, and XIVth centuries. And why? Only because the text of those 3 copies is observed to bear a close resemblance to that of Cod. B. But then why, in the name of common sense, do you not show corresponding favour to the remaining 997 cursive copies of the N.T.,—seeing that these are observed to bear the same general resemblance to *Cod. A*? You are for ever talking about "old Readings": have you not yet discovered that ALL "Readings" are "OLD"?

The last contribution to this department of sacred science is a critical edition of the New Testament by Drs. WESTCOTT and HORT, about which we proceed to offer a few remarks.

The first thing here which unfavourably arrests attention is the circumstance that this proves to be the only critical edition of the New Testament, since the days of Mill which does not even pretend to contribute something to our previous critical knowledge of the subject. Mill it was (1707) who gave us the great bulk of our various readings; which Bengel (1734) slightly, and Wetstein (1751-2) very considerably, enlarged. The accurate Matthæi (1782-8) acquainted us with the contents of about 100 codices more; and was followed by Griesbach (1796-1806) with important additional stores. Birch had in the meantime (1788) culled from the principal libraries of Europe a large assortment of new readings: while truly marvellous was the accession of materials which Scholz brought to light in 1830. And though Lachmann (1842-50) did wondrous little in this department, he yet furnished the critical authority (such as it is) for his own unsatisfactory text. Tregelles (1857-72) by his exact collations of MSS. and examination of the earliest Fathers, has laid the Church under an abiding obligation: and what is to be said of Tischendorf (1856-72), who has contributed more to our knowledge than any other editor of the N. T. since the days of Mill? Dr. Scrivener, though he has not independently edited the original Text, is yet to be reckoned among those who *have*, by reason of his large, important, and accurate contributions to our knowledge of ancient documents. Let the truth be told. C. F. Matthæi and he are *the only*

only two scholars who have ever collated any considerable number of sacred codices with the needful accuracy.¹

Now we trust we may be forgiven if, at the close of the preceding enumeration, we confess to something like displeasure at the oracular tone assumed by Drs. Westcott and Hort in dealing with the Text of Scripture, though they frankly admit that they 'rely for documentary evidence on the stores accumulated by their predecessors.' Confident as those distinguished scholars may feel of their ability to dispense with the ordinary appliances of Textual Criticism; and proud (as they may reasonably be) of a verifying faculty which (although they are able to give no account of it) yet enables them infallibly to discriminate between the false and the true, and to assign 'a local habitation and a name' to every word,—inspired or uninspired,—which purports to belong to the N. T.:—they must not be offended with us if we freely declare at the outset that we shall decline to accept a single argumentative assertion of theirs for which they fail to offer sufficient proof. Their wholly unsupported decrees, at the risk of being thought uncivil, we shall unceremoniously reject, as soon as we have allowed them a patient hearing.

This resolve bodes ill, we freely admit, to harmonious progress. But it is inevitable. For, to speak plainly, we never before met with such a singular tissue of magisterial statements unsupported by a particle of rational evidence, as we meet with here. The gravity, the earnestness of the writer's manner, contrasts whimsically with the utterly inconsequential character of his antecedents and his consequents throughout. Dr. Hort—(for 'the writing of the volume and the other accompaniments of the text devolved' on him,²)—Dr. Hort seems to mistake his opinions for arguments,—his assertions for proofs,—and a reiteration of either for an accession of evidence. There is throughout the volume, apparently, a dread of *Facts* which is even extraordinary. An actual illustration of the learned Author's meaning,—a concrete case,—seems as if it were never forthcoming. At last it comes: but the phenomenon is straightway discovered to admit of at least two interpretations, and

¹ The Reader is referred to the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 7th and 8th of the works enumerated at the head of the present Article. Those who have never tried the experiment, have not the faintest idea of the strain on the attention which such works as any of the preceding, occasion. At the same time, it cannot be too clearly understood that it is chiefly by the multiplication of *exact* collations of MSS. that an abiding foundation will some day be laid on which to build up the *Science* of Textual Criticism. We may safely keep our '*Theories*' back till we have collated our MSS.,—re-edited our Versions,—indexed our Fathers. They will be abundantly in time then.

² Introduction, p. 18.

therefore

therefore never to prove the thing intended. In a person of high education,—in one accustomed to exact reasoning,—we should have thought all this impossible. But it is high time to unfold the 'Introduction' at the first page, and to begin to read.

1. It opens (p. 1-11) with some unsatisfactory Remarks on 'Transmission by Writing'; vague and inaccurate,—unsupported by a single Textual reference,—and labouring under the grave defect of leaving the most instructive phenomena of the problem wholly untouched. For inasmuch as 'Transmission by writing' involves two distinct classes of errors, (1st) Those which are the result of *Accident*, and (2ndly) Those which are the result of *Design*,—it is to use a Reader badly not to take the earliest opportunity of explaining to him that what makes Codd. B & D such utterly untrustworthy guides, (except when supported by a large amount of extraneous evidence), is the circumstance that *Intention* had evidently so much to do with a vast proportion of the errors in which they all three abound.

Now, this is not a matter of opinion, but of fact. In S. Luke's Gospel alone (collated with the traditional text) the transpositions in Cod. B amount to 228,—affecting 654 words: in Cod. D, to 464,—affecting 1401 words. The words omitted in B are 757,—in D, 1552. The words substituted in B amount to 309,—in D, to 1006. The readings peculiar to B are 138, and affect 215 words;—to D, are 1731, and affect 4090 words. Wondrous few of these *can* have been due to accidental causes! The text of one or of both codices must needs be fabricated. (As for *κ*, it is so frequently found in accord with B, that out of consideration for our readers, we omit the corresponding figures.)

We turn to Codd. A and C—(executed, suppose, a hundred years *after* B, and a hundred years *before* D)—and the figures are found to be as follows:—

	In Cod. A.				In Cod. c.			
The transpositions are	75	67	
affecting	199 words	197	
The words omitted are	208	175	
The words substituted	111	115	
The peculiar readings	90	87	
affecting	131 words	127	

Now it is entirely to misunderstand the question, to object that the preceding Collation has been made with the Text of Stephanus open before us. Robert Etienne in the XVIth century was not the cause why Cod. B in the IVth and D in the VIth are so widely discordant from one another; A and C so utterly at variance with both. The simplest explanation of the phenomena

mena is the truest, namely, that B and D exhibit grossly corrupt texts;—a circumstance of which it is impossible that the ordinary reader should be too soon or too often reminded. But to proceed.

2. Some remarks follow on 'Transmission by printed Editions': in the course of which Dr. Hort informs us that Lachmann's Text of 1831 was 'the first founded on documentary authority.'¹ On *what* then would the learned writer have us to believe that the Texts of Erasmus (1516) and of Stunica (1522) were founded? His statement is incorrect. The actual difference between Lachmann's Text and those of the earlier editors is, that *his* 'documentary authority' is partial, narrow, self-contradictory; and is proved to be untrustworthy by a free appeal to Antiquity. *Their* documentary authority,—derived from independent sources,—exhibits (*under the good Providence of God*), a Traditional Text, the general purity of which is demonstrated by all the evidence which 350 years of subsequent research have succeeded in accumulating.

3. We are favoured, in the third place, with the 'History of this Edition': in which the point that chiefly arrests attention is the explanation afforded of the many and serious occasions on which Dr. Westcott ('W.') and Dr. Hort ('H.'), finding it impossible to agree, have set down their respective notions separately and subscribed them with their respective initials. We read with uneasiness that

'no individual mind can ever act with perfect uniformity, or free itself completely from its own idiosyncracies;' and that 'the danger of caprice is inseparable from personal judgment.'—(p. 17.)

All this reminds us painfully of certain statements made by the same editors in 1870:—

'We are obliged to come to the *individual mind* at last; and canons of criticism are useful only as warnings against natural illusions, and aids to circumspect consideration, not as absolute rules to prescribe the final decision.'—(p. xviii. xix.)

May we be permitted without offence to point out (not for the first time) that 'idiosyncracies,' and 'unconscious caprice,' and the fancies of the 'individual mind' can be allowed no appreciable place in a problem of such gravity and importance as the present? Once admit such elements, and we are safe to find ourselves in cloud-land to-morrow. A weaker foundation on which to rely, does not exist. And when we find that the learned editors 'venture to hope that the present text has escaped some

¹ P. 13, cf. p. viii.

risks of this kind by being the production of two Editors of different habits of mind, working independently and to a great extent on different plans,' we can but avow our conviction that the safeguard is inadequate: and that our only protection is absolutely to *insist* on the production of *proof* for everything which these authors say.

4. The dissertation on 'Intrinsic' and 'Transcriptional Probability' which follows (pp. 20-30),—being *unsupported by a single instance or illustration*,—we pass by. It ignores throughout the fact, that the most serious corruptions of MSS. are due, *not* to 'scribes' or 'copyists,' (of whom, by the way, we find perpetual mention every time we open the page;) but to the persons who employed them. So far from thinking with Dr. Hort that 'the value of the evidence obtained from Transcriptional Probability is incontestable,' for that 'without its aid Textual Criticism could rarely obtain a high degree of security,' (p. 24),—we venture to declare that it may be safely neglected altogether. Let the study of *documentary evidence* be allowed to take its place. Notions of 'probability' are the very pest of every department of Science which admits of an appeal to *Fact*.

5. A signal proof of the justice of our last remark is furnished by the plea which is straightway put in (pp. 30-1) for the superior necessity of attending to 'the relative antecedent credibility of witnesses.' In other words, 'The comparative trustworthiness of documentary authorities' is proposed as a far weightier consideration than 'Intrinsic' and 'Transcriptional Probability.' Accordingly we are assured (in capital letters) that 'Knowledge of Documents should precede final judgment upon readings' (p. 31).

'Knowledge'! Yes, but how acquired? Suppose two rival documents,—Cod. A and Cod. B. May we be informed how you would proceed with respect to them?

'When one of the documents is found habitually to contain *morally certain*, or at least *continually preferred*, Readings,—and the other to contain their rejected rivals,—we can have no doubt that the text of the first has been transmitted in comparative purity; and that the text of the second has suffered comparatively large corruption.'—(p. 32.) . . .

But can such words have been written seriously? Is what goes before intended for *reasoning*? What is to be the *ground* of the 'moral certainty' spoken of? Is it to be nothing else but the 'continual preference' of the writer's 'individual mind'? If so, though *you* may 'have no doubt' as to which is the better manuscript,—see you not plainly that a man of different 'idio-syncrasy'

syncracy' from your own, may just as reasonably claim to 'have no doubt'—*that you are mistaken?* . . . One is reminded of a passage in p. 61: viz.—

'If we find in any group of documents a succession of Readings exhibiting an exceptional purity of text, that is,—*Readings which the fullest consideration of Internal Evidence pronounces to be right, in opposition to formidable arrays of Documentary Evidence*; the cause must be that, as far at least as these Readings are concerned, some one exceptionally pure MS. was the common ancestor of all the members of the group.'

But 'the cause' may be the erroneous judgment of the Critic,—may it not? . . . Dr. Hort is for setting up the inner consciousness of the individual against 'Documentary Evidence,' and claiming that the verifying faculty shall be supreme. But the awkward question arises,—*Who is to verify* the 'verifying faculty'?

6. We are next introduced to the subject of 'Genealogical Evidence' (p. 39); and are made attentive: for we speedily find ourselves challenged to admit that a total change in the bearing of the evidence is 'made by the introduction of the factor of genealogy' (p. 43). Presuming that the meaning of the learned writer must rather be that *if we did but know* the genealogy of MSS. we should be in a position to reason very differently concerning their texts,—we read on: and speedily come to a second axiom (which is again printed in capital letters), viz. that 'All trustworthy restoration of corrupted Texts is founded on the study of their History' (p. 40). We really read and wonder. Are we then engaged in the '*restoration of corrupted texts*'? If so,—which be they?

'A simple instance' (says Dr. Hort) 'will show at once the practical bearing' of 'the principle here laid down.'—(p. 40.)

But (as usual) he produces *no* instance. He merely supposes a case (§ 50), which he confesses (§ 53) does not exist. And this, he straightway follows up by the assertion that

'it would be difficult to insist too strongly on the transformation of the superficial aspects of numerical authority effected by recognition of Genealogy'—(p. 43).

Presently he assures us that

'a few documents are not, by reason of their mere paucity, appreciably less likely to be right than a multitude opposed to them' (p. 45). 'A presumption indeed remains that a majority of extant documents is more likely to represent a majority of ancestral documents than vice versâ.'

But

But 'this presumption' he seems to imagine may be disposed of by his assertion that it 'is too minute to weigh against the smallest tangible evidence of other kinds' (*ibid.*). As usual, however, he furnishes us with *no evidence at all*,—'tangible' or 'intangible.' Can he wonder if we smile and pass on? The argumentative import of his 20 weary pages on 'Genealogical evidence' (pp. 39–59), appears to be resolvable into the following barren truism: viz. that if out of 10 copies of Scripture, 9 could be proved to have been executed from one and the same common original (p. 41) those 9 would cease to be regarded as 9 independent witnesses. It requires no diagram of an imaginary case (p. 54) to show that.

But it is high time to declare that, in strictness of speech, all this talk about 'Genealogical evidence,' when applied to manuscripts, is—*moonshine*. The expression is metaphorical, and assumes that it has fared with MSS. as it has fared with the successive generations of a family; and so, to a remarkable extent, no doubt, it *has*. But it happens unfortunately that we are unacquainted with *one single instance* of a known MS. copied from another known MS. And perforce all talk about 'genealogical evidence,' where *no single step in the descent* can be produced,—in other words, *where no genealogical evidence exists*,—is absurd. The inhabitants of a village, congregated together in the churchyard where the bodies of their forgotten progenitors for 1000 years repose without memorials of any kind,—is a faint image of the relation which subsists between extant copies of the Gospels and the sources from which they were derived. That, in either case, there has been repeated mixture, is undeniable; but since the parish register is lost and not a vestige of tradition survives, it is idle to pretend to argue on that part of the subject. It may be reasonably assumed however that those 50 yeomen, bearing as many Saxon surnames, indicate as many remote *ancestors* of some sort. That they represent as many *families*, is at least a *fact*. Further we cannot go.

But the illustration is misleading, because inadequate. Assemble rather an Englishman, an Irishman, a Scot; a Frenchman, a German, a Spaniard; a Russian, a Pole, an Hungarian; an Italian, a Greek, a Turk. From Noah these 12 are all confessedly descended; but if *they* are silent, and *you* know nothing whatever about their antecedents,—your remarks about their respective 'genealogies' must needs prove as barren as Dr. Hort's about the 'genealogies' of copies of Scripture.

The nearest approximation to the phenomenon about which Dr. Hort discourses so glibly, is supplied (1) by Codd. F and G
of

of S. Paul, which are found to be independent transcripts of the same venerable lost original: (2) by Codd. 13, 69, 124 and 346, which were certainly derived from a common and peculiar archetype: and especially (3) by Codd. B and K. These two famous manuscripts, because they are disfigured exclusively by the selfsame mistakes, are convicted of being descended (not very remotely) from one and the same corrupt original. By consequence, the combined evidence of R and G is but that of a single codex. Evann. 13, 69, 124, 346, when they agree, would be conveniently designated by a single capital letter of the alphabet. Even B and K, though to be reckoned as two witnesses, have not nearly the textual significance and importance of B in conjunction with A, or of A in conjunction with C. Nothing of this kind however is what Drs. Westcott and Hort intend to convey.

7. It is not until we reach p. 94, that these learned men favour us with a single actual appeal to Scripture. At p. 90, Dr. Hort,—who has hitherto been skirmishing over the ground, and leaving us to wonder what in the world it can be that he is driving at,—announces a chapter on the ‘Results of Genealogical evidence proper;’ and begins by proposing to ‘determine the Genealogical relations of the chief ancient Texts.’ Impatient for argument, we read as follows:—

‘The fundamental text of late extant Greek MSS. generally is beyond all question identical with the dominant Antiochian or Greco-Syrian text of the second half of the fourth century.’—(p. 92.)

Having thus assumed a ‘dominant Antiochian or Greco-Syrian text of the second half of the fourth century,’ Dr. H. proceeds, by an analysis of what he is pleased to call ‘conflate Readings,’ to prove the ‘posteriority of “Syrian” to “Western” and other “Neutral” readings.’ Strange method of procedure! seeing that, of those second and third classes of readings we have not as yet so much as heard the names. Let us however without more delay be shown those specimens of ‘Conflation’ which, in Dr. Hort’s judgment, supply ‘the clearest evidence’ (p. 94) that ‘Syrian’ are posterior alike to ‘Western’ and to ‘Neutral readings.’ After 30 years of laborious research, Dr. Westcott and he have succeeded in detecting *eight*.

Now because, on the one hand, it would be unreasonable to fill up the space at our disposal with details which none but professed students will care to read;—and because, on the other, we cannot afford to pass by anything in these pages which pretends to be of the nature of proof;—we have consigned some

account

account of Dr. Hort's 8 instances of *Conflation* to the foot of the page.¹ And

¹ They are as follows:—

[1st] S. Mark (vi. 33) relates that on a certain occasion the multitude, when they beheld our SAVIOUR and His Disciples departing in order to cross over unto the other side of the lake, ran on foot thither,—(α) '*and outwent them*'—(β) and *came together unto Him*' (i.e. on His stepping out of the boat: not, as Dr. Hort strangely imagines [p. 99], on His emerging from the scene of His 'retirement' in 'some sequestered nook').

Now here, A substitutes *συνέδραμον* [sic] for *συνῆλθεν*.—N B with the Coptic and the Vulg. omit clause (β).—D omits clause (α), but substitutes '*there*' (αὐτοῦ) for '*unto Him*' in clause (β).—exhibits therefore a fabricated text.—The Syriac condenses the two clauses thus:—'*got there before Him*.'—L, Δ, 69, and 4 or 5 of the old Latin copies, read diversely from all the rest and from one another. The present is, in fact, one of those many places in S. Mark's Gospel where all is contradiction in those depraved witnesses which Lachmann made it his business to bring into fashion. *Confusion* there is plenty. '*Conflation*' there is none.

[2nd] In S. Mark viii. 26, our SAVIOUR (after restoring sight to the blind man of Bethsaida) is related to have said,—(α) '*Neither enter into the village*'—(β) '*nor tell it to any one*'—(γ) *in the village*.' (And let it be noted that the trustworthiness of this way of exhibiting the text is vouched for by A C N Δ and 12 other uncials: by the whole body of the cursives: by the Peschito and Harklensian, the Gothic, Armenian, and Ethiopic Versions: and by the only Father who quotes the place—Victor of Antioch.)*

But it is found that the 'two false witnesses' (N B) omit clauses (β) and (γ), retaining only clause (α). One of the two however (N), aware that under such circumstances *μηδέ* is intolerable,† substitutes *μή*. As for D and the Vulg., they substitute and paraphrase, importing from Matt. ix. 6 (or Mk. ii. 11), '*Depart unto thine house*.' D further imports from Matt. viii. 4 (or Mk. i. 44), *μηδενι ελπης*. The Old Lat., the Vulg., and some curious cursives (13, 69, 346), omit clause (γ), but paraphrase (β) and (γ) thus,—'*and if thou enterest into the village, tell it to no one*.' . . . Why all this prevarication and confusion should be called '*Conflation*,' and what 'clear evidence' is to be elicited therefrom that 'Syrian' are posterior alike to 'Western' and to 'neutral' readings,—we fail to perceive. But we must hasten forward.

[3rd] In S. Mk. ix. 38,—S. John, speaking of one who cast out devils in CHRIST'S Name, says—(α) '*who followeth not us, and we forbid him*'—(β) *because he followeth not us*.'

Here, N B C L Δ the Syriac, Coptic, and Ethiopic, omit clause (α) retaining (β). D with the old Latin and the Vulg. omit clause (β), but retain (α).—Both clauses are found in A N with 11 other uncials and the whole body of the cursives, besides the Gothic, and the only Father who quotes the place,—Basil [ii. 252]—Why should the pretence be set up that there has been '*conflation*' here?

[4th] In Mk. ix. 49,—our SAVIOUR says,—'*For (α) everyone shall be salted with fire—and (β) every sacrifice shall be salted with salt*.'

Here, clause (α) is omitted by D and a few copies of the old Latin;—clause (β) by N B L Δ.

But such an ordinary circumstance as the omission of words by Cod. D is so nearly without textual significance as scarcely to merit commemoration: and do Drs. Westcott and Hort really propose to build an hypothesis on the concurrence in error of N B L Δ,—especially in S. Mark's Gospel, which those codices exhibit more unfaithfully than any other codices that can be named? Against them, are to be set on the present occasion A C D N with 12 other uncials and the whole body of the cursives: the Ital. and Vulgate; both Syriac; the Coptic, Gothic, Armenian,

* Cramer's 'Cat.', p. 345, lines 3 and 8.

† Dr. Hort, on the contrary, (only because he finds it in N), considers *μηδέ* '*simple and vigorous*' as well as '*unique*' and '*peculiar*' (p. 100).

And, after an attentive survey of the Textual phenomena connected with these 8 specimens, we are constrained to assert that

and Ethiopic Versions; besides the only Father who quotes the place,—Victor of Antioch. [Also ‘Anon.’ p. 206: and see Cramer’s *Cat.*, p. 368.]

[5th] S. Luke (ix. 10) relates how, on a certain occasion, our SAVIOUR ‘withdrew to a desert place belonging to the city called Bethsaida’: which S. Luke expresses in six words: viz. [1] εἰς [2] τόπον [3] ἔρημον [4] πόλεως [5] καλουμένης [6] Βηθσαιδά: of which six words,—

(a)—**N** and Syr^m retain but three,—1, 2, 3.

(b)—The Peschito retains but four,—1, 2, 3, 6.

(c)—**B L X E D** and the 2 Egyptian versions retain other four,—1, 4, 5, 6: but for πόλεως καλουμένης **D** exhibits κώμην λεγομένην.

(d)—The old Latin and Vulg. retain five,—1, 2, 3, 5, 6: but for ‘qui (or quod) vocabatur,’ the Vulg. *b* and *c* exhibit ‘qui (or quod) est.’

(e)—3 cursives retain other five, viz. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6: while,

(f)—**A C Δ E**, with 9 more uncials and the great bulk of the cursives,—the Harklensian, Gothic, Armenian, and Æthiopic Versions,—retain all the six words.

In view of which facts, it probably never occurred to any one before to suggest that the best attested reading of all is the result of ‘conflation,’ i.e. of *spurious mixture*. Note, that **N** and **D** have, this time, changed sides.

[6th] S. Luke (xi. 54) speaks of the Scribes and Pharisees as (a) ‘lying in wait for Him, **B** seeking (γ) to catch something out of His mouth (δ) that they might accuse Him.’ This is the reading of 14 uncials headed by **A C**, and of the whole body of the cursives: the reading of the Vulgate also and of the Syriac. What is to be said against it?

It is found that **N B L** with the Coptic and Æthiopic Versions omit clauses (β) and (δ), but retain clauses (α) and (γ).—Cod. **D**, in conjunction with Cureton’s Syriac and the old Latin, retains clause (β), and *paraphrases all the rest of the sentence*. How then can it be pretended that there has been any ‘conflation’ here?

In the meantime, how unreasonable is the excision from the Revised Text of clauses (β) and (δ)—(ζητούντες . . . ἵνα κατηγορήσωσιν αὐτόν)—which are attested by **A C D** and 12 other uncials, together with the whole body of the cursives; by all the Syriac and by all the Latin copies! . . . Are we then to understand that **N D**, and the Coptic Version, outweigh every other authority which can be named?

[7th] The ‘rich fool’ in the parable (S. Lu. xii. 18), speaks of (α) πάντα τὰ γενήματά μου, καὶ (β) τὰ ἀγαθά μου. (So **A Q** and 13 other uncials, besides the whole body of the cursives; the Vulgate, Basil, and Cyril.)

But **N D** (with the old Latin and Cureton’s Syriac [which however drops the πάντα]) retaining clause (α), omit clause (β).—On the other hand, **B T**, (with the Egyptian Versions, the Syriac, the Armenian, and Æthiopic,) retaining clause (β), substitute τὸν σίτον (a gloss) for τὰ γενήματα in clause (α). Lachmann, Tisch., and Alford, accordingly retain the traditional text in this place. So does Tregelles, and so do Westcott and Hort,—only substituting τὸν σίτον for τὰ γενήματα. Confessedly therefore there has been no ‘Syrian conflation’ here: for all that has happened has been the substitution by **B** of τὸν σίτον for τὰ γενήματα; and the omission of 4 words by **N D**. This instance must therefore have been an oversight.—Only once more.

[8th] S. Luke’s Gospel ends (xxiv. 53) with the record that the Apostles were continually in the Temple, ‘(α) praising and (β) blessing God.’ Such is the reading of 13 uncials headed by **A** and every known cursive: a few copies of the old Lat., the Vulg., Syriac, and Armenian Versions. But it is found that **N B C** omit clause (α): while **D** and most of the old Latin copies omit clause (β).

And this completes the evidence for ‘conflation.’ We have displayed it thus minutely, lest we should be suspected of unfairness towards the esteemed writers

that the interpretation put upon them by Drs. Westcott and Hort, is purely visionary: a dream and nothing more. Something has been attempted analogous to the familiar fallacy in Divinity of building a false and hitherto unheard-of doctrine on a few isolated places of Scripture, divorced from their context. The actual *facts* of the case shall be submitted to the judgment of learned and unlearned readers alike: and we promise beforehand to abide by the unprejudiced verdict of either.

S. Mark's Gospel is found to contain in all 11,646 words: of which (collated with the traditional Text) A omits 138: B, 762: \aleph , 870: D, 900:—S. Luke contains 19,941 words: of which A omits 208: B, 757; \aleph , 816: D, no less than 1552. (Let us not be told that we may not collate with the traditional Text. Codices must be compared with *something*: and the traditional Text, more conveniently than any other standard that can be named, *reveals*—certainly does not *occasion*—different degrees of discrepancy. But to proceed.)

Dr. Hort has detected *four* instances in S. Mark's Gospel, —*four* in S. Luke's—where Codices B \aleph and D concur in making an omission *at the same place*, but not of the same words. We shall be best understood if we produce an actual illustration of what we mean: and no fairer example can be imagined than the last of the 8, of which Dr. Hort says,—‘This simple instance needs no explanation’ (p. 104). Instead of *αἰνοῦντες καὶ εὐλογοῦντες*,—(which is the reading of *every known copy* of the Gospels *except five*),— \aleph B C L exhibit only *εὐλογοῦντες*: D, only *αἰνοῦντες*. (In other words, the former omit *αἰνοῦντες καὶ* and are followed by Westcott and Hort: the latter omits *καὶ εὐλογοῦντες*, and is followed by Tischendorf. Lachmann declines to follow either. And Tregelles doubts.) Now, upon this (and the 7 other instances, which however prove to be somewhat less apt for their purpose than the present) these learned men have deliberately built up the following astonishing theory. They assume, (1) That *αἰνοῦντες καὶ*—and *καὶ εὐλογοῦντες*—are respectively fragments of two independent primitive texts, which they designate respectively ‘Western’ and ‘Neutral’:—(2) That the latter of the two [but only because it is vouched for by B and \aleph] may be confidently assumed to exhibit what the Evangelist actually wrote:—(3) That in the

on the *only occasion* on which they have attempted argumentative proof. Their theory has forced them to make an appeal to Scripture, and to produce 8 actual specimens of their meaning: of which, (as we have seen), several have really no business to be cited,—as not fulfilling the necessary conditions of the problem. To prevent cavil however, let *all* but the [7th] pass unchallenged.

middle of the fourth century the two texts were with design and by authority welded together, and became the 'Syrian text.'—
 (4) That αἰνοῦντες καὶ εὐλογοῦντες, being 'a Syrian conflation,' may be rejected at once. (*Notes*, p. 73.)

But we demur to this new theory on every ground, and are constrained to remonstrate with our would-be guides at every step. They assume everything. They prove nothing. And the facts, as far as they go, are dead against them. For first,—we only find εὐλογοῦντες standing alone, in two documents of the IVth century, in two of the Vth, and in one of the VIIIth: while for αἰνοῦντες standing alone, the only Greek voucher producible is a corrupt copy of the VIth century. True, that here a few copies of the old Latin side with D: but a few copies *also* side with the traditional Text: and Jerome is found to have adjudicated between their rival claims *in favour of the latter*. The probabilities of the case in fact are simply overwhelming: for, since D omits 1552 words out of 19,941 (i.e. about one word in 13), *why* may not καὶ εὐλογοῦντες be *two of the words it omits*,—in which case there will have been no 'conflation'? Nay, look into the matter a little more closely: (for surely, before we put up with this new theory, it is our plain duty to look it very steadily in the face:) and note, that in this last chapter of S. Luke's Gospel, which consists of 837 words, no less than 121 are omitted by Cod. D. To state the case differently,—D is observed to leave out *one word in seven* in the very chapter of S. Luke which supplies the instance of 'conflation' under review. What possible significance therefore can be supposed to attach to its omission of the clause καὶ εὐλογοῦντες? And since, *mutatis mutandis*, the self-same remarks apply to the 6 remaining cases, (for one, viz. the [7th] is clearly an oversight),—will any reader of ordinary fairness and intelligence be surprised to hear that we reject the theory of 'Conflation' unconditionally, as an empty dream? It is founded entirely upon the omission of 21 (or at most 42) words out of a total of 31,587 from Codd. B & D. And yet it is demonstrable that out of that total, B omits 1519: &, 1686: D, 2452. The occasional *coincidence in omission* of B + & and D, was, under such circumstances, a thing inevitable. And if, on *six* occasions, B + & and D may but be supposed to have omitted *different words in the same sentence*, then *there has been no 'conflation'*; and the Theory falls to the ground.

But, as a plain matter of fact, no less than *five* out of the 8 instances cited,—viz. the [1st], [2nd], [5th], [6th], [7th],—*fail to exhibit the alleged phenomena*; and, in fairness, ought never to have been adduced. For, in the [1st], D merely
abridges

abridges the sentence: in the [2nd], *paraphrases* 11 words by 11; and in the [6th], *paraphrases* 12 words by 9. In the [5th], B D merely *abridge*. The only *residuum* of fact which survives, is therefore as follows:—

[3rd].	In a sentence of 11 words, B & omit 4: D other 4.
[4th].	„ „ 9 words, B & omit 5: D other 5.
[8th].	„ „ 5 words, B & omit 2: D other 2.

But if *this* be 'the clearest evidence' (p. 94) producible for the theory of 'Conflation,'—then, the less said about the 'Theory' the better. It is demonstrably *a dream*.

In the meantime, Drs. Westcott and Hort, instead of realizing the insecurity of the ground under their feet, proceed gravely to build upon it, and to treat their hypothetical assumptions like ascertained facts. They imagine that they have already been led by 'independent evidence' to regard 'the longer readings as conflate each from the two earlier readings:' whereas, up to p. 105 (where the statement occurs), they have really failed to produce a single particle of evidence, direct or indirect, for their opinion. 'We have found reason to believe' the readings of \aleph B L, (say they,) 'to be the original readings.' But why, if this is the case, have they kept their 'finding' so entirely to themselves? The reader is presently assured (p. 106) that '*it is certain*' that the readings exhibited by the traditional Text in the 8 supposed cases of 'Conflation' are all posterior in date to the fragmentary readings exhibited by B and D: and (in p. 107), he meets with the further assurance that

'*the proved* actual use of [shorter] documents in the conflate readings render their use elsewhere a *vera causa* in the Newtonian sense.'

May a plain man, sincerely in search of Truth, be allowed to declare that he resents such solemn trifling? (He craves to be forgiven if he avows that '*Pickwickian*' was rather the epithet which solicited him, when he had to transcribe for the printer the passage which immediately precedes.)

Next come 8 pages (pp. 107–15) headed, 'Posteriority of "Syrian" to "Western" and other (neutral and "Alexandrian") readings shown by Ante-Nicene Patristic evidence.'

In which however we are really 'shown' nothing. Assertions abound, (as usual with this respected writer), but *proof* he never attempts any. Not a particle of 'evidence' is adduced.—Next come 5 pages headed,—'Posteriority of Syrian to Western, Alexandrian, and other (neutral) readings, shown by Internal Evidence of Syrian readings' (p. 115).

And again we are '*shown*' absolutely nothing: although we are treated to the assurance that we have been shown many things.

things. Thus, 'the Syrian conflate readings *have shown* the Syrian text to be posterior to at least two ancient forms still extant' (p. 115): which is the very thing they have entirely failed to do.

'Patristic evidence *has shown* that these two ancient texts must have already existed early in the third century, and suggested very strong grounds for believing that in the middle of the century the Syrian text had not yet been formed.'

Whereas no single appeal has been made to the evidence supplied by one single ancient Father.—'Another step is gained by a close examination of all readings distinctively Syrian.' And yet we are never told which the 'readings distinctively Syrian' are,—although they are henceforth referred to in every page. Neither are we instructed how to know them when we see them; which is unfortunate, since 'it follows' (though we fail to see from *what*) 'that all distinctively Syrian readings may be set aside at once as certainly originating after the middle of the third century' (p. 117). Let us hear a little more on the subject:—

'The same *facts*'—(though Dr. Hort has not hitherto favoured us with any)—'lead to another conclusion of equal or even greater importance respecting non-distinctive Syrian readings . . . Since the Syrian text is only a modified eclectic combination of earlier texts independently attested,'—(for it is in this confident style that these eminent scholars handle the problem they undertook, but as yet have failed to solve),—'existing documents descended from it can attest nothing but itself.'—(p. 118.)

Presently, we are informed that 'it follows from what has been said above,' (though *how* it follows we fail to see),—'that all readings in which the Pre-Syrian texts concur *must be accepted at once as the Apostolic readings*': and that 'all distinctively Syrian readings *must be at once rejected*' (p. 119). Trenchant decrees of this kind at last arrest attention. It becomes apparent that we have to do with a writer who has discovered a summary way of dealing with the text of Scripture, and who is prepared to impart his secret to any who care to accept—without questioning—his views. We look back to see where this accession of confidence began, and are reminded that at p. 108 Dr. Hort announced that for convenience he should henceforth speak of certain 'groups of documents,' by the conventional names 'Western'—'Pre-Syrian'—'Alexandrian'—and so forth. Accordingly, ever since, (sometimes eight or ten times in the course of a single page,¹) we have encountered

¹ E.g. pp. 115, 116, 117, 118, &c.

this arbitrary terminology; and been required to accept it as the expression of ascertained facts in Textual Science. Not till we find ourselves fairly floundering in the deep mire, do we become fully aware of the absurdity of our position. Then at last, (and high time too!) we insist on knowing what on earth our guides are about, and whither they are proposing to lead us? More kind to our readers than our guides have been to us, we propose before going any farther, (instead of mystifying the subject as Dr. Hort has done,) to state in a few plain words what their theory, divested of pedantry and circumlocution, proves to be: and what is Dr. Hort's actual contention.

The one great fact, which especially troubles him and his joint Editor,—(as well it may)—is *the traditional Greek text* of the New Testament Scriptures. Call this text Erasmian or Complutensian,—the text of Stephens, or of Beza, or of the Elzevirs,—call it the 'Received,' or the *Traditional Greek Text*, or whatever other name you please;—the fact remains, that a Text *has* come down to us which is attested by a general consensus of ancient Copies, ancient Fathers, ancient Versions. Obtained confessedly from a variety of sources, this text proves nevertheless to be essentially *one and the same* in all. That it cries aloud for Revision in respect of many of its subordinate details, is undeniable: but it is at least as certain that it is a very excellent Text as it stands, and that the use of it will never lead critical students of Scripture seriously astray,—which is what no one certainly will venture to predicate concerning any single critical edition of the N. T. which has been published since the days of Griesbach, by the disciples of his school.

In marked contrast to the Text we speak of, (which is identical with the Text of every extant Lectionary of the Greek Church, and may therefore reasonably claim to be spoken of as the *Traditional Text*), is *that* contained in a little handful of documents of which the most famous are Codices B & and the Coptic Version (as far as it is known), on the one hand,—Cod. D and the old Latin copies, on the other. To magnify the merits of these, as helps and guides, and to ignore their many patent and scandalous defects and blemishes:—*per fas et nefas* to vindicate their paramount authority wherever it is in any way possible to do so; and when *that* is clearly impossible, then to treat their errors as the ancient Egyptians treated their cats, dogs, monkeys, and other vermin:—namely, to embalm them, and pay them almost Divine honours:—*such* for the last 50 years has been the practice of the dominant school of Textual Critics

Critics among ourselves. The natural and even necessary correlative of this, has been the indiscriminate disparagement of the commonly received Text: which has come to be spoken of (we know not why), as contemptuously, almost as bitterly, as if it had been at last ascertained to be untrustworthy in every respect: a thing undeserving alike of a place and of a name among the monuments of the Past. Even to have 'used the Received Text as a basis for correction' (p. 184) is stigmatized as one 'great cause' why Griesbach went astray.

Drs. Westcott and Hort have outstripped all their predecessors in this race. Their contempt for the traditional Text,—their superstitious veneration for a few ancient authorities,—knows no bounds. But the thing just now to be attended to is the argumentative process whereby they seek to justify their choice. LACHMANN avowedly took his stand on a very few of the oldest known documents: and though TREGELLES slightly enlarged the area of his predecessor's observations, his method was practically identical with that of Lachmann. TISCHENDORF, appealing to every known authority, invariably shows himself regardless of the evidence he has himself accumulated. Where certain of the uncials are,—*there* his verdict is sure to be. Anything more unscientific, more unphilosophical, more transparently foolish than such a method can scarcely be conceived: but it has prevailed for 50 years, and is now at last more hotly than ever advocated by Drs. WESTCOTT and HORT. Only, to their credit be it recorded, they have had the wit to perceive that it must needs be recommended by *Arguments* of some sort, or else it will inevitably fall to pieces the first fine day any one is found to charge it, with the necessary knowledge of the subject and with sufficient resoluteness of purpose to make him a formidable foe.

Their expedient has been as follows.—Aware that the Received or Traditional Greek Text '*is virtually identical with that used by Chrysostom and other Antiochian Fathers in the latter part of the IVth century:*' and fully alive to the fact that it '*must therefore have been represented by MSS. as old as any which are now surviving*' (Text, p. 547), they have had recourse to an extraordinary theory in order to account for its existence.

They consider that the writings of Origen 'establish the prior existence of at least three types of texts': the most clearly marked of which, they call the 'Western': another, less prominent, they recognize as 'Alexandrian': the third holds (they say) a middle or neutral position. 'The priority of two at least of these three texts just noticed to the Syrian text,' they consider has been established by the eight '*conflate*' Syrian readings

readings which they flatter themselves they have already resolved into their Western and neutral elements (*Text*, p. 547). This, however, is a part of the subject on which we venture to hope that our readers by this time have formed a tolerably clear opinion for themselves.

At the end of some confident yet singularly hazy statements concerning the characteristics of 'Western' (pp. 120-6), of 'Neutral' (126-30), and of 'Alexandrian' readings (130-2), Dr. Hort favours us with the assurance that—

'The Syrian text to which the order of time now brings us, is the chief monument of a new period of textual history' (p. 132). 'The three great lines are now brought together and made to contribute to the foundation of a new Text different from all.'—(p. 133.)

Let it only be carefully remembered that it is of something virtually identical with the *Textus Receptus* that we are just now reading the history, and it is presumed that the most careless will be made attentive.

'The Syrian text must in fact be the result of a *Recension*, performed deliberately by Editors, and not merely by Scribes' (*ibid.*).—'It was probably initiated' (so Dr. Hort assures us) 'by the distracting and inconvenient currency of at least three distinctive texts in the same region.'—And he further invites us to suppose that 'each text may have found a patron in some leading personage or see, and thus have called for a conciliation of rival claims.'—(p. 134.)

Having in this way assumed a 'Syrian Recension,'—invented the cause of it,—and imagined the process by which it was carried into execution,—Dr. Hort proceeds *more suo* to characterize the result in the following terms:—

'The qualities which THE AUTHORS OF THE SYRIAN TEXT seem to have most desired to impress on it are lucidity and completeness. They were evidently anxious to remove all stumbling-blocks out of the way of the ordinary reader, so far as this could be done without recourse to violent measures. They were apparently equally desirous that he should have the benefit of instructive matter contained in all the existing texts, provided it did not confuse the context or introduce seeming contradictions. New omissions accordingly are rare, and where they occur are usually found to contribute to apparent simplicity. New interpolations, on the other hand, are abundant, most of them being due to harmonistic or other assimilation, fortunately capricious and incomplete. Both in matter and in diction THE SYRIAN TEXT is conspicuously a full text. It delights in pronouns, conjunctions, and expletives and supplied links of all kinds, as well as in more considerable additions. As distinguished from the bold vigour of the "Western" scribes, and the refined scholarship of the "Alexandrians," the spirit of its own corrections is at once sensible

sensible and feeble. Entirely blameless on either literary or religious grounds as regards vulgarised or unworthy diction, yet *showing no marks of either critical or spiritual insight, it presents the New Testament in a form smooth and attractive, but appreciably impoverished in sense and force; more fitted for cursory perusal or recitation than for repeated and diligent study.*—(pp. 134–5.)

We forbear to make any remarks on this. We should be thought uncivil were we to offer our own candid estimate of the critical and spiritual perception of the man who could permit himself so to write. We prefer to proceed with our sketch of the theory which is intended to account for the existence of the traditional Text of the N.T.: only venturing to submit in passing that perhaps it would have been high time to discuss the characteristics which ‘the Authors of the Syrian text’ impressed upon their work, when it had been first established—or at least rendered probable—that the supposed operators and that the assumed operation have any existence except in the fertile imagination of these distinguished writers.

Now the first consideration which strikes us as fatal to Dr. Hort’s unsupported conjecture concerning the date of the text he calls ‘Syrian’ or ‘Antiochian’ is the fact that what he so designates bears a most inconvenient resemblance to the Peschito or ancient Syriac Version; which, like the old Latin, is by consent of the Critics generally assigned to the second century of our era. Aware of this, our Editors assure us that—

‘the only way of explaining the whole body of facts is to suppose that the Syriac, like the Latin Version, underwent revision long after its origin; and that our ordinary Syriac MSS. represent not the primitive but the altered Syriac text’ (p. 136).—‘A Revision of the Old Syriac Version appears to have taken place in the IVth century, or sooner; and doubtless in some connexion with the Syrian Revision of the Greek Text, the readings being to a very great extent coincident.’ (Text, 552).—‘Till recently the Peschito has been known only in the form which it finally received by an evidently authoritative Revision’ (p. 84).—‘Historical antecedents render it tolerably certain that the locality of such an authoritative Revision’—(which Revision however, be it observed, still rests wholly on unsupported conjecture)—‘would be either Edessa or Nisibis’ (p. 136).

In the meantime, the strangely corrupt document known as ‘Cureton’s Syriac,’ is, by another bold hypothesis, assumed to be the only surviving specimen of the unrevised Version, and is henceforth invariably designated by these authors as ‘the Old Syriac’; and referred to, as ‘syr. vt.’—(in imitation of the Latin ‘*vetus*’): the venerable Peschito being referred to as the ‘Vulgate Syriac,’—‘syr. vg.’

‘When

'When therefore we find large and peculiar coincidences between the revised Syriac text and the text of the Antiochian Fathers of the latter part of the IVth century, and *strong indications* that the revision was deliberate and in some way authoritative in both cases, it becomes natural to suppose that the two operations had some historical connexion.'—(p. 137.)

But how does it happen—(let the question be asked without offence)—that a man of trained understanding, accustomed to exact reasoning, should habitually allow himself in such slipshod writing as this? The very *fact* of a Revision of the Syriac has to be proved: notwithstanding which, we already hear of 'strong indications' that it was 'deliberate and in some way authoritative.' Out of this grows a 'natural supposition.' In the meantime the shadow has become a substance. These Editors henceforth style the Peschito the '*Syriac Vulgate*,'—as confidently as Jerome's revision of the old Latin is styled the '*Latin Vulgate*.' They even assure us that 'Cureton's Syriac' 'renders the comparatively late and "revised" character of the Syriac Vulgate a *matter of certainty*' (p. 84). At the end of a series of conjectures, (the foundation of which is the hypothesis of an Antiochian Recension of the Greek), the learned writer announces that—'The textual elements of each principal document *having been thus ascertained*, it now becomes possible to determine the *genealogy* of a much larger number of individual readings than before' (p. 552).—We read and marvel.

In the meantime, the Theory of Drs. Westcott and Hort proves in brief to be this:—that somewhere between A.D. 250 and A.D. 350,

'(1) The growing diversity and confusion of Greek texts led to an authoritative revision at Antioch, which (2) was then taken as a standard for a similar authoritative revision of the Syriac text: and (3) was itself at a later time subjected to a second authoritative revision,—this final process having been apparently completed by 350 or thereabouts.'—(p. 137.)

Now, instead of insisting that the foregoing Theory is made up of a series of wholly gratuitous assumptions,—devoid alike of attestation and of probability: and that, as a mere effort of the imagination, it is entitled to no manner of consideration at our hands:—instead of dealing thus with what precedes, we propose to accept Dr. Hort's theory in its entirety. We will, with the reader's leave, assume that it is historically true: an authentic narrative of what actually did take place. We shall in the end invite the same reader to recognize the inevitable consequences of our admission: to which we shall bind the learned Editors,—of course

course reserving to ourselves the right of disallowing as much of the matter as we please.

Somewhere between A.D. 250 and 350 therefore,—('it is impossible to say with confidence' (p. 137) what was the actual date, but these Editors evidently incline to the latter half of the IIIrd century, i.e. *circa* A.D. 275);—we are to believe that the Ecclesiastical heads of the four great Patriarchates of Eastern Christendom,—Alexandria, Antioch, Jerusalem, Constantinople,—had become so troubled at witnessing the prevalence of depraved copies of Holy Scripture in their respective churches, that they resolved by common consent on achieving an authoritative Revision which should henceforth become the standard text of all the Patriarchates of the East. The same sentiment of distress is claimed to have penetrated into Syria proper; and the Bishops of Edessa or Nisibis, ('great centres of life and culture to the Churches whose language was Syriac,' p. 136), lent themselves so effectually to the project, that a single fragmentary document is, at the present day, the only vestige remaining of the impure text which before had been universally prevalent in the Syriac speaking Churches of antiquity.

We venture to remark in passing that Textual matters must have everywhere reached a very alarming pass indeed to render intelligible the resort to so extraordinary a step as a representative conference of the 'leading personages or sees' (p. 134) of Eastern Christendom. The inference is at least inevitable, that men in high place at that time deemed themselves competent to grapple with the problem. Enough was familiarly known about the character and the sources of these corrupt texts to make it certain that they would be recognizable when produced; and that, when condemned by authority, they would no longer be propagated, and in the end would cease to molest the Church.

Behold then from every principal Diocese the most famous of the ante-Nicene Fathers repair to Antioch. They go up by authority, and are attended by skilled ecclesiastics of the highest theological attainment. Bearers are they perforce of a vast number of copies of the Scriptures: and (by the hypothesis) the latest possible dates of any of these must range between A.D. 250 and 350. But the delegates of so many ancient sees will have been supremely careful, before starting on such an errand, to make diligent search for the oldest copies anywhere discoverable: and when they reach the scene of their deliberations, we may be certain that they are able to appeal to not a few codices *written within a hundred years of the date of the inspired autographs* themselves. Copies of the Scriptures authenticated as having belonged to the most famous of their predecessors,—

predecessors,—and held by them in high repute for the presumed purity of their texts—will have been freely produced: while, in select receptacles, will have been stowed away—for purposes of comparison and avoidance—specimens of those dreaded texts whose existence has been the sole cause why this extraordinary concourse of learned ecclesiastics have come together. After solemnly invoking the Divine blessing, these men address themselves assiduously to their task: and (by the hypothesis) they proceed to condemn every codex which exhibits a ‘strictly Western’ or a ‘strictly Alexandrian,’ or a ‘strictly Neutral’ type. In plain English, if codices B, \aleph , and D had been before them, they would have unceremoniously rejected all three: but (by the hypothesis) it is uncertain whether B and \aleph had yet come into being: while 200 years at least must roll out before Cod. D would see the light. In the meantime the *immediate ancestors* of B \aleph D will perforce have come under judicial scrutiny: and, by the hypothesis, they will have been scornfully rejected by the general consent of the judges.

Pass an interval—(are we to suppose of fifty years?)—and the work referred to is ‘*subjected to a second authoritative Revision.*’ Again, therefore, behold the piety and learning of the four great Patriarchates of the East, formally represented at Antioch! The Church is now in her palmiest days. Some of her greatest men belong to the period of which we are speaking. Eusebius (A.D. 308–340) is in his glory. One whole generation has come and gone since the last Textual Conference was held, at Antioch. Yet is no inclination manifested to reverse the decrees of the earlier conference. This second Recension of the text of Scripture does but ‘carry out more completely the purposes of the first’; and ‘the final process was apparently completed by A.D. 350’ (p. 137).

But, the one important fact implied by this august deliberation concerning the Text of Scripture has been conveniently passed over by Dr. Hort in profound silence. We take leave to repair his omission by inviting the reader’s particular attention to it. We request him to note that, *by the hypothesis*, there will have been submitted to the scrutiny of these many ancient Ecclesiastics *not a few codices of exactly the same type as codices B and \aleph* : especially as Codex B. We are able even to specify with precision certain features which the codices in question will have all concurred in exhibiting. Thus,—

(1) From S. Mark’s Gospel these depraved copies will have omitted THE LAST TWELVE VERSES (xvi. 9–20).

(2) From S. Luke’s Gospel the same copies will have omitted our SAVIOUR’S Agony in the Garden (xxii. 43, 44):

(3) and

- (3) and His Prayer on behalf of His murderers (xxiii. 34):
- (4) and the record of S. Peter's visit to the Sepulchre (xxiv. 12):
- (5) and of our LORD'S Ascension into Heaven (*ibid.* 51).
- (6) Also, from S. John's Gospel, they will have omitted the troubling of the pool of Bethesda (v. 3, 4).

But, against every copy of the Gospels so maimed and mutilated—the many illustrious Bishops who (on Dr. Hort's authority) we are to believe assembled at Antioch between A.D. 250 and A.D. 350,—by common consent set a mark of reprobation. They are emphatic in their sanction, instead, of codices of the type of Cod. A,—in which all these six omitted passages (and many hundreds besides) are duly found in their proper places. When, therefore, at the end of a thousand and half a thousand years, Dr. Hort (guided by his inner consciousness, and depending on an intellectual illumination of which he is able to render no intelligible account) proposes to reverse the deliberate sentence of Antiquity,—his position strikes us as bordering on the ludicrous. Concerning the six places above referred to, which the assembled Fathers pronounce to be genuine Scripture, and declare to be worthy of all acceptance,—Dr. Hort expresses himself in terms which—could they have been heard at Antioch—must, it is thought, have brought down upon his head tokens of displeasure which might have even proved inconvenient. But let the respected gentleman by all means be allowed to speak for himself:—

(1) The last Twelve Verses of S. Mark (he says) are 'a very early interpolation': 'its authorship and precise date must remain unknown': 'it manifestly cannot claim any apostolic authority': 'it is doubtless founded on some tradition of the apostolic age' (*Notes*, pp. 46 and 51).

(2) The Agony in the garden (he says) is 'an early Western interpolation,' and 'can only be a fragment from traditions, written or oral,'—'rescued from oblivion by the scribes of the second century' (pp. 66-7).

(3) The prayer of our LORD for His murderers, he 'cannot doubt comes from an extraneous source.' It is 'a Western interpolation':

(4) and (5). The spuriousness of S. Luke xxiv. 12 and 51, he regards as a 'moral certainty.' As for

(6) S. John v. 3, 4,—he will not even allow it a bracketed place in his text.

It is plain therefore that Dr. Hort is in direct antagonism with the mind of Patristic antiquity. *Why*, when it suits him, he should appeal to the ancients for support,—we fail to understand. His own fundamental hypothesis of a 'Syrian Text,'—
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the solemn expression of the collective wisdom and deliberate judgment of the Fathers of the Nicene Age (A.D. 250—A.D. 350),—is the best answer which could be invented to his own pages; the one sufficient and conclusive refutation of his own Text. Thus, his prolix and perverse discussion of S. Mark xvi. 9—20 (viz. from p. 28 to p. 51 of his *Notes*),—which, carefully analysed, is found merely to amount to ‘Thank you for showing us our mistake; but we prefer to stick to our *Mumpsimus*!’:—those many inferences as well from what the Fathers do *not* say, as from what they *do*;—are all effectually disposed of by his own theory of a ‘Syrian text.’ A mighty array of forgotten Bishops, Fathers, Doctors of the Nicene period, come back and calmly assure the accomplished writer that the evidence on which he relies is but an insignificant fraction of the evidence which was before themselves when they delivered their judgment. ‘Had you known but the thousandth part of what we knew familiarly,’ say they, ‘you would have spared yourself. You seem to have forgotten that Eusebius was one of the chief persons in our assembly; that Cyril of Jerusalem and Athanasius, Basil and Gregory of Nazianzus, as well as his namesake of Nyssa,—were all living when we held our conference, and some of them, though young men, were even parties to our decree.’ . . . Now, as an *argumentum ad hominem*, this, be it observed, is decisive and admits of no rejoinder.

How then about those ‘Syrian *conflations*’ concerning which a few pages back we heard so much, and for which Dr. Hort considers the august tribunal of which we are now speaking to be responsible? He is convinced that the (so-called) Syrian text (which he regards as the product of their *déliberations*), is ‘an eclectic text *combining readings from the three principal texts*’ (p. 145): which readings in consequence he calls ‘*conflate*.’ How then is it to be supposed that these ‘conflations’ arose? The answer is obvious. As ‘conflations,’ *they have no existence*,—save in the fertile brain of Dr. Hort. Could the ante-Nicene fathers who never met at Antioch have been interrogated by him concerning this matter,—(let the Hibernian supposition be allowed for argument sake!)—they would perforce have made answer,—‘You quite mistake the purpose for which we came together, learned sir! You are evidently thinking of the Jerusalem Chamber and of the unheard-of method devised by the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol for ascertaining the truth of Scripture. Well may the resuscitation of so many forgotten blunders have occupied you and your co-Revisionists for as long a period as was expended on the Siege of Troy! Our business was not to *invent* readings, whether by “conflation” or otherwise,

otherwise, but only to distinguish between spurious texts and genuine,—families of fabricated MSS., and those which we knew to be trustworthy. Every one of your “conflate readings,” learned sir, we found—just as *you* find them—in 99 out of 100 of our copies: and we gave them our deliberate approval, and left them standing in the text, in consequence.’ . . . All this however by the way. The essential thing to be borne in mind is that, according to Dr. Hort,—*on two distinct occasions between A.D. 250 and 350*—the whole Eastern Church, meeting by representation in her palmiest days, deliberately put forth that traditional Text of the N. T. with which we at this day are chiefly familiar. That this is indeed his view of the matter, there can at least be no mistake:—

‘The fundamental text of late extant Greek MSS. generally’ (he writes) ‘*is beyond all question identical with the dominant Antiochian Græco-Syrian text of the second half of the fourth century.*’ The community of text implies a community of parentage.’—(p. 92.)

Be it so. It follows that the text of such codd. as B and \aleph was deliberately condemned by the assembled piety, learning, and judgment of the four great Patriarchates of Eastern Christendom. At a period when there existed *nothing more modern* than Codices B and \aleph ,—nothing *so* modern as A and C,—all specimens of the former class were unequivocally rejected: while such codices as A were by common consent pointed out as deserving of confidence and recommended for transcription.

Pass fifteen hundred years, and the reader is invited to note attentively what has come to pass. Time has made a clean sweep, it may be, of every Greek codex belonging to either of the two dates above indicated. Every tradition belonging to the period has also long since utterly passed away. When lo (A.D. 1831–1881), up springs a new school of Textual Criticism, which makes it its chief business to throw discredit on the result of the two great Antiochian Revisions already spoken of! The (so-called) ‘Syrian Text’—although assumed by Drs. Westcott and Hort to be the product of the combined wisdom, piety, and learning of the great Patriarchates of the East from A.D. 250 to A.D. 350; ‘a “recension” in the proper sense of the word; a work of attempted criticism, performed deliberately by editors and not merely by scribes’ (p. 133):—this ‘Syrian Text,’ Doctors Westcott and Hort denounce as ‘*showing no marks of either critical or spiritual insight.*’

‘It “presents” (say they) “the New Testament in a form smooth and attractive, but appreciably impoverished in sense and force; more fitted for cursory perusal or recitation than for repeated and diligent study.”’—(p. 135.)

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We are content to leave this matter to the reader's judgment. For ourselves, we make no secret of our sense of the grotesqueness of the contrast presented to the imagination. On that side, by the hypothesis, sit the greatest Doctors of antiquity in conclave. Every most illustrious name is there. By ingeniously drawing a hard-and-fast line at the year 350, and so anticipating many a '*floruit*' by something between five and five-and-twenty years, Dr. Hort's intention is plain: but the expedient will not serve his turn. Quite incredible is it that the effect of a textual judgment pronounced at Antioch in A.D. 350 (which judgment however is not *a matter of fact* remember, but a pure effort of Dr. Hort's imagination),—can have had any immediate effect on the Text of Scripture throughout the world. To suppose that it led to the instantaneous destruction of codices the like of B⁸, wherever found; and caused codices of the A type to spring up like mushrooms in their place, and *that*, in every library of ancient Christendom:—and further to assume that this extraordinary substitution of new evidence for old will explain why Gregory of Nazianzus and Gregory of Nyssa, Basil and Didymus, Epiphanius and Chrysostom, Cyril and Theodoret, all show themselves strangers to the text of B and ⁸—all this is too transparently weak to deserve refutation. How then stands the case? On *that* side, is seen congregated all the wisdom and all the piety, and all the learning of primitive Christendom. On *this* side sits—Dr. Hort!

But, (we are tempted to enquire),—Does not the learned gentleman see that, by thus getting rid of the testimony of the whole body of the Fathers, he leaves his favourite Science in a very destitute condition,—besides standing himself in a very inconvenient state of isolation? For if clear and consentient Patristic testimony to the text of Scripture is not to be deemed forceful witness to the Truth,—whither shall a man betake himself for constraining evidence? Dr. Hort has already set aside the traditional Text as a thing of no manner of importance. The venerable Syriac version he has also insisted on reducing very nearly to the level of the despised cursives. What remains? Is it seriously supposed that the world will put up with the idiosyncrasy of a living Doctor—his '*personal instincts*' (p. xi), his '*personal discernment*' (p. 65), his '*instinctive processes of Criticism*' (p. 66), in lieu of articulate voices coming to us across the gulf of Time from every part of ancient Christendom? How—with the least chance of success—does Dr. Hort propose to remedy the absence of external testimony? If we can afford to do without either consent of copies or consent of Fathers, why do we any longer adhere to the ancient methods

of proof? Why do we *still* accumulate references to MSS., and ransack the Patristic writings in search of hitherto overlooked citations of Scripture? That those ancient men were indifferent Textual critics, is true. The mischief done by Origen in this department,—through his fondness for a province of Learning in which his remarks show that he was a very babe,—is not to be told. But they lived within a very few hundred years of the Apostles of the LORD JESUS CHRIST: and when they attest what was the reading of their copies, their testimony on the point, to say the least, is worthy of our best attention.

For ourselves, we devoutly wish that Dr. Hort's hypothesis of an authoritative and deliberate recension of the Text of the N. T. achieved at Antioch sometime between A.D. 250 and A.D. 350 were indeed an historical fact. We could desire no better basis on which to rest our confidence in the traditional Text of Scripture than the deliberate verdict of Antiquity,—the ascertained sanction of the collective Church, in the Nicene age. But, (apart from the gross intrinsic improbability of the supposed incident,) the utter absence of one particle of evidence,—traditional or otherwise,—that the event ever took place, must be held to be fatal to the hypothesis that it *did*. It is simply incredible that an incident of such magnitude and interest would have left no trace of itself in history. The conjecture—(and it only professes to be a conjecture)—must be unconditionally abandoned.

We have been so full on the subject of this imaginary 'Antiochian' or 'Syrian text,' not (the reader may be sure) without sufficient reason. Scant satisfaction truly is there in scattering to the winds an airy tissue which its accomplished authors have been industriously weaving for 30 years. But it is clear that with this hypothesis of a 'Syrian text,'—the fountal source and efficient cause of the commonly received Text of the N. T.,—*stands or falls their entire Textual theory*. Reject it, and the whole fabric is observed to collapse, and subside into a shapeless ruin.

In the meantime, the phenomena upon which it is based, remain unchanged; and fairly interpreted, will be found to conduct us to the diametrically opposite result to that which has been arrived at by Drs. Westcott and Hort. With perfect truth has the latter remarked on the practical 'identity of the text, more especially in the Gospels and Pauline Epistles, in all the known cursive MSS., except a few' (p. 143). We fully admit the truth of his statement that—

'before the close of the IVth century, a Greek text not materially differing from the almost universal text of the IXth century and the middle ages,

ages, was dominant at Antioch;' (p. 142) and 'not at Antioch only, but throughout the Eastern Church. In brief, 'the fundamental text of the late extant Greek MSS. generally is, beyond all question, identical with [what Dr. Hort chooses to call] the dominant Antiochian or Græco-Syrian text of the second half of the IVth century. The community of text implies on genealogical grounds a community of parentage. The Antiochian [and other] fathers and the bulk of extant MSS. written from about three or four, to ten or eleven centuries later, must have had in the greater number of extant variations a common original either contemporary with, or older than, our oldest extant MSS.'—(p. 92.)

So far then we are entirely agreed. The only question is,—How is this resemblance to be accounted for? *Not*, we answer,—*not*, certainly, by putting forward so violent and improbable a conjecture as that, about the year A.D. 350, an authoritative standard text was fabricated at Antioch,—of which all other known MSS. (except a very little handful) are nothing else but transcripts: but rather, by loyally recognizing, in the practical identity of the Text exhibited by 99 out of 100 of our extant MSS., the probable general fidelity of those many transcripts to the inspired exemplars themselves from which remotely they are confessedly descended. And surely, if it be allowable to assume (with Dr. Hort) that for 1532 years, (viz. from A.D. 350 to A.D. 1882) the Antiochian standard has been faithfully retained and transmitted,—it will be impossible to assign any valid reason why the inspired original itself should not have been as faithfully transmitted and retained from the Apostolic age to the Antiochian,¹—i.e. throughout an interval of less than 250 years, or *one-sixth* of the period.

Here, it obviously occurs to rejoin,—But what has been Drs. Westcott and Hort's *motive* for inventing such an improbable hypothesis? and why are they so strenuous in maintaining it? We reply by reminding the reader of certain remarks which we made at the outset.² The *traditional Text* of the N. T. is a phenomenon which sorely troubles Critics of the new school. To depreciate it, is easy: to deny its critical authority, is easier still: to ignore it, is impossible. Equally impossible is it to overlook its practical identity with the text of Chrysostom, who lived and taught at *Antioch* till A.D. 398, when he became Abp. of *Constantinople*. Now this is a very awkward circumstance, and must in some way be got over; for it transports us, at a bound, from the stifling atmosphere of Basle and Alcalá,—from Erasmus and Stunica, Stephens and Beza and the Elzevirs,—to Antioch and Constantinople in the latter part of

¹ i.e. A.D. 250–350.

² See above, p. 331.

the IVth century. What is to be done? Drs. Westcott and Hort assume that this 'Antiochian text'—the common property of the later cursives and of the Fathers of the latter half of the IVth century—must needs be a conventional standard; a text *fabricated* between A.D. 250 and A.D. 350. And if they may but be so fortunate as to persuade the world to adopt their hypothesis, then all will be easy; for they will have reduced the supposed 'consent of Fathers' to the reproduction of one and the same single 'primary documentary witness';¹ and 'it is hardly necessary to point out the total change in the bearing of the evidence by the introduction of the factor of genealogy' (p. 43) at this particular juncture. *Deny* the hypothesis on the other hand, and all is reversed in a moment. Every attesting Father is perceived to be a dated MS. and an independent authority; and the combined evidence of several of these becomes simply unmanageable.

But—the enquiry is sure to present itself—in favour of which document, or set of documents, have all these vigorous efforts been made to disparage the commonly received standards of excellence? The ordinary English reader may require to be reminded that, prior to the IVth century, our Textual helps are few, fragmentary, and—to speak plainly—insufficient. As for sacred codices of that date, we possess NOT ONE. Of our two primitive Versions, the Syriac and the old Latin, the second is grossly corrupt; owing (says Dr. Hort) 'to a perilous confusion between transcription and reproduction'; 'the preservation of a record and its *supposed improvement*' (p. 121). 'Further acquaintance with it only increases our distrust' (*ibid.*). In plainer English, 'the earliest readings which can be fixed chronologically' (p. 120) belong to a Version which is licentious and corrupt to an incredible extent. And though 'there is no reason to doubt that the Peschito [or ancient Syriac] is at least as old as the Latin Version' (p. 84) yet (according to Dr. Hort) it is impossible to regard 'the *present form* of this version' as a true representation of the original Syriac text. The date of it (according to *him*) may be as late as A.D. 350. Anyhow, we are assured that important 'evidence for the Greek text is hardly to be looked for from *this source*' (p. 85).—The Fathers of the IIIrd century who have left behind them considerable

¹ 'If,' says Dr. Hort, 'an editor were for any purpose to make it his aim to restore as completely as possible the New Testament of Antioch in A.D. 350, he could not help taking the approximate consent of the cursives as equivalent to a *primary documentary witness*. And he would not be the less justified in so doing for being unable to say precisely by what historical agencies THE ONE ANTIOCHIAN ORIGINAL was multiplied into the cursive hosts of the later ages.'—Pp. 143-4.

remains

remains are but two,—Clemens Al. and Origen: and there are considerations attending the citations of either, which greatly impair their value. The question therefore recurs with redoubled emphasis,—in favour of *which* document, or set of documents, does Dr. Hort disparage the more considerable portion of that early evidence,—so much of it, namely, as belongs to the IVth century,—on which the Church has been hitherto accustomed confidently to rely? He assures us that,—

‘Almost all Greek Fathers after Eusebius have texts so deeply affected by mixture that’ they ‘cannot at most count for more than so many secondary Greek uncial MSS., *inferior in most cases to the better sort of secondary uncial MSS. now existing.*’—(p. 202.)

And thus, at a stroke, behold, ‘almost all Greek Fathers after Eusebius’—(who died A.D. 340)—are disposed of! washed overboard! thrust out of sight! Athanasius and Didymus—the 2 Basils and the 2 Gregories—the 2 Cyrils and the 2 Theodores—Epiphanius and Macarius and Ephraem—Chrysostom and Severianus and Proclus—Nilus and Nonnus—Isidore of Pelusium and Theodoret: not to mention at least as many more who have left scanty, yet most precious, remains behind them:—all these are pronounced *inferior* in authority to so many IXth or Xth century copies! . . . We commend, in passing, the foregoing *dictum* of these accomplished Editors to the critical judgment of all candid and intelligent readers. *Not* as dated manuscripts, therefore, at least equal in antiquity to the oldest which we now possess:—*not* as the authentic utterances of famous Doctors and Fathers of the Church, (instead of being the work of unknown and irresponsible scribes):—*not* as sure witnesses of what was accounted Scripture in a known region, by a famous personage, at a well-ascertained period, (instead of coming to us, as our codices *universally* do, without a history and without a character):—in no such light are we henceforth to regard Patristic citations of Scripture:—but only ‘as so many secondary MSS., *inferior to the better sort of secondary uncials now existing.*’ . . . That the testimony of the Fathers, in the lump, must perforce either be ignored or else flouted, if the text of Drs. Westcott and Hort is to stand,—we were perfectly well aware. It is simply fatal to them: *and they know it*. But we were hardly prepared for such a demonstration as *this*. Let it all pass however. The question we propose is only the following,—If the text ‘used by *great Antiochian theologians* not long after the middle of the IVth century’ (p. 146) is undeserving of our confidence:—if we are to believe that a systematic depravation of Scripture was universally going on till

till about the end of the IIIrd century; and if at that time, an authentic and deliberate recension of it—conducted on utterly erroneous principles—took place at Antioch, and resulted in the vicious ‘traditional Constantinopolitan’ (p. 143), or (as Dr. Hort prefers to call it) the eclectic ‘Syrian text’:—*What remains to us?* Are we henceforth to rely on our own inner consciousness for illumination? Or is it seriously expected that for the restoration of the inspired Verity we shall be content to surrender ourselves blindfold to the *ipse dixit* of an irresponsible nineteenth century guide? If neither of these courses is expected of us, will these Editors be so good as to give us the names of the documents on which, in their judgment, we *may* rely?

We are not suffered to remain long in a state of suspense. The assurance awaits us (at p. 150), that the Vatican codex,

‘B—is found to hold a unique position. Its text is throughout *Pre-Syrian*, perhaps *purely Pre-Syrian*. . . . From distinctively *Western* readings it seems to be all but entirely free. . . . We have not been able to recognize as *Alexandrian* any readings of B in any book of the New Testament. . . . So that neither of the early streams of innovation has touched it to any appreciable extent.’—p. 150.)

‘The text of the Sinaitic codex (α) also “seems to be entirely, or all but entirely, *Pre-Syrian*. A very large part of the text is in like manner free from *Western* or *Alexandrian* elements.”—(p. 151.)

‘Every other known Greek MS. has either a mixed or a Syrian text.’—(p. 151.)

Thus then, at last, at the end of exactly 150 pages, the secret is out! The one point which the respected Editors are found to have been all along driving at:—the one aim of those many hazy disquisitions of theirs about ‘Intrinsic and Transcriptional Probability,’—‘Genealogical evidence, simple and divergent,’—and ‘the study of Groups’:—the one reason of all their vague terminology,—and of their baseless theory of ‘conflation,’—and of their disparagement of the Fathers:—the one *raison d’être* of their fiction of a ‘Syrian’ and a ‘Pre-Syrian’ and a ‘Neutral’ text:—the secret of it all comes out. A delightful, a truly Newtonian simplicity characterizes the final announcement. All is summed up in the curt formula—*Codex B!*

Behold then the altar at which Copies, Fathers, Versions, are all to be ruthlessly sacrificed:—the tribunal from which there is to be absolutely no appeal:—the Oracle which is to silence every doubt, resolve every riddle, smooth away every difficulty. All has been stated, where the name has been pronounced of—*Codex B*. To *Codex B* all the Greek Fathers after Eusebius must

must give way. Even Patristic evidence of the *ante-Nicene period* 'requires critical sifting' (p. 202),—must be distrusted, may be denied (pp. 202–5),—if it should be found to contradict Cod. B! 'B very far exceeds all other documents in neutrality of text. . . . At a long interval after B, but hardly a less interval before all other MSS., stands κ ' (p. 171). Such is the sum of the matter! A coarser,—a clumsier,—a more unscientific expedient for settling the true text of Scripture was surely never invented! But for the many foggy, or rather unreadable digressions with which the 'Introduction' is encumbered, 'Textual Criticism made easy,' might very well have been the title of the little volume now under Review; of which at last it is discovered that *the general infallibility of Codex B* is the fundamental principle. Let us however hear these learned men out. They begin by offering us a chapter on the 'General relations of B and κ to other documents': wherein we are assured that,—

'Two striking facts successively come out with especial clearness. Every group containing both κ and B is found . . . to have an *apparently more original Text* than every opposed group containing neither; and every group containing B . . . is found in a large preponderance of cases . . . to have an *apparently more original Text* than every opposed group containing κ .'—(p. 210.)

'*Apparently*'! but, to whom? and on what grounds of evidence? for unless it be on *certain* grounds of evidence, how can it be pretended that we have before us 'two striking facts'? Expressions like the foregoing,—to some extent allowable, no doubt; inevitable even in discussions of this nature,—*then* only begin to be tolerable when it has been made plain that the Teacher has some solid foundation on which to build. Else, he creates nothing but impatience and displeasure. Readers at first are simply annoyed at being trifled with: presently they grow restive: at last they become clamorous for demonstration, and will accept of nothing less. Let us go on however. We are still at p. 210:—

'We found κ and B to stand alone in their almost complete immunity from distinctive Syriac readings . . . and B to stand far above κ in its apparent freedom from either Western or Alexandrian readings.'—(p. 210.)

But *where* did we 'find' it? We have 'found' nothing of the sort hitherto. The Reviewer is disposed to reproduce the Duke of Wellington's courteous reply to the Prince Regent, when the latter claimed the arrangements which resulted in the
victory

victory of Waterloo:—‘*I have heard your Royal Highness say so.*’ At the end of a few pages,—

‘*Having found* \aleph *B* *the constant element in groups of every size, distinguished by internal excellence of readings, we found no less excellence in the readings in which they concur without other attestations of Greek MSS., or even of Versions or Fathers.*’—(p. 219.)

What! again? Why, we ‘*have found*’ nothing as yet but reiteration. There has been no evidence! . . . In the meantime, the convictions of these accomplished critics,—(but not, unfortunately, those of their readers,)—are observed to strengthen as they proceed. On reaching p. 224, we are assured that,—

‘*The independence [of \aleph and β] can be carried back so far,*’ (we are not told *how*),—‘*that their concordant testimony may be treated as equivalent to that of a MS. older than \aleph and β themselves by at least two centuries,—probably by a generation or two more.*’

How *that* ‘independence’ and *this* ‘probability’ are arrived at, we cannot even imagine. The point to be attended to however, is, that by the process indicated, some such early epoch as A.D. 100 has been reached. So that now we are not surprised to hear that,—

‘*The respective ancestries of \aleph and β must have diverged from a common parent extremely near the Apostolic autographs.*’—(p. 220. See top of p. 221.)

Or that,—‘*The close approach to the time of the autographs raises the presumption of purity to an unusual strength.*’—(p. 224.)

And lo, before we turn the leaf, this ‘presumption’ is found to have ripened into certainty:

‘*This general immunity from substantive error . . . in the common original of \aleph β , in conjunction with its very high antiquity, provides in a multitude of cases a safe criterion of genuineness not to be distrusted except on very clear evidence. Accordingly. . . it is our belief (1), That readings of \aleph β should be accepted as the true readings until strong internal evidence is found to the contrary; and (2), That no readings of \aleph β can be safely rejected absolutely.*’—(p. 225.)

And yet, the ‘immunity from substantial errors’ of a lost Codex of uncertain date and unknown history, cannot but be a pure imagination,—(a mistaken one, as we shall presently show,)—of these respected Critics: while their proposed practical inference from it,—(viz. to regard two remote and confessedly depraved copies of that original, as ‘*a safe criterion of genuineness,*’)—this, at all events, is the reverse of logical. In the meantime, the presumed proximity of the text of \aleph and β to the

the Apostolic age is spoken of as if it were no longer matter of conjecture:—

'The ancestries of both MSS. having started from a common source not much later than the autographs,' &c.—(p. 247.)

And again:

'Near as the divergence of the respective ancestries of B and κ must have been to the autographs,' &c.—(p. 273.)

Until at last, we find it announced as a 'moral certainty':—

'It is morally certain that the ancestries of B and κ diverged from a point near the autographs, and never came into contact subsequently.'—(Text, p. 556.)

After which, of course, we have no right to complain if we are assured that:—

'The fullest comparison does but increase the conviction that their pre-eminent relative purity is approximately absolute,—a true approximate reproduction of the text of the autographs.'—(p. 296.)

But how does it happen—(we can no longer withhold the inquiry, which however we make with unfeigned astonishment,)—How does it come to pass that a man of trained intellect and undoubted ability, addressing persons as cultivated and perhaps as acute as himself, can handle a confessedly obscure problem like the present after this strangely incoherent and wholly inconclusive fashion? One would have supposed that Dr. Hort's mathematical training would have made him an exact reasoner. But he writes as if he had but an indistinct idea of the nature of demonstration, and of the process necessary in order to carry conviction home to a reader's mind. For surely he must be aware that, as yet, he has produced *no particle of evidence* that his opinion of the merits of B and κ is well founded. And yet, how can he possibly overlook the circumstance that, unless he is able to *demonstrate* that those two codices, and especially the former of them, has 'preserved not only a very ancient text, but a very pure line of ancient text' also (p. 251), his entire work, (inasmuch as it reposes on that one assumption,) on being curiously handled, crumbles to its base, or rather melts into thin air before the first puff of wind? He cannot, surely, require telling that those who look for demonstration will refuse to put up with rhetoric: that, with thoughtful persons, assertion will not pass for argument; and that no amount of reiteration can ever be mistaken for accumulated proof. He has at all events failed to see that nothing short of a careful induction of particular instances,—a system of laborious foot-notes, or an 'Appendix'
bristling

bristling with impregnable facts—could sustain the weight of his fundamental position, viz. that Codex B is so exceptionally pure a document as to deserve to be taken as a chief guide in determining the truth of Scripture. . . . It is related of Sir Gilbert Scott,—when he had to rebuild the massive central tower of a southern cathedral, and to rear up thereon a lofty spire of stone,—that he made preparations for the work which astonished the Dean and Chapter of the day. He caused the entire area to be excavated to what seemed a most unnecessary depth, and proceeded to lay a bed of concrete of fabulous solidity. The ‘wise master-builder’ was determined that his work should last for ever. Dr. Hort is either troubled with no similar anxieties, or else is too clear-sighted to cherish any similar hope. The only indication we anywhere meet with of the actual *ground* of his certainty is contained in his claim that,—

‘Every binary group [of MSS.] containing B is found to offer a large proportion of readings, which on the closest scrutiny have THE RING OF GENUINENESS: while it is difficult to find any readings so attested which LOOK SUSPICIOUS after full consideration.’—(p. 227. Also vol. i. 557—where the dictum is repeated.)

Here we have, at last, an honest confession of the ultimate principle which has determined the Text of the present edition of the N. T. *This* it must be which was referred to when ‘*instinctive processes of Criticism*’ were spoken of; and the candid avowal made that ‘the experience which is their foundation needs perpetual correction and recorection.’¹

‘We are obliged’ (say these accomplished writers) ‘to come to the individual mind at last.’²

In other words, *individual idiosyncrasy*,—‘personal discernment,’ as they elsewhere phrase it,—*conscientiously exercising itself upon Codex B*,—is a true account of the Critical method pursued by these accomplished Scholars. They deliberately claim ‘*personal discernment*’ as ‘the surest ground for confidence.’³ Accordingly, they judge of readings by their *looks* and by their *sound*. When, in *their* opinion, words ‘look suspicious,’ they are rejected. If a phrase has ‘the ring of genuineness,’ (i.e. *if it seems to them* to have it), it is claimed that they shall pass unchallenged.

But it must be obvious that such a method is wholly inadmissible. It practically dispenses with critical aids altogether;

¹ Preface to the ‘limited and private issue’ of 1870, p. xviii: reprinted in the ‘Introduction’ (1881), p. 66.

² Ibid.

³ P. 65 (§ 84). In the Table of Contents (p. xi), ‘*Personal instincts*’ are substituted for ‘*Personal discernment*.’

substituting

substituting individual caprice for external guidance. It can lead to no tangible result: for what 'looks suspicious' to one expert, may easily *not* 'look' so to another. As for the proposed test of authenticity,—(the enquiry namely, whether or no a reading has 'the ring of genuineness,')—it is clearly founded on a mistake. The coarse operation alluded to may be described as a rough and ready expedient practised by *receivers of money* in the way of self-defence, and only for their own protection, lest base coin should be palmed off upon them unawares. But Dr. Hort is proposing an analogous test for the exclusive satisfaction of *him who utters* suspected coin. We therefore disallow it entirely: not, of course, because we suppose that Dr. Hort would attempt to pass off as genuine what he suspected to be fabricated; but because we are fully convinced—(for reasons 'plenty as blackberries')—that through some natural defect, or constitutional inaptitude, he is not a competent judge. The man who finds '*no marks of either critical or spiritual insight*' (p. 135) in the only Greek Text which was known to scholars till A.D. 1831,—(although he is aware that 'the text of Chrysostom and other Syrian Fathers of the IVth century is substantially identical with it'¹); and vaunts in preference '*the bold vigour*' and '*refined scholarship*' which is exclusively met with in certain depraved uncials of the same or later date:—the man who is of opinion that the incident of the Woman taken in Adultery 'presents serious differences from the diction of S. John's Gospel,'—treats it as 'an insertion in a comparatively late Western text' (*Notes*, p. 88),—and declines to retain it even within brackets, on the ground that it 'would fatally interrupt' the course of the narrative if suffered to stand:—the man who can deliberately separate off from the end of S. Mark's Gospel, and print separately, S. Mark's last 12 verses, (on the plea that they 'manifestly cannot claim any apostolic authority; but are doubtless founded on some tradition of the Apostolic age';²)—and who straightway proceeds to annex, *as an alternative Conclusion* (ἄλλως), 'the wretched supplement derived from Cod. L':³—such an one is not entitled to a hearing when he talks about '*the ring of genuineness.*'

In the meantime, (be it observed,) we have at last reached the end of our enquiry. Nothing comes after Dr. Hort's extravagant and unsupported estimate of Codices B and κ. On the contrary. Those two documents are caused to cast their sombre shadows a long way ahead, and to darken all our future. Dr. Hort takes

¹ 'Introduction,' p. xiii.

² 'Notes,' p. 51.

³ Scrivener's 'Introduction,' p. 507-8.

leave of the subject with the announcement that, whatever uncertainty may attach to the evidence for particular readings,

'The general course of future Criticism must be shaped by the happy circumstance that the fourth century has bequeathed to us two MSS. [B and K], of which even the less incorrupt [K] must have been of exceptional purity among its contemporaries; and which rise into greater pre-eminence of character the better the early history of the text becomes known.'—(p. 287.)

In other words, our guide assures us that in a dutiful submission to Codices B and K,—(which, he naïvely remarks, *'happen likewise to be the oldest extant Greek MSS. of the New Testament'* [p. 212]),—lies all our hope of future progress. (Just as if we should ever have heard of the supremacy of these two codices, had their contents come down to us written in the ordinary cursive character,—in a dated MS. (suppose) of the XIVth century!) . . . Moreover, Dr. Hort avows his own robust conviction,—

'That no trustworthy improvement can be effected, except in accordance with the leading principles of method which we have endeavoured to explain.'—(p. 285.)

And this is the end of the matter. Behold our fate therefore;—(1) Codices B and K, with (2) Drs. Westcott and Hort's *'Introduction'* and *'Notes on Select Readings'* in vindication of their contents! . . . It is proposed to shut us up within those limits! An uneasy suspicion however secretly presents itself that perhaps, as the years roll out, something may come to light which will effectually dispel every dream of the new school, and reduce even prejudice itself to silence. Dr. Hort accordingly proceeds to frown it down:—

'It would be an illusion to anticipate important changes of text [i.e. of the text advocated by Drs. Westcott and Hort] from any acquisition of new evidence.'—(p. 285.)

And yet, why the anticipation of important help from the acquisition of fresh documentary evidence *'would be an illusion,'* does not appear. That the recovery of certain of the exegetical works of Origen,—better still, of Tatian's Diatessaron,—best of all, of a couple of MSS. of the date of Codices B and K,—would infallibly disturb Drs. Westcott and Hort's equanimity, as well as upset not a few of their most confident conclusions,—we are well aware. But we are by no means inclined to admit, that—

'Greater possibilities of improvement lie in a more exact study of the relations between the documents that we already possess:'—(*ibid.*)
If

If (as is the fact) *Codices B and N* are the documents chiefly intended: and if it be further meant that in estimating other evidence, of whatever kind, the only thing to be enquired after is whether or no the attesting document is *generally in agreement with Codex B*. For Codex B is to be the standard: itself not absolutely requiring confirmation from *any* extraneous quarter. Dr. Hort asserts, (but it is, as usual, mere assertion), that,—

‘Even when B stands quite alone, its readings must never be lightly rejected’ (p. 557). On the other hand, ‘an unique criterion is supplied by the concord of the independent attestation of B and N’ (*Notes*, p. 46).

But now, since confessedly a chain is no stronger than it is at its weakest link; nor an edifice more secure than the basis whereon it rests;—we must be allowed to point out that we have been dealing throughout with a dream, pure and simple; from which it is high time that we should wake up, now that we have been plainly shown on what an unsubstantial foundation these Editors have been all along building. A child’s house, several stories high, constructed out of playing-cards,—is no unapt image of the frail erection before us. We began by carefully lifting off the topmost story; and then, the next: but we might as well have saved ourselves the trouble. The basement-story has to be removed bodily, which must bring the whole edifice down with a rush. In reply to the curious tissue of unproved assertions which go before, we take leave to assert as follows:—

(1) The impurity of the texts exhibited by *Codices B and N* is not a matter of opinion, but a matter of fact.¹ These are two
of

¹ To some extent, the unlearned reader may easily convince himself of this, by examining the rejected ‘alternative’ readings in the margin of the ‘Revised Version.’ The ‘Many’ and the ‘Some ancient authorities,’ there spoken of, invariably include—sometimes denote—Codd. B N, one or both of them. These constitute the merest fraction of the entire amount of corrupt readings exhibited by B N; but they will give English readers some notion of the problem just now under consideration.

Besides the details already supplied [Q. R. No. 304, p. 312] concerning B and N, —(the result of laborious collation),—some particulars shall now be added. The piercing of our SAVIOUR’s side, thrust in after Matt. xxvii. 49: the fabricated text at Mk. xiv. 30, 68, 72; of which the object was ‘so far to assimilate the narrative of Peter’s denials with those of the other Evangelists, as to suppress the fact, vouched for by S. Mark only, that the cock crowed twice:’ the eclipse of the sun in Lu. xxiii. 45: the monstrous figment concerning Herod’s daughter, thrust into Mk. vi. 22: the precious clauses omitted in Matt. i. 25 and xviii. 11: in Lu. ix. 54–6, and in Jo. iii. 13: the wretched glosses in Lu. vi. 48: x. 42: xv. 21: Jo. x. 14 and Mk. vi. 20: the substitution of *αὐτον* (for *οὗτος*) in Matt. xxvii. 34, of *θεος* (for *υἱος*) in Jo. i. 18, of *ανθρωπου* (for *θεου*) in ix. 35, of *οὐ* (for *φ*) in Rom. iv. 8: the geographical blunder in Mk. vii. 31: the omission in Matt. xii. 47, and of two important verses in Matt. xvi. 2, 3: of *ἰσα* in Acts i. 19: of

of the least trustworthy documents in existence. So far from allowing Dr. Hort's position that—'A text formed' by 'taking Cod. B as the sole authority,' 'would be incomparably nearer the truth than a text similarly taken from any other Greek or other single document' (p. 251),—we venture to assert that it would be, on the contrary, *by far the foulest text that had ever seen the light*: worse, that is to say, than the text of Drs. Westcott and Hort. And that is saying a great deal. In the brave and faithful words of Dr. Scrivener (*Introduction*, p. 453),—words which deserve to become famous,—

'It is no less true to fact than paradoxical in sound, that the worst corruptions to which the New Testament has ever been subjected, originated within a hundred years after it was composed: that Irenæus [A.D. 150], and the African Fathers, and the whole Western, with a portion of the Syrian Church, used far inferior manuscripts to those employed by Stunica, or Erasmus, or Stephens thirteen centuries later, when moulding the Textus Receptus.'

And Codices B and \aleph are demonstrably nothing else but *specimens of the class thus characterized*.

Next (2),—We assert that, so manifest are the disfigurements jointly and exclusively exhibited by Codd. B and \aleph ,¹ that instead of

of $\epsilon\gamma\epsilon\iota\mu\alpha\iota$ και in iii. 6; and of $\delta\epsilon\upsilon\tau\epsilon\rho\omicron\pi\rho\omega\tau\omega$ in Lu. vi. 1: the two spurious clauses in Mk. iii. 14, 16: the obvious blunders in Jo. ix. 4 and 11: in Acts xii. 25 and xxv. 13: besides the impossible reading in 1 Cor. xiii. 3,—make up a heavy indictment against B and \aleph jointly—which are here found in company with just a very few disreputable allies. Add, the plain error at Lu. ii. 14: the gloss at Mk. v. 36: the mere fabrication at Matt. xix. 17: the omissions at Matt. vi. 13: Lu. x. 41–2: Jo. v. 3, 4.

B (in company with others, but apart from \aleph) by exhibiting $\beta\alpha\pi\tau\iota\sigma\alpha\upsilon\tau\epsilon\varsigma$ in Matt. xxviii. 19: $\omega\delta\epsilon$ των in Mk. ix. 1: 'seventy-two,' in Lu. x. 1: the blunder in Lu. xvi. 12: and the grievous omissions in Lu. xxii. 43, 44 (CHRIST'S Agony in the Garden), and xxiii. 34 (His prayer for His murderers),—enjoys unenviable distinction.—B, singly, is remarkable for an obvious blunder in Matt. xxi. 31: Lu. xxi. 24: Jo. xviii. 5: Acts x. 19 and xvii. 28: xxvii. 37: not to mention the insertion of $\delta\epsilon\delta\omicron\mu\epsilon\mu\epsilon\nu\omicron\varsigma$ in Jo. vii. 39.

\aleph (in company with others, but apart from B) is conspicuous for its sorry interpolation of Matt. viii. 13: its substitution of $\epsilon\sigma\tau\iota\nu$ (for $\eta\nu$) in Jo. i. 4: its geographical blunder in Lu. iv. 44 and xxiv. 13: its textual blunder at 1 Pet. i. 23.

— \aleph , singly, is remarkable for its sorry paraphrase in Jo. ii. 3: its addition to i. 34: its omissions in Matt. xxiii. 35: Mk. i. 1: Jo. ix. 38: its insertion of $\eta\tau\alpha\iota\omicron\nu$ in Matt. xiii. 35: its geographical blunders in Mk. i. 28: Lu. i. 26: Acts viii. 5: besides the blunders in Jo. vi. 51 and xiii. 10: 1 Tim. iii. 16: and the clearly fabricated narrative of Jo. xiii. 24.

¹ Characteristic, and fatal beyond anything that can be named are, (1) The exclusive omission by B and \aleph of Mark xvi. 9–20:—(2) The omission of $\epsilon\nu$ $\epsilon\phi\epsilon\sigma\sigma\alpha$, from Ephes. i. 1:—(3) The blunder, $\alpha\pi\omicron\sigma\kappa\iota\alpha\sigma\mu\alpha\tau\omicron\varsigma$, in James i. 17:—(4) The nonsensical $\varsigma\upsilon\sigma\tau\rho\epsilon\phi\omicron\mu\epsilon\mu\epsilon\nu\omicron\varsigma$ in Matt. xvii. 22:—(5) That 'vile error,' $\pi\epsilon\rho\iota\lambda\omicron\upsilon\tau\epsilon\varsigma$, in Acts xxviii. 13:—(6) The impossible order of words in Lu. xxiii. 32; and (7) The extraordinary order in Acts i. 5:—(8) The omission of the last clause

of accepting these codices as two 'independent' witnesses to the inspired original, we are constrained to regard them as reproductions of one and the same scandalously corrupt and (*comparatively*) late copy. By consequence, we consider their joint and exclusive attestation of any particular reading, a sufficient reason—not for adopting, but—for unceremoniously rejecting it.

Then (3), As for the origin of these two curiosities, it can perforce only be divined from their contents. That they exhibit fabricated texts is demonstrable. No amount of honest *copying*,—persevered in for any number of centuries,—could by possibility have resulted in two such documents. Separated from one another in actual date by 50, perhaps by 100 years,¹ they must needs have branched off from a common corrupt ancestor, and straightway become exposed continuously to fresh depraving influences. The result is, that Cod. κ (which evidently has gone through more adventures and fallen into worse company than his rival) has been corrupted to a much greater extent than Cod. B, and is even more untrustworthy. Thus, whereas (in the Gospels) B has 589 readings peculiar to itself, affecting 858 words,— κ has 1460, affecting 2640 words.

(4) Lastly,—We suspect that these two manuscripts are indebted for their preservation, solely to *their ascertained evil character*; which has occasioned that the one eventually found its way, four centuries ago, to a forgotten shelf in the Vatican library: while the other, after exercising the ingenuity of several

clause of the LORD's prayer, in Lu. xi. 4; and (9) Of that solemn verse, Matt. xvii. 21; and (10) Of *ισχυρον* in Matt. xiv. 30:—(11) The substitution of *εργον* (for *τεκνον*) in Matt. xi. 29:—(12) The thrusting of *Χριστος* into Matt. xvi. 21,—and (13) Of *δ θεος* into vi. 8:—besides (14) So minute a peculiarity as *Βεεζεβουλ* in Matt. x. 35: xii. 24, 27: Lu. xi. 15, 18, 19. (15) Add, the gloss at Matt. xvii. 20, and (16) The omissions at Matt. v. 22: xvii. 21.—It must be admitted that such peculiar blemishes, taken collectively, constitute a proof of affinity of origin,—community of descent from one and the same disreputable ancestor. But space fails us.

The reader will be interested to learn that although, in the Gospels, B combines exclusively with A, but 11 times; and with C, but 38 times: with D, it combines exclusively 141 times, and with κ , 239 times: (viz. in Matt. 121,—in Mk. 26,—in Lu. 51,—in Jo. 41 times).

Contrast it with A:—which combines exclusively with D, 21 times: with κ , 13 times: with B, 11 times: with C, 4 times.

¹ The Reviewer speaks from actual inspection of both documents. They are essentially dissimilar. The learned Ceriani assured the Reviewer (in 1872) that whereas the Vatican Codex must certainly have been written *in Italy*,—the birthplace of the Sinaitic was [not Egypt, but] *either Palestine or Syria*. Thus, considerations of time and place effectually dispose of Tischendorf's strange notion that the scribe of Codex B wrote *six leaves* of κ . This opinion of his rests on the same fanciful basis as his notion that *the last verse* of S. John's Gospel in κ was not written by the same hand which wrote the rest of the Gospel. There is *no manner of difference*: though of course it is not impossible that the scribe took a new pen, preliminary to writing that last verse, and executing the curious and delicate ornament which follows.

generations

generations of critical correctors, eventually (viz. in A.D. 1844¹) found its way into the waste-paper basket of the convent at the foot of Mount Sinai. Had B and \aleph been codices of average purity, they must long since have shared the inevitable fate of books which are freely *used* and highly prized; namely, they would have fallen into decadence and disappeared from sight. But in the meantime, behold, their very antiquity has come to be reckoned to their advantage; and (strange to relate) is even considered to constitute a sufficient reason why they should enjoy not merely extraordinary consideration, but the actual surrender of the critical judgment. Since 1831, Editors have vied with one another in the fulsomeness of the homage they have paid to these 'two false witnesses,'—for such B and \aleph are, as the general testimony of Fathers and Versions abundantly proves. Even superstitious reverence has been claimed for these two codices: and Drs. Westcott and Hort are so far in advance of their predecessors in the servility of their adulation, that they must be allowed to have easily won the race.

With this,—so far as the Greek text under review is concerned,—we might, were we so minded, reasonably make an end. We undertook to show that Drs. Westcott and Hort, in the volumes before us, have built up an utterly worthless Textual fabric; and we consider that we have already sufficiently shown it. But we are unwilling there to leave the matter. Large consideration is due to ordinary English readers; who must perforce look on with utter perplexity—not to say distress—at the strange spectacle presented by *that* Text (which is in the main *the text of the Revised English Version*) on the one hand,—and *this* Review of it, on the other. 'And pray, which of you am I to believe?'—will inevitably be, in homely English, the exclamation with which not a few will lay down the present number of the 'Quarterly.' 'I pretend to no learning. I am not prepared to argue the question with you. But surely, the oldest manuscript *must* be the purest! It even stands to reason: does it not?—Then further, I admit that you *seem* to have the best of the argument so far; yet, since the most famous critics of modern times are against you,—Lachmann, Tregelles, Tischendorf,—excuse me if I suspect that you must be in the wrong, after all.'

With unfeigned humility, the Reviewer proceeds to explain the matter to his supposed objector, in briefest outline, as follows:—

You are perfectly right. The oldest manuscript *must* exhibit the purest text: *must* be the most trustworthy. But then, unfortunately, it happens that *we do not possess it*. You speak,

¹ Tischendorf's narrative of the discovery of the Sinaitic manuscript ('*When were our Gospels written?*'), [1866], p. 23.

of course, of the inspired autographs : but these have long since disappeared.

'No, I meant to say that the *oldest MSS. we possess*, if they be but ancient ones, must needs be the best.'

Ah, but *that is bien autre chose!* Well, the *probability* that they will prove the best is, if you please, considerable. A little reflection will convince you however that it is *but* a probability, at best. It certainly does not by any means follow that, *because* a MS. is very ancient, *therefore* the text which it exhibits will be very pure. That you may be thoroughly convinced of this, —(and it is really impossible for men's minds to be too effectually disabused of a prepossession which has fatally misled so many,)—you are invited to enquire for a recent contribution to the learned French publication indicated at the foot of this page,¹ in which is exhibited a fac-simile of 8 lines of the Medea of Euripides (ver. 5–12), written about B.C. 200 in small uncials, (at Alexandria probably,) on papyrus. Collated with any printed copy, the verses, you will find, have been penned with scandalous, with incredible inaccuracy. But on this head let the learned editor of the document in question be listened to, rather than the present Reviewer :—

'On voit que le texte du papyrus est hérissé des fautes les plus graves. Le plus récent et le plus mauvais de nos manuscrits d'Euripide vaut infiniment mieux que cette copie,—faite, il y a deux mille ans, dans le pays où florissaient l'érudition hellénique et la critique des textes.'²—(p. 17.)

Why, the author of the foregoing remarks might have been writing concerning Codex B!

'Yes : but I want *Christian* evidence. The author of that scrap

¹ 'Papyrus Inédit de la Bibliothèque de M. Ambroise Firmin-Didot. Nouveaux fragments d'Euripide et d'autres Poètes Grecs, publiés par M. Henri Weil. (Extrait des Monumens Grecs publiés par l'Association pour l'encouragement des Etudes Grecques en France. Année 1879.)' Pp. 36.

² The rest of the passage may not be without interest to classical readers :—'Ce n'est pas à dire qu'elle soit tout à fait sans intérêt, sans importance pour la constitution du texte. Elle nous apprend que, au vers 5, ἀπλοῦν, pour ἀπλοῦν (correction de Wakefield) était déjà l'ancienne vulgate ; et que les vers 11 et 12, s'ils sont altérés, comme l'assurent quelques éditeurs d'Euripide, l'étaient déjà dans l'antiquité.

'L'homme . . . était aussi ignorant que négligent. Je le prends pour un Egyptien n'ayant qu'une connoissance très imparfaite de la langue grecque, et ne possédant aucune notion ni sur l'orthographe, ni sur les règles les plus élémentaires du trimètre iambique. Le plus singulier est qu'il commence sa copie au milieu d'un vers et qu'il la finisse de même. Il oublie des lettres nécessaires, il en ajoute de parasites, il les met les unes pour les autres, il tronque les mots ou il les altère, au point de détruire quelquefois la suite de la construction et le sens du passage.' A faithful copy of the verses in minuscule characters is subjoined for

scrap of papyrus *may* have been an illiterate slave. What if it should be a *school-boy's exercise* which has come down to us? The thing is not impossible.'

Not 'impossible' certainly: but surely highly improbable. However, let it drop. You insist on Christian evidence. What think you then of the following statement of a very ancient Father (Caius) writing against the heresy of Theodotus and others who denied the Divinity of CHRIST? He is bearing his testimony to the liberties which had been freely taken with the text of the New Testament in his own time, viz. about A.D. 175-200:—

'The Divine Scriptures,' he says, 'these heretics have audaciously *corrupted*: . . . laying violent hands upon them under pretence of *correcting* them. That I bring no false accusation, any one who is disposed may easily convince himself. He has but to collect the copies belonging to these persons severally; then, to compare one with another; and he will discover that their discrepancy is extraordinary. Those of Asclepiades, at all events, will be found discordant from those of Theodotus. Now, plenty of specimens of either sort are obtainable, inasmuch as these men's disciples have industriously multiplied the (so-called) "*corrected*" copies of their respective teachers,—which are in reality nothing else but "*corrupted*" copies. With the foregoing copies again, those of Hermophilus will be found entirely at variance. As for the copies of Apollonides, they even contradict one another. Nay, let any one compare the fabricated text which these persons put forth in the first instance, with that which exhibits their *latest* perversions of the Truth, and he will discover that the disagreement between them is even excessive.

'Of the enormity of the offence of which these men have been guilty, they must needs themselves be fully aware. Either they do not believe that the Divine Scriptures are the utterance of the Holy Ghost,—in which case they are to be regarded as unbelievers: or else, they account themselves wiser than the Holy Ghost,—and what is that, but to have the faith of devils? As for their denying their guilt, the thing is impossible, seeing that the copies under discussion

the gratification of scholars. We have but divided the words and inserted capital letters:—

ἄνδρων ἀριστῶν οἱ δὲ πανχρυσὸν δέρος
Πελεῖα μετήλθον οὐ γὰρ τὸν δεσπότην ἐμην
Μηδία πυργῶν γῆς ἐπλευσε Εἰολκίας
ἐρωτῇ θυμῷ ἐγπλαγίς Ἰανόσορος
ὅτ' ἂν κτανεί πῖσας Πελεῖαδας κούρας
πάτερα κατοικῇ τῆνδε γῆν Κορινθίαν
σὺν ἀνδρὶ καὶ τεκνοῖσιν ἀνδανόισα μὲν
φυγῇ πολιτῶν ὧν ἀφηκετο χθονός.'

5

10

An excellent scholar (R. C. P.) remarks,—'The fragment must have been written from dictation (of small parts, as it seems to me); and by an illiterate scribe. It is just such a result as one might expect from a half-educated reader enunciating Milton for a half-educated writer.'

are their own actual handywork; and they know full well that not such as these are the Scriptures which they received at the hands of their catechetical teachers. Else, let them produce the originals from which they made their transcripts. Certain of them indeed have not even condescended to falsify Scripture, but entirely reject Law and Prophets alike.¹

Now, the foregoing statement is in a high degree suggestive. For here is an orthodox Father of the 2nd century inviting attention to four well-known families of falsified manuscripts of the Sacred Writings; complaining of the hopeless divergences which they exhibit (being not only inconsistent with one another, but *with themselves*); and insisting that such *corrected*, are nothing else but shamefully *corrupted* copies. He speaks of the phenomenon as being in his day notorious: and appeals to recensions, the very names of whose authors—Theodotus, Asclepiades, Hermophilus, Apollonides—have (all but one) long since died out of the Church's memory. You will allow therefore, (will you not?), that by this time the claim of the oldest existing copies of Scripture to be the best, has been effectually disposed of. For since there once prevailed a multitude of corrupted copies, what security have we that the oldest of our extant MSS. are not derived—remotely if not directly—from some of *them*?

'Aye, but Caius is speaking of *heretical* writers. You would not assert (would you?) that B and κ exhibit traces of *heretical* depravation?'

Reserving our opinion on that last head, good Sir, and determined to enjoy the pleasure of your company on any reasonable terms, we request that the clock of history may be put back seventeen hundred years. This is A.D. 182, if you please: and we are walking in Alexandria. We have reached the house of one Clemens,—a learned Athenian, who has long been a resident here. Come into his library,—he is from home. See, he has been reading his Bible, which is open at S. Mark x. What a well-thumbed copy! It must be at least 50 or 60 years old. Well, but suppose only 30 or 40. It was executed therefore *within fifty years of the death of S. John the Evangelist*. Come, let us transcribe two of the columns ($\sigma\epsilon\lambda\lambda\acute{\iota}\delta\epsilon\varsigma$) and be off. . . . We are back in England again, and the clock has been put right. Let us now sit down and examine our curiosity at leisure.² It proves on inspection to be a

¹ Eusebius, 'Hist. Eccl.' v. 28 (ap. Routh, ii. 132-4).

² Clemens Al. (ed. Potter),—p. 937-8. . . . Note how Clemens begins § v. (p. 938, line 30).

transcript of the 15 verses (ver. 17 to ver. 31) which relate to the coming of the rich young ruler to our LORD.

We make a surprising discovery. There are but 297 words in those 15 verses,—according to the traditional Text: of which, in the copy which belonged to Clemens Alexandrinus, 39 prove to have been left out: 11 words are added: 22 substituted: 27 transposed: 13 varied; and the phrase has been altered at least 8 times. But 112 words out of a total of 297, is 38 per cent.

‘O but, I disallow your entire proceeding! You have no business to collate with “a text of late and degenerate type, such as is the Received Text of the New Testament.” When *this* “is taken as a standard, any document belonging to a purer stage of the text must by the nature of the case have the appearance of being guilty of omissions: and the nearer the document stands to the autograph, the more numerous must be the omissions laid to its charge.” I learnt that from Westcott and Hort. See page 235 of their luminous “Introduction.”’

Be it so! Collate the passage then for yourself with the text of Drs. Westcott and Hort: which, (remember!) aspires to reproduce ‘the autographs themselves’ ‘with the utmost exactness which the evidence permits’ (pp. 288 and 289).¹ You will find that *this* time the words omitted amount to 44. The words added are 13: the words substituted, 23: the words transposed, 34: the words varied, 16. And the phrase has been altered 9 times at least. But, 130 on a total of 297, is 44 per cent. You will also bear in mind that Clement of Alexandria is one of our principal authorities for the text of the Ante-Nicene period.² . . . And thus, it is presumed, the imagination has been effectually disposed of, that *because* Codices B and \aleph are the two oldest sacred codices in existence, the text which they contain is *therefore* a pure text. *It is impossible to produce a fouler exhibition of S. Mark x. 17–31 than is met with in a document full two centuries older than either B or \aleph ,—the property of one of the most famous of the Fathers.*

‘Then are we to infer,’—(it will perhaps be rejoined)—‘that the nearer we approach to the date of the sacred autographs, the more corrupt we shall find the copies? For, if so, pray where and when did purity of text begin?’

But you may *not* draw any such inference from the premisses,—we answer. The purest documents of all existed perforce in the first century: *must* have then existed. The spring is per-

¹ ‘This Text’ (say the Editors) ‘is an attempt to reproduce at once the autograph Text.’—‘Introduction,’ p. xxviii.

² ‘Introduction,’ p. 112–3.

force purest at its source. All that we assert is, that two stray copies of the IVth century, coming down to our own times without a history and without a character, *may* exhibit a thoroughly depraved text. Nothing besides this follows lawfully from the premisses.

— 'Then,' (we shall perhaps be asked), 'will you tell us how *you* would have us proceed in order to ascertain the truth of Scripture?'

To answer that question fully (we reply) would require a considerable treatise. We will not, however, withhold a slight outline of what we conceive to be the only safe method of procedure. We could but *fill up* that outline, and *illustrate* that method, if we had 500 pages at our disposal.

On first seriously applying ourselves to these studies, many years ago, we found it wondrous difficult to divest ourselves of prepossessions very like your own. Turn which way we would, we were encountered by the same confident terminology,—'the best documents,' 'primary manuscripts,' 'first-rate authorities,' 'primitive evidence,' 'ancient readings,' and so forth: and we found that thereby Codices A, B, \aleph , C, D were invariably and exclusively *meant*. It was not until we had laboriously collated those five documents for ourselves, that we became aware of their true character. Long before coming to the end of our task (and it occupied us, off and on, for eight years) we had convinced ourselves that the supposed 'best documents' and 'first-rate authorities' are in reality among *the worst*: that these manuscripts deserve to be called 'primary,' only because, in any enumeration of manuscripts, they stand foremost: and that their 'evidence,' whether 'primitive' or not, is *contradictory* throughout. *All* readings, lastly, we discovered are 'ancient.' A diligent inspection of a vast number of later Codices scattered throughout the principal libraries of Europe, and the exact collation of a few, further convinced us that the deference generally claimed for B, \aleph , C, D is nothing else but a weak superstition and a vulgar error: that the date of a MS. is not of its essence, but is the merest accident of the problem: and that the later copies, so far from 'crumbling down salient points, softening irregularities, conforming differences,'¹ and so forth, on countless occasions, and as a rule, preserve those delicate lineaments and minute refinements which the 'old uncials' are constantly observed to obliterate. And so, rising to a systematic survey of the entire field of evidence, we found reason

¹ Alford's N. T., vol. i. proleg. p. 92.

to suspect more and more the soundness of the conclusions at which Lachmann, Tregelles, and Tischendorf had arrived: while we seemed led, as if by the hand, to discover plain indications of the existence of a far 'more excellent way' for ourselves.

For, let the ample and highly complex provision which Divine Wisdom hath made for the effectual conservation of His written Word be duly considered; and surely a recoil is inevitable from the strange perversity which in these last days would shut us up within the limits of a very few documents, to the neglect of all the rest,—as though a revelation from Heaven had proclaimed that the Truth is to be found exclusively in *them*. The good Providence of the Author of Scripture is discovered to have furnished His household, the Church, with (speaking roughly) 1000 copies of the Gospels:—with twenty Versions—two of which go back to the beginning of Christianity: and with the writings of a host of ancient Fathers. *Why* out of those 1000 MSS. *two* should be singled out by Drs. Westcott and Hort for special favour,—to the practical disregard of all the rest: *why* Versions and Fathers should by them be similarly dealt with,—should be set aside in fact in the lump,—we fail to discover. Certainly the pleas urged by the learned editors¹ can appear satisfactory to no one but to themselves.

For our method then,—It is the direct contradictory to that adopted by the two Professors. Moreover, it conducts us throughout to directly opposite results. We hold it to be even axiomatic that a reading which is supported by only *one* document,—out of the 1100 (more or less) already specified,—whether that solitary unit be a Father, a Version, or a Copy,—stands self-condemned; may be dismissed at once without thought or enquiry. Nor is the case materially altered if (as generally happens) a few colleagues of bad character are observed to side with the else solitary document. Associated with the corrupt B is often found the more corrupt N. The sympathy between these two, and the Version of Lower Egypt, is even notorious. That Origen should sometimes join the conspiracy,—and that the same reading should find allies in certain copies of the unrevised Latin, or perhaps in Cureton's Syriac:—all *this* we deem the reverse of encouraging. The attesting witnesses are, in our account, of so suspicious a character that the reading stands self-condemned. On such occasions we are reminded that there is truth in Dr. Hort's dictum concerning the importance of attending to the tendency of certain documents to

¹ See p. 197 (§ 269): and p. 201 (§ 275-9).

fall into 'groups': though his assertion that 'it cannot be too often repeated that the study of grouping is the foundation of all enduring Criticism,'¹ we hold to be as absurd as it is untrue.

So far negatively. A truer,—the *only* trustworthy method, in fact, of ascertaining the truth of Scripture we hold to be the method which,—without prejudice or partiality,—simply enquires WHICH FORM OF THE TEXT HAS THE FULLEST, THE WIDEST, AND THE MOST VARIED ATTESTATION. That a reading should be freely recognized alike by the earliest and by the latest available evidence,—we hold to be a prime circumstance in its favour. That Copies, Versions, and Fathers, should all three concur in sanctioning it,—we hold to be even more conclusive. If several of the Fathers, living in different parts of ancient Christendom, are all observed to recognize the words, or to quote them in the same way,—we have met with all the additional confirmation we can possibly require. Let it only be discoverable *how* or *why* the rival reading came into existence, and our confidence becomes absolute.

An instance which we furnished in detail in a former article,² may be conveniently appealed to in illustration of what goes before. Our LORD'S Agony and bloody sweat,—first mentioned by Justin Martyr (A.D. 150) is found *set down in every MS. in the world except four*. It is duly exhibited *by every known Version*; and is referred to *by at least thirty famous Fathers* writing without concert in remote parts of ancient Christendom. Whether therefore Antiquity,—Variety of testimony,—Respectability of witnesses,—or Number,—is considered, the evidence in favour of S. Luke xxii. 43, 44 is simply overwhelming. And yet, out of superstitious deference to 2 codices of bad character, Drs. Westcott and Hort set the brand of spuriousness on those 26 precious words; professing themselves morally certain that this is nothing else but a 'Western interpolation.' Whereas, mistaken zeal for the honour of Incarnate JEHOVAH alone occasioned the suppression of these two verses in a few early manuscripts.

Only one other instance shall be cited. The traditional reading of S. Luke ii. 14 is vouched for by *every known copy of the Gospels but four*—3 of which are of extremely bad character, viz. \aleph B D. The Versions are divided: but *not* the Fathers: of whom *fifty-six* from every part of ancient Christendom,—(Syria, Palestine, Alexandria, Asia Minor, Cyprus, Crete, Gaul,)—come back to attest that the traditional reading (as usual) is the

¹ Preface (1870), p. xv.

² No. 304 of the 'Quarterly Review,' p. 352-3.

true one. Yet such is the infatuation of the new school, that Drs. Westcott and Hort are content to make *nonsense* of the Angelic Hymn on the night of the Nativity, rather than admit the possibility of complicity in error of α B D: error in respect of a single letter!

It will be perceived therefore that the method we plead for consists merely in the loyal recognition of *the whole of the Evidence*: setting off one authority against another, laboriously and impartially; and adjudicating fairly between them *all*. Even so hopelessly corrupt a document as Clement of Alexandria's copy of the Gospels proves to have been—(described above, at pp. 359–60)—is by no means without critical value. Servilely followed, it would confessedly land us in hopeless error: but, judiciously employed as a set-off against *other* evidence; regarded rather as a check upon the exorbitancies of *other* foul documents, *e. g.* B & C and especially D; resorted to as a protection against the prejudice and caprice of modern Critics,—that venerable document, with all its faults, proves invaluable. Thus, in spite of its own aberrations, it witnesses to *the truth of the Traditional Text* in several important particulars; siding with it against Lachmann, 9 times;—against Tischendorf, 10 times;—against Tregelles, 12 times;—against Westcott and Hort, 15 times. . . . We deem this laborious method the only true method, in our present state of imperfect knowledge: the method, namely, of *adopting the reading which has the fullest, the widest, and the most varied attestation*.—How men can persuade themselves that nine MSS. out of every ten may be safely disregarded, if they be but written in minuscule characters,—we fail to understand. To ourselves it seems simply an irrational proceeding. As for building up a text, as Drs. Westcott and Hort have done, with special deferential regard to a single codex,—it appears to us about as reasonable as would be the attempt to build up a pyramid from its apex,—in the expectation that it would stand firm on its extremity, and last for ever.—And thus much in reply to our supposed questioner.

In the meantime, a pyramid balanced on its apex is no unapt image of the Textual theory of Drs. Westcott and Hort. When we reach the end of their 'Introduction' we find we have reached the point to which all that went before has been evidently converging: but we make the further awkward discovery that it is the point on which all that went before absolutely depends also. Apart from Cod. B, the present theory could have no existence. But for Cod. B it would never have been excogitated. On Cod. B it entirely rests. Take away this one Codex, and Dr. Hort's volume becomes absolutely without coherence,
purpose,

purpose, meaning. *One-fifth* of it¹ is devoted to remarks on B and \aleph . The fable of 'a *Syrian text*' is invented solely for the glorification of B and \aleph ,—which are claimed, of course, to be '*Pre-Syrian*.' This fills 40 pages more.² And thus it would appear that the Truth of Scripture has run a very narrow risk of being lost for ever to mankind. Dr. Hort contends that it more than half lay *perdu* on a forgotten shelf in the Vatican Library;—Dr. Tischendorf that it had found its way into a waste-paper basket in the convent of S. Catherine at the foot of Mount Sinai,—from which he rescued it on the 4th February, 1859:—neither, we venture to think, a very likely supposition. We incline to believe that the Author of Scripture hath not by any means shown Himself so unmindful of the safety of the Deposit as these learned gentlemen imagine. Are we asked for the ground of our opinion? We point without hesitation to the 998 codices which remain: to the many ancient Versions: to the many venerable Fathers,—*any one* of whom we hold to be a more trustworthy authority for the Text of Scripture, *when he speaks out plainly*, than either Codex B or Codex \aleph ,—aye, or than both of them put together. Behold, (we say,) the abundant provision which the All-wise One hath made for the safety of the Deposit: the 'threefold cord' which 'is not quickly broken.' We hope to be forgiven if we add, (not without a little warmth,) that we sincerely wonder at the perversity, the infatuation, the blindness,—which is prepared to make light of all these precious helps, in order to magnify two of the most corrupt codices in existence,—and *that*, for no other reason than because they 'happen to be the oldest extant Greek MSS. of the New Testament.' (p. 212.)

A pyramid poised on its apex then, we hold to be a fair emblem of the theory just now under review. Only, unfortunately, its apex is found to be constructed of brick without straw: or rather of *straw*—without brick.

Why such partiality has been evinced of late years for Cod. B, none of the critics have yet been so good as to explain; nor is it to be expected that, satisfactorily, any of them ever will. *Why* again Tischendorf should have suddenly transferred his allegiance from Cod. B to Cod. \aleph ,—except, to be sure, he was swayed by parental partiality,—must also remain a riddle. If *one* of the 'old uncials' must needs be taken as a guide,—(though we see no sufficient reason why *one* should be appointed to lord it over the rest,)—we should rather have expected that Cod. A would have been selected,—the text of which

¹ P. 210 to p. 287. See the Contents, p. xxiii-xxviii.

² P. 91-119 and p. 133-146.

'Stands in broad contrast to those of either B or N, though the interval of years [between it and them] is probably small.' (p. 152.) 'By a curious and apparently unnoticed coincidence,' (proceeds Dr. Hort), 'its text in several books agrees with the Latin Vulgate in so many peculiar readings devoid of old Latin attestation as to leave little doubt that a Greek MS. largely employed by Jerome in his revision of the Latin version must have had to a great extent a common original with A.' (*ibid.*)

Behold a further claim of this copy on the respectful consideration of the Critics! What would be thought of the Alexandrian Codex, if some attestation were discoverable in its pages that it actually *had* belonged to the learned Palestinian father? According to Dr. Hort,—

'Apart from this individual affinity, A both in the Gospels and elsewhere may serve as a fair example of the manuscripts that, to judge by patristic quotations, were commonest in the fourth century.'—(p. 152.)

(O but, the evidence in favour of Cod. A thickens apace!) Suppose then,—(for, after this statement, the supposition for argument's sake is at least allowable,)—suppose the discovery were made to-morrow of half-a-score of codices of the *same date as Cod. B*, exhibiting the *same text as Cod. A*. What a complete revolution would be thereby effected in men's minds on Textual matters! How impossible would it be, henceforth, for B and its henchman N, to obtain so much as a hearing! Such 'an eleven' would safely defy the world! And yet, according to Dr. Hort, the supposition may any day become a fact; for he informs us,—(and we are glad to be able for once to declare that what he says is perfectly correct,) that such manuscripts once abounded, or rather *prevailed*; prevailed, in the proportion of 99 to 1.

But—what need to say it?—We entirely disallow any such narrowing of the platform which Divine Wisdom hath willed should be at once so varied and so ample. Cod. A is sometimes in error: sometimes even *conspires in error exclusively with Cod. B*. An instance occurs in 1 S. John v. 18,—a difficult place which we the more willingly adduce because it is one of the few in which entire unanimity prevailed among the Revisionists,—who yet prove to have been, one and all, mistaken in substituting 'him' (αὐτόν) for 'himself' (ἐαυτόν). Let the place be produced and examined:—

S. John is distinguishing between the mere recipient of the new birth (ὁ ΓΕΝΝΗΣΕΙΣ ἐκ τοῦ Θεοῦ),—and the man who retains the sanctifying influences of the HOLY SPIRIT which he received when he became regenerate (ὁ ΓΕΓΕΝΝΗΜΕΝΟΣ ἐκ τοῦ Θεοῦ). The latter (he says) 'sinneth not': the former, (he says,)

says,) 'keepeth himself, and the evil one toucheth him not.' So far, all is intelligible. The nominative is the same in both cases. Substitute however 'keepeth him (αὐτόν)', for 'keepeth himself (ἐαυτόν)', and (as Dr. Scrivener admits¹), ὁ γεννηθεὶς ἐκ τοῦ Θεοῦ can be none other than the Only Begotten SON. But our LORD is never designated as ὁ γεννηθεὶς ἐκ τοῦ Θεοῦ.² Alford accordingly prefers to make nonsense of the place,—viz. 'he that hath been begotten of GOD, it keepeth him.'

Now, on every occasion like the present,—(instead of tampering with the text, as Dr. Hort and our Revisionists have done without explanation or apology,)—our safety consists in enquiring,—But (1) What have all the other Copies to say to this? (2) What, the Versions? (3) What, the Fathers? . . . The answer proves to be,—(1) *All the Copies except three*,³ read 'himself':—(2) So, the Syriac and the Latin;⁴ so the Coptic, Sahidic, Georgian, Armenian, and Ethiopic versions:⁵—(3) So Origen clearly thrice,⁶ Didymus clearly 4 times,⁷ Ephraem Syrus clearly twice,⁸ Severus,⁹ Theophylact expressly,¹⁰ and Œcumenius:¹¹—So in reality Cod. A, for the original Scribe is found to have corrected himself.¹² The sum of the adverse attestation therefore which prevailed with the Revisionists, is found to have been—*Codex B and a single cursive copy at Moscow*. This does not certainly seem to the Reviewer, (as it seemed to the Revisionists), 'decidedly preponderating evidence.' But that may very well be because,—(to quote words recently addressed by the learned President of the Revising body to the Clergy and Laity of the Diocese of Gloucester and Bristol,)—the Quarterly Reviewer is 'innocently ignorant of the now established principles of Textual Criticism.'¹³

'It is easy'—(says the learned Prelate, speaking on his own

¹ 'Introduction,' p. 567.

² Let the following places be considered:—S. Jo. i. 13; iii. 3, 5, 6, 7, 8; 1 Jo. ii. 29; iii. 9 bis, iv. 7; v. 1 bis, 4, 18 bis. Why is it to be supposed that on this last occasion THE ETERNAL SON should be intended?

³ A*, B, 105.

⁴ The paraphrase is interesting. The Vulgate, Jerome [ii. 321, 691], Cassian [p. 409]—'*Sed generatio Dei conservat eum*': Chromatius [Gall. viii. 347], and Vigilius Taps. [ap. Athanas. ii. 646],—'*Quia (quoniam) nativitas Dei custodit (servat) illum*.' In a letter of 5 Bishops to Innocentius I. (A.D. 410) [Galland. viii. 598 b], it is,—'*Nativitas quæ ex Deo est*.' Such a rendering ('his having been born of God') amounts to an interpretation of the place.

⁵ From the Rev. S. C. Malan, D.D.

⁶ iv. 326.

⁷ Gall. viii. 347,—of which the Greek is to be seen in Cramer's *Cat.* p. 143-4. Many portions of the lost Greek of this Father, (the present passage included [p. 231]) are to be found in the Scholia published by C. F. Matthæi [N.T. xi. 181 to 245-7].

⁸ i. 94, 97.

⁹ In *Cat.* pp. 124 and 144.

¹⁰ iii. 433 c.

¹¹ ii. 601 d.

¹² By putting a small uncial E above the A.

¹³ *Diocesan Progress*, Jan. 1882.—[pp. 20] p. 19.

behalf

behalf and that of his co-Revisionists,)—‘to put forth to the world a sweeping condemnation of many of our changes of reading; and yet all the while to be *innocently ignorant of the now established principles of Textual Criticism.*’ . . . May we venture to suggest that it is easier still to denounce adverse Criticism in the lump,—instead of trying to refute it in any one particular :—to refer vaguely to ‘established principles of Textual Criticism,’ instead of explaining which they be :—to sneer contemptuously at well-meant endeavours, (which, even if mistaken, one would suppose are entitled to respect at the hands of a successor of the Apostles,) instead of showing wherein such efforts are reprehensible? We are content to put the following question to any fair-minded man :—Whether of these two is the more facile and wicked proceeding ;—(1) *Lightly to vote away an inspired word from the Book of Life, and to impose a wrong sense on Scripture,* as in this place the Bishop and his colleagues are found to have done :—or, (2) To fetch the same word industriously back ; to establish its meaning by diligent and laborious enquiry ; to restore both to their rightful honours ; and to set them on a basis of evidence from which (*faxit DEUS !*) it will be found impossible henceforth to dislodge them? . . . This only will the Reviewer add,—That if it be indeed one of the ‘now established principles of Textual Criticism,’ that the evidence of *two manuscripts and-a-half* outweighs the evidence of (1) *All the remaining 997½*,—(2) *The whole body of the Versions*,—and (3) *Every Father who quotes the place, from A.D. 210 to A.D. 1070* :—if all this indeed be so,—he devoutly trusts that he may be permitted to retain his ‘Innocence’ to the last ; and in his ‘Ignorance,’ when the days of his warfare are ended, to close his eyes in death.—And now to proceed.

The Nemesis of Superstition and Idolatry is ever the same. Phantoms of the imagination straightway usurp the place of substantial forms. Doubt,—unbelief,—credulity,—general mistrust of *all* evidence,—are the inevitable sequel and penalty. In 1870, Drs. Westcott and Hort solemnly assured their brother-Revisionists that ‘the prevalent assumption that throughout the N. T. the true text is to be found *somewhere* among recorded readings, *does not stand the test of experience*’ : and they are evidently still haunted by the same spectral suspicion. They see a ghost to be exorcised in every dark corner. Accordingly, they favour us with a chapter on the Art of ‘removing corruptions of the sacred Text antecedent to extant documents’ (p. 71). We are not surprised to hear that,—

‘The Art of Conjectural Emendation depends for its success so much on personal endowments, fertility of resource in the first instance, and

and even more an appreciation of language too delicate to acquiesce in merely plausible corrections, that it is easy to forget its true character as a critical operation founded on knowledge and method.'—(p. 71.)

Very 'easy,' certainly. One precious sample of Dr. Hort's skill in this department, (it occurs at page 135 of his 'Notes on Select Readings,') may be taken in proof:—

(a) S. Paul commends Timothy, (whom he had set as Bishop over the Church of Ephesus), 'to hold fast' a certain 'form' or 'pattern' (*ὑποτύπωσιν*) 'of sound words, which' (said he) 'thou hast heard of me.'¹ The flexibility and refined precision of the Greek language enables the Apostle to indicate definitely what was the prime object of his solicitude. It proves to have been the safety of *the very words* which he had syllabled, (*ὑγιαίνοντων λόγων ὧν παρ' ἐμοῦ ἤκουσας*). As learned Bp. Beveridge well points out,—'*which words, not which form, thou hast heard of me.* So that it is not so much the *form*, as the *words* themselves, which the Apostle would have him to hold fast.'²—All this however proves abhorrent to Dr. Hort. 'This sense' (he says) 'cannot be obtained from the text except by treating ὧν as put in the genitive by an *unusual and inexplicable attraction*. It seems more probable that ὧν is a *primitive corruption* of ὃν after πάντων.' . . . But this is simply impossible, since neither ὃν nor πάντων occurs anywhere in the neighbourhood. And as for the supposed 'unusual and inexplicable attraction,' it happens to be one of even common occurrence,—as most readers of the N. T. are aware. Examples of it may be seen at 2 Cor. i. 4 and Ephes. iv. 1,—also in Dr. Hort's text of Ephes. i. 6 (*ὅς* in all 3 places). But why entertain the question at all? There is absolutely *no room* for such criticism in respect of a reading which is found in *every known MS.*,—*in every known Version*,—*in every Father who quotes the place*: which Divines, and Scholars who were not Divines,—Critics of the Text, and grammarians who were without prepossessions concerning Scripture,—Editors of the Greek and Translators of the Greek into other languages,—all alike have acquiesced in. We venture therefore to assert that it is unlawful, in the absence of any further evidence, to call the reading in question. There is absolutely no safeguard for Scripture if a place like the present may be solicited at the mere suggestion of individual caprice. (For it is worth observing that *on this, and similar occasions, Dr. Hort is forsaken by Dr. Westcott.* Such notes are enclosed in brackets, and subscribed 'H.')

¹ 2 Tim. i. 13.

² 'Sermons,' vol. i. 132,—(*A form of sound words to be used by Ministers.*)

(b) Another

(b) Another specimen of conjectural extravagance occurs at S. John vi. 4, where Dr. Hort labours to throw suspicion on 'the Passover' (τὸ πάσχα),—in defiance of *all known MSS.*, of *every known Version*,—and of *every Father who quotes or recognizes the place*.¹ We find *nine columns* devoted to the vindication of this wild fancy; although so partial are the 'Notes, that countless 'various Readings' are left wholly undiscussed; and sometimes entire Epistles are dismissed with a single weak annotation (e.g. 1 and 2 Thessalonians),—*or with none*, as in the case of the Epistle to the Philippians.

(c) We charitably presume that it is in order to make amends for having conjecturally thrust out τὸ πάσχα from S. John vi. 4,—that Dr. Hort is for conjecturally thrusting into Acts xx. 28, Τίω (after τοῦ ἰδίου),—an imagination to which he devotes a column and-a-half, but for which he is not able to produce a particle of evidence. It would result in our reading, 'to feed the Church of GOD, which He purchased'—(not 'with *His own blood*,' but)—'with the *blood of His own SON*': which has evidently been suggested by nothing so much as by the supposed necessity of getting rid of a text which unequivocally asserts that CHRIST is GOD.²

Some will be supremely struck by the conceit and presumption of such suggestions as the foregoing; others, by their essential foolishness. For ourselves, what chiefly surprises us is the fatal misapprehension they evince of the true office of Textual Criticism as applied to the N. T.; which *never is to invent new readings*, but only to adjudicate between existing and conflicting ones. He who seeks to thrust out 'THE PASSEOVER' from S. John vi. 4 (where it may on no account be dispensed with); and to thrust 'THE SON' into Acts xx. 28 (where His Name cannot stand without evacuating a grand Theological statement);—will do well to consider whether he does not bring himself directly under the awful malediction with which the beloved Disciple concludes and seals up the Canon of Scripture. (Consider Rev. xxii. 18, 19.) May we be allowed to assure Dr. Hort that, in the Textual Criticism, 'CONJECTURAL EMENDATION' CAN BE ALLOWED NO PLACE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT? .

¹ Quoted by ps.-Ephraem *Evan. Conc.* p. 135 l. 2:—Nonnus:—Chrys. viii. 248:—Cyril iv. 263e, 270a, 273:—Cramer's *Cat.* p. 242 l. 25 (which is *not* from Chrys.).—Recognized by Melito (A.D. 170): Irenæus (A.D. 177): Hippolytus (A.D. 190): Origen: Eusebius: Apollinarius Laod., &c.

² This is the true reason of the eagerness which has been displayed in certain quarters to find ὁς, (not Θεός) in 1 Tim. iii. 16:—just as nothing else but a determination that CHRIST shall not be spoken of as ὁ ὢν ἐν παντί Θεός, has occasioned the supposed doubt as to the construction of Rom. ix. 5,—in which we rejoice to find that Dr. Westcott refuses to concur.

There is in fact no need for it,—nor can be: so ample and so varied is the evidence for the words of the New Testament. Here we regret to have *both* Editors against us. They propose 'the definite question,'—

"Are there, as a matter of fact, places in which we are *constrained by overwhelming evidence* to recognise the existence of Textual error in all extant documents?" To this question we have no hesitation in replying in the affirmative.—(p. 279.)

(d) The instance, on which they both rely, follows: viz. S. Peter's prophetic announcement (2 Pet. iii. 10), that in 'the day of the LORD,' 'the earth and the works that are therein *shall be burned up*.'¹—This statement is found to have been glossed or paraphrased in an age when men knew no better. Thus, Cod. C substitutes '*shall vanish away*':² the Syriac and one Egyptian version, '*shall not be found*,'—apparently in imitation of Rev. xvi. 20. But, either because the 'not' was accidentally omitted³ in some very ancient exemplar,—or else because it was deemed a superfluity by some Occidental critic who in his simplicity supposed that εὐρεθήσεται might very well represent the Latin *urerentur*,—(much as Mrs. Quickly warranted 'hang hog' to be Latin for 'bacon,')—Codices N and B (with four others of later date), exhibit '*shall be found*,'⁴—which makes utter nonsense of the place. (Εὐρεθήσεται appears, nevertheless, in Dr. Hort's text: in consequence of which, the margin of our 'Revised Version' is disfigured with the statement that 'The most ancient manuscripts read *discovered*.)' Who can doubt, however, that the Traditional reading is the true one,—supported as it is by the whole mass of copies; by the Latin,⁵ the Coptic, the Harklensian, and the Ethiopic Versions; besides the only Fathers who quote the place; viz. Cyril seven times,⁶ and John Dama-

¹ κατακαήσεται.

² ἀφανισθήσονται.

³ This happens not unfrequently in codices of the type of N and B. A famous instance occurs at Col. ii. 18, (ἀ μὴ ἰδράκεν ἐμβάτεῶν, 'prying into the things he hath not seen'); where N* A B D* and a little handful of suspicious documents leave out the 'not.' Our Editors, rather than recognize this blunder (so obvious and ordinary!), are for conjecturing A ΕΟΡΑΚΕΝ ΕΜΒΑΤΕΩΝ into ΑΕΡΑ ΚΕΝΕΜΒΑΤΕΩΝ; which (if it means anything at all) may as well mean,—'proceeding on an airy foundation to offer an empty conjecture.' Dismissing that conjecture as worthless, we have to set off the whole mass of the copies—against some 6 or 7:—Irenæus (i. 847), Theodorus Mops. (in *loc.*), Chrys. (xi. 372), Theodoret (iii. 489, 490), John Damascene (ii. 211)—against no Fathers at all (for Origen once has μή [iv. 665]; once, has it not [iii. 63]; and once is doubtful [i. 583]). Jerome and Augustine both take notice of the diversity of reading, but only to reject it.—The Syriac versions, the Vulgate, Gothic, Georgian, Slavonic, Ethiopic, Arabic and Armenian—(we owe the information, as usual, to Dr. Malan)—are to be set against the suspicious Coptic. All these then are with the Traditional Text: which cannot seriously be suspected of error.

⁴ εὐρεθήσεται.

⁵ Augustin. vii. 595.

⁶ ii. 467: iii. 865:—ii. 707: iii. 800:—ii. 901. In Luc. pp. 428, 654.

scene¹ once? As for pretending, at the end of the foregoing enquiry, that 'we are *constrained by overwhelming evidence* to recognize the existence of textual error in all extant documents,'—it is evidently a complete mistake.—And thus, in the entire absence of proof, Dr. Hort's theory of 'the existence of corruptions' of the Sacred Text 'antecedent to all existing authority,'² falls to the ground. His confident prediction, that such corruptions 'will sooner or later have to be acknowledged,' may be safely dismissed. The only 'matter of fact,' which at every step more and more impresses an attentive student of the Text of Scripture, is,—(1st) The utterly depraved character of Codices B and κ : and (2nd) The singular infatuation of Drs. Westcott and Hort in insisting that those Codices '*stand alone in their almost complete immunity from error*':³—that 'the fullest comparison does but increase the conviction that *their pre-eminent relative purity is approximately absolute*.'⁴

1. Whence is it,—(we have once and again asked ourselves the question, while studying these laborious pages,)—How does it happen that a scholar, evidently so accomplished and so able as Dr. Hort, should habitually mistake the phantoms of his own imagination for material forms? the echoes of his own voice while holding colloquy with himself, for oracular responses? We have not hitherto expressed our astonishment,—but must do so now before we make an end,—that a writer who desires to convince, can suppose that his own arbitrary use of such expressions as 'Pre-Syrian' and 'Neutral,'—'Western' and 'Alexandrian,'—'Non-Western' and 'Non-Alexandrian,'—'Non-Alexandrian Pre-Syrian,' and 'Pre-Syrian Non-Western,'—will produce any (except an irritating) effect on the mind of an intelligent reader. The delusion of supposing that by the free use of such a vocabulary a Critic may dispense with the ordinary processes of logical proof, might possibly have its beginning in the retirement of the cloister, where there are few to listen and none to contradict: but it can only prove abiding if there has been no free ventilation of the individual fancy. Has no friend ever reminded Dr. Hort that assertions concerning the presence or absence of a 'Syrian' or a 'Pre-Syrian,' a 'Western' or a 'Non-Western element,' are but wind,—the merest chaff and druff,—*apart from proof*? Repeated *ad nauseam*, and employed with as much peremptory precision as if they were recognized terms connoting distinct classes of readings,—(whereas they are absolutely without significancy,

¹ ii. 347.² *Introduction*, p. 210.³ Preface to 'Provisional issue,' p. xxi.⁴ *Ibid.* p. 276.

except,

except, let us charitably hope, to him who employs them);—such expressions would only be allowable on the part of the Critic, if he had first been at the pains to *index every principal Father*,—and to *reduce Texts to families* by a laborious process of Induction. Else, they are worse than foolish. They only bewilder, and mislead, and block the way.

2. This is not all however. Even when these Editors condescend to notice hostile evidence, they do so after a fashion which can satisfy no one but themselves. Take for example their note on the word *εἰκῆ* ('without a cause') in S. Matth. v. 22 ('But I say unto you, that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause'). The reader's attention is specially invited to the treatment which this place has experienced:—

(a) They unceremoniously reject the word with their oracular sentence, '*Western and Syrian*.'—Aware that *εἰκῆ* is recognized by 'Iren. lat³; Eus. D. E. Cyp.', they yet claim for omitting it the authority of 'Just. Ptolem. (? Iren. 242 *fin.*), Tert.; and certainly' (they proceed) 'Orig. on Eph. iv. 31, noticing both readings, and similarly Hier. *loc.*, who probably follows Origen: also Ath. *Pasch. Syr.* 11: Ps.-Ath. *Cast.* ii. 4.'

(b) But these learned men are respectfully assured that neither Justin Martyr, nor Ptolemæus the Gnostic, nor Irenæus, no, nor Tertullian either,—that *not one of these four writers*,—supplies the wished-for evidence. They are further assured that Origen is the chief cause of all the trouble:—that Athanasius¹ quotes (not Matt. v. 22, but) 1 Jo. iii. 15:—and that what they call 'ps.-Ath. *Cast.*' is nothing else but a paraphrastic translation of John Cassian's 'Institutes,'—'ii. 4' of the Greek representing viii. 20 of the Latin. And now, what remains?

(c) Only this:—Jerome's 3 books of Commentary on the Ephesians, are, in the main, a translation of Origen's lost work on the same Epistle.² Commenting on iv. 31, Jerome says that *εἰκῆ* ought not to stand in the text,—*which shows that εἰκῆ was found there*. A few ancient writers in consequence (but *only* in consequence) of what Jerome (or rather Origen) thus delivers, are observed to omit *εἰκῆ*. That is all!

(d) May we however respectfully ask these learned Editors why, besides Irenæus,³ Eusebius,⁴ and Cyprian⁵,—they do not mention that *εἰκῆ* is *also* the reading of ps.-Justin,⁶ of Origen himself,⁷ of the Constitutiones Ap.,⁸ of Basil 3 times,⁹ of

¹ Apud Mai, vi. 105.

² Opp. vii. 543. Comp. 369.

³ *Interp.* 595: 607.

⁴ *Dem. Evan.* p. 444

⁵ p. 306.

⁶ *Epist. ad Zen.* iii. 1. 78. Note, that our learned Cave considered this to be genuine.

⁷ *Cantic.* (an early work) *interp.* iii. 39,—though elsewhere (i. 112, 181 [?]: ii. 305 *int.* [but not ii. 419]) he is for leaving out *εἰκῆ*.

⁸ Gall. iii. 72 and 161.

⁹ ii. 89 b and e (partly quoted in the Cat. of Nicetas) *expressly*: 265.

Gregory of Nyssa,¹ of Epiphanius,² of Ephraem Syrus twice,³ of Isidorus twice,⁴ of Theodore of Mops., of Chrysostom 18 times, of the Opus imp. twice,⁵ of Cyril⁶ and of Theodoret⁷ (each in 3 places):—as well as of Hilary,⁸ Lucifer,⁹ Salvian,¹⁰ Philastrius,¹¹ Augustine, and Jerome,¹² (although, when translating from Origen, he pronounces against *εἰκῆ*¹³):—not to mention Antiochus mon.,¹⁴ J. Damascene,¹⁵ Maximus,¹⁶ Photius,¹⁷ Euthymius, Theophylact, and others¹⁸?

(e) Our present contention however is but this,—that a reading which is attested by *every uncial copy of the Gospels except B and κ*; by a whole *torrent of Fathers*; by *every known copy* of the old Latin, by *all* the Syriac, by the Coptic, as well as by the Gothic and Armenian versions;—that such a reading is not to be set aside by the stupid dictum, '*WESTERN AND SYRIAN.*' By no such methods can the study of Textual Criticism be promoted, or any progress ever be made in determining the true text of Scripture.

(f) In the meantime, we have drawn out, somewhat in detail, Drs. Westcott and Hort's Annotation on *εἰκῆ*, in order to furnish the reader with at least *one definite specimen* of the editorial skill and critical ability of these two accomplished and learned men. Their general practice, (as exhibited in the case of 1 Jo. v. 18, [see above, p. 367]), is to tamper with the sacred Text, without assigning their authority,—indeed, without apology of any kind.

(g) The *sum* of the matter proves to be this:—*B and κ* (the 'two false witnesses'),—*B and κ, alone of MSS.*,—omit *εἰκῆ*:—in consequence of which Dr. Hort persuaded our Revisionists to omit '*without a cause*' from every Englishman's copy of S. Matthew v. 22. . . . *Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*

3. Lastly, the intellectual habits of these Editors have led them so to handle evidence, that in the end the sense of proportion seems to have forsaken them. It argues a strange want of mental perspective, when we find 'the Man working on the Sabbath' put on the same footing with 'the Woman taken in Adultery,' and conjectured to have '*come from the same source*':—the incident of 'the Angel troubling the pool of Bethesda' dismissed as having '*no claim to any kind of association with the*

¹ i. 818 *expressly*. ² ii. 312 (preserved in Jerome's Latin translation, i. 240).

³ i. 132; iii. 442.

⁴ 472, 634.

⁵ ap. Chrys.

⁶ iii. 768: *apud Mai*, ii. 6 and iii. 268.

⁷ i. 48, 664; iv. 946.

⁸ 128, 625.

⁹ Gall. vi. 181.

¹⁰ Gall. x. 14.

¹¹ Gall. vii. 509.

¹² i. 27, written when he was 42; and ii. 733, 739, written when he was 84.

¹³ vii. 26,—'*Radendum est ergo sine causâ.*' And so, at p. 636.

¹⁴ 1064.

¹⁵ ii. 261.

¹⁶ ii. 592.

¹⁷ in Cat.

¹⁸ Apophthegm. PP. [ap. Cotel. *Ecl. Gr. Mon.* i. 622].

true text':¹—and 'the two Supplements' to S. Mark's Gospel declared to 'stand on equal terms as independent attempts to fill up a gap'; and allowed to be possibly 'of equal antiquity.'² How can we wonder, after this, to find *anything* omitted,—*anything* inserted,—*anything* branded with suspicion? And the brand is very freely applied by Drs. Westcott and Hort. Their notion of a text of the N. T. is certainly the most extraordinary ever witnessed. It has at least the merit of entire originality. While they eagerly insist that many a passage is but 'a Western interpolation' after all; is but an 'Evangelic tradition,' 'rescued from oblivion by the scribes of the second century';—they yet incorporate those passages with the Gospel. Careful enough to clap them into fetters first, they then, (to use their own queer phrase), 'provisionally associate them with the Text.'

4. We submit, on the contrary, that Editors of the Gospel who 'cannot doubt' that a certain verse 'comes from an extraneous source,'—'do not believe that it belonged originally to the book in which it is now included,'—are unreasonable if they proceed to assign to it *any* actual place there at all. When men have once thoroughly convinced themselves that two verses of S. Luke's Gospel are *not Scripture*, but 'only a fragment from the traditions, written or oral, which were for a while locally current';³—what else is it but the merest trifling with sacred Truth, to promote those two verses to a place in the inspired context? Is it not to be feared, that the conscious admixture of *human Tradition* with *GOD's written Word* will in the end destroy the soul's confidence in Scripture itself? opening the door for perplexity, and doubt, and even for Unbelief itself to enter. And let us not be told that the verses referred to stand there 'provisionally' only; and for that reason are 'enclosed within double brackets.' Suspected felons are 'provisionally' locked up, it is true: but after trial, they are either convicted and removed out of sight; or else they are acquitted and suffered to come abroad like other men. Drs. Westcott and Hort have *no right*, at the end of thirty years of investigation, *still* to encumber the Evangelists with 'provisional' fetters. Those fetters either signify that the judge is *afraid* to carry out his own righteous sentence: or else, that he *entertains a secret suspicion* that he has perhaps made a mistake after all, and condemned the innocent. Let these esteemed Scholars at least have 'the courage of their own convictions,' and be throughout as consistent as, in two famous instances (viz. at pages 113 and 141), they have been. Else, in GOD's name, let them have the manliness to avow themselves in error: abjure their *πρώτον ψεύδος*; and

¹ Introduction, p. 300-2.² *Ibid.* p. 299.³ Appendix, p. 66.

cast the ingenious theory which they have so industriously reared upon it, unreservedly, to the winds!

To conclude.—It will be the abiding glory of the 'Revised Version,' (*thanks to Dr. Hort*), that it has brought to the front a question which has slept for about 100 years; but which may not be suffered now to rest undisturbed any longer. It might have slumbered on for another half-century,—a subject of deep interest to a very little band of Divines and Scholars; of perplexity and distrust to almost all the world besides;—*but* for the incident which will make the 17th May, 1881, for ever memorable in the annals of the Church of England. The publication on that day of the 'Revised English Version of the New Testament' instantly concentrated public attention on the hitherto neglected problem: for men saw at a glance that the Traditional Text of 1530 years standing,—(the exact number is Dr. Hort's, not ours,)—had been unceremoniously set aside in favour of a *widely different Recension*. The true authors of the mischief were not far to seek. Just five days before,—under the editorship of Drs. Westcott and Hort, (Revisionists themselves,)—had appeared the most extravagant Text which has seen the light since the invention of printing. No secret was made of the fact that, under pledges of strictest secrecy,¹ a copy of this wild performance (marked 'Confidential') had been entrusted to every member of the Revising body: and it has since transpired that Dr. Hort advocated his own peculiar views in the Jerusalem Chamber with so much eloquence, eagerness, pertinacity, and plausibility, that eventually—notwithstanding the warnings, the remonstrances, the entreaties of Dr. Scrivener,—his counsels prevailed; and—the utter shipwreck of the 'Revised Version' has been the disastrous consequence.

But in the meantime there has arisen *this* good out of the calamity,—namely, that men will at last require that the Textual problem shall be fairly threshed out. They will insist on having it proved to their satisfaction,—(1) That Codices B and κ are indeed the oracular documents which their admirers pretend; and—(2) That a narrow selection of ancient documents is a secure foundation on which to build the Text of Scripture. Failing this,—(and the *onus probandi* rests wholly with those who are for setting aside the Traditional Text in favour of another, *entirely dissimilar in character*,)—failing this, we say, it is reasonable to hope that the counsels of the 'Quarterly Review' will be suffered to prevail. In the meantime we repeat that this question has now to be fought out: for to ignore it any longer

¹ See Scrivener's *Introduction*, p. 432.

is impossible. Compromise of any sort between the two adverse parties, is impossible also; for they simply contradict one another. Codd. B and \aleph are either among the purest of manuscripts,—or else they are among the very foulest. The text of Drs. Westcott and Hort is either the very best which has ever appeared,—or else it is the very worst; the nearest to the sacred autographs,—or the furthest from them. There is no room for *both* opinions; and there cannot exist any middle view. The question will have to be fought out; and it must be fought out fairly. It may not be magisterially settled; but must be advocated, on either side, by the old logical method. If Continental Scholars join in the fray, England,—which, in the last century, took the lead in these studies,—will, it is to be hoped, maintain her ancient reputation and again occupy the front rank. The combatants may be sure that, in consequence of all that has happened, the public will be no longer indifferent spectators of the conflict; for the issue concerns the inner life of the whole community,—touches their very heart of hearts. Certain it is that—‘GOD defend *the Right*!’ will be the one aspiration of every faithful spirit among us. THE TRUTH,—(we avow it on behalf of Drs. Westcott and Hort as eagerly as on our own behalf,)—GOD’S TRUTH will be, as it has been throughout, the one object of all our striving. *Αἰλινον αἰλινον εἰπὲ, τὸ δ' εὖ νικάτω.*

- ART. II.—1. *The Works of Jonathan Swift, D.D., Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin.* Edited, with Notes and a Life of the Author, by Walter Scott, Esq. Eighteen volumes. Second edition. Edinburgh, 1824.
2. *The History and Antiquities of the Collegiate and Cathedral Church of St. Patrick, near Dublin.* Collected chiefly from sources of original record, by William Monck Mason, Esq. Dublin, 1819.
3. *The Life of Jonathan Swift.* By John Forster. Volume the First. London, 1875.

WE know Swift as we know no other of those eminent men who have made the first four decades of the eighteenth century memorable in literary history. A mere glance at the materials to which his biographers have had access will suffice to show that our information regarding him is of such a kind as to leave scarcely anything to be desired. In the first place, we have his own voluminous correspondence—a correspondence which is, from a biographical point of view, of peculiar value. For as the majority

majority of his letters are addressed to intimate friends, and were intended only for the eyes of those friends, they exhibit him at times when the mask falls off, even from the most guarded. They were, moreover, written in all moods, without premeditation, without reserve, with the simple object of unburdening his mind, in no case with a view either to publication or to display. 'When I sit down to write a letter,' he used to say, 'I never lean upon my elbow till I have finished it.' Again, in the *Journal to Esther Johnson*, he has not only left a minute record of his daily life during a space of nearly three years, but he has with unrestrained garrulity given expression to whatever happened at the moment to be passing through his thoughts. Nor is this all. He appears, like Johnson and Coleridge, to have found an eccentric pleasure in communing with himself on paper. Many of these soliloquies accident has preserved. They throw the fullest light on his innermost thoughts and feelings. They enable us to determine how far as a Churchman he was honest, how far as a Politician he was consistent. His *Memoir of himself* remains unfortunately a fragment, but enough was completed to illustrate that portion of his career during which his correspondence is most scanty. If to this mass of autobiographical matter be added the innumerable passages in his public writings which elucidate his personal history, the evidence which is of all evidence the least open to suspicion may be regarded as ample even to superabundance.

But if we owe much to the communicativeness of Swift himself, we owe much also to the communicativeness of his friends. Seven years after his death appeared the famous *Letters* by John Lord Orrery. The indignation which this work excited among Swift's admirers is well known. The picture which Orrery drew of the Dean was certainly not a pleasing one, and he was accused of having malignantly endeavoured to indemnify himself for the long and not very successful court he paid to Swift when alive by a series of calumnious attacks upon him when dead. We have not much respect for Orrery either as a writer or as a man, but we believe him to have been guiltless of any such intention. Careful study of the letters has satisfied us that they are on the whole what they profess to be. Orrery was, as we learn from other sources, no favourite with Swift. He saw him, therefore, not as he presented himself to the fascinated eye of friendship, but as he presented himself to the impartial eye of critical curiosity. It should be remembered too that he knew him only in his decadence. Had Orrery's object been detraction, he would have withheld praise where praise was due, and when direct

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censure was hazardous he would have resorted to misrepresentation. There is nothing of this spirit discernible. He fully admits the greatness, he fully admits the many virtues, of the man whose portrait he has delineated in such harsh and disagreeable colours. What he painted was what he saw, and what he saw were those features in Swift's character which Delany and Deane Swift have piously done their best to soften or conceal. The truth is, that the Swift of Orrery is the Swift of the Voyage to the Houyhnhnms, and of the Verses to the Legion Club. The Letters of Orrery elicited two years afterwards the observations of Delany. Few men were better qualified to speak of Swift than Delany. He had been on terms of intimacy with him for upwards of a quarter of a century. He had been his companion in business and recreation. He had been acquainted with those who had known him from early youth. But Delany's object was eulogy, and for this due allowance must be made. He is, however, one of those witnesses whose loquacity forms a perpetual corrective to their prejudice, and his observations are so rich in reminiscence and anecdote, that a shrewd reader is in little danger of being misled. On the whole, we are inclined to think him the most trustworthy and valuable of all the original authorities. Delany's observations were succeeded, at an interval of a year, by Deane Swift's Essay. This is a very disappointing book, though, as the writer was the son-in-law of Mrs. Whiteway, and had as a young man frequently conversed with Swift, what he says of the Dean's character and habits is of importance, and we are moreover indebted to him for many interesting particulars not preserved elsewhere. In Mrs. Pilkington and the compiler of the 'Swiftiana' we are not inclined to place much confidence. Hawkesworth's Memoir, which was published in 1755, and Johnson's Life, which was published in 1781, added little or nothing to what was already known. But in 1784 came out the Memoir by Thomas Sheridan, not, of course, the Thomas Sheridan who was the friend of Swift, but the son of Swift's friend. As Sheridan professed to have derived information from his father, and has on the authority of his father contributed new biographical matter, his name stands high, much higher than it is entitled to stand, among Swift's biographers.

Then came the era of original research. This may be said to date from Dr. Barrett's Essay on the College Days of Swift, which appeared in 1808. A few years afterwards Scott undertook to embody in a comprehensive narrative the information which lay scattered through the publications to which we have just referred. He did this, and he did much more. Indeed
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he produced a work which still remains, with all its defects, the best complete biography of Swift in existence. Scott had many advantages. His editorial labours peculiarly fitted him for the office of biographer, and those labours had been greatly facilitated both by Hawkesworth and Nichols, whose valuable editions of the Dean's collected writings had appeared at intervals between 1784 and 1808. Scott's own distinguished position in the world of letters gave, moreover, something of a national importance to his work. All who could in any way assist him eagerly proffered their services. *Escritaires* were ransacked, family archives explored. One gentleman placed at his disposal the correspondence between Swift and Miss Vanhomrigh; another lent him the memoranda of Dr. Lyons. Every year augmented his treasures, and on the completion of his task in 1814 he could boast that he had been able to add upwards of a hundred letters, essays, and poems to those which had already seen the light. In fine, had Scott made the best of his opportunities, had his information been as accurate as it was comprehensive, and had his patience and industry been equal to his genius and literary skill, any other *Life of Swift* would have been a mere work of supererogation. But unhappily his biography of Swift is marred by the same defects which marred his biography of Dryden. It is essentially unthorough—the work of a man,—of a very great man,—who was contented with doing respectably what with a little more trouble he might have done excellently. Hence, though he is always interesting and always instructive, he is seldom altogether satisfactory. We doubt very much whether any reader, after closing Scott's memoir, would have any clear impression of Swift's character. Indeed, to speak plainly, we doubt whether Scott had himself taken the trouble to form any clear conception of that character. But his most serious defect is his careless credulity. To the relative value of testimony he appears to attach little importance. He places, for example, the same implicit confidence in statements which rest on no better authority than that of Theophilus Swift and the younger Sheridan, as he places on statements which rest on the authority of Swift's own intimate associates. The result is, that what is authentic and what is apocryphal are so interwoven in his narrative, that it is never possible to follow him without distrust and suspicion.

While Scott was busy with Swift, another writer was similarly engaged. In 1819 Monck Mason published his *History and Antiquities of St. Patrick's Cathedral*, a goodly quarto of some five hundred pages. More than half of this formidable volume is devoted to an elaborate biography of Swift. But Monck
Mason's

Mason's quarto never succeeded in gaining the ear of the world, and is now almost forgotten. Indeed it may be questioned whether even among professed students of our literature two in twenty are aware of its existence, still less of its rare merits. Nor is this difficult to account for. A more unreadable book was probably never written. It is arranged on that detestable method which originated, we believe, with Bayle; a method the distinguishing feature of which is the combination of the greatest possible prolixity with the greatest possible confusion. The style is equally repulsive; it is at once harsh and diffuse, as dull as the style of Birch, and as cumbersome as the style of Hawkins. But if Monck Mason possesses none of the qualifications of an attractive writer, he possesses everything which constitutes an invaluable authority. The extent, the variety, the minuteness of his researches, his patience and acuteness in sifting evidence, his exact acquaintance with the writings of Swift himself, and with the writings of those who have in any way thrown light on Swift's public and private life, his accuracy, his conscientiousness, his impartiality, are above praise. But our obligations to this modest and laborious scholar extend still further. It was he who first proved, and proved in our opinion conclusively, that no marriage was ever solemnized between Swift and Esther Johnson. To him we owe the first full and satisfactory account of that long and important period in the Dean's career, which extends between the publication of the pamphlet on the Use of Irish Manufactures and the controversy with Boulter.

Such were the principal works bearing on Swift which had, up to 1875, been given to the world. In that year appeared the first volume of a biography which would probably have superseded all that had preceded it, but which was unhappily destined to remain a fragment. Of Mr. Forster's enthusiasm and industry it would be superfluous to speak. His devotion to Swift resembles the devotion of Lipsius to Tacitus, and of Basil Montague and Mr. Spedding to Bacon. It amounted to a passion. To link his name with the name of a man whom he had persuaded himself to believe one of the monarchs of human-kind was, till the last hours of his life, his most cherished object. To zeal such as this we owe perhaps nine-tenths of what is best in Biography and History. But Mr. Forster's zeal was not always a source of strength. It led him, in the language of Shakspeare, to monster nothings, to attach undue importance to the most trivial particulars. Nothing that Swift did or said was in his estimation too unimportant to be chronicled. He pounced with ludicrous avidity on matter which was not merely worthless in itself, but
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of no value in its bearings on Swift. The fact that a document had never before appeared in print was, in his eyes, a sufficient justification for its appearing in his pages. The fact that preceding biographers had in any portion of their narrative been concise, is the signal for Mr. Forster to become preposterously diffuse. We need scarcely say that a biographer can never be too full when he is treating of anything which has reference to what is in his hero distinctive and peculiar. But there are many things in which great men and little men must necessarily act alike. There is much in the constitution even of the most exalted personages which is common to all mankind. On these points a judicious biographer will be least communicative; but on these points Mr. Forster dilates at insufferable length. That Swift played at cards and made bad puns may possibly be worth recording, but what man on earth cares to know the exact cards he held, or the exact bad puns he made? We have no wish to detract from the merits of Mr. Forster's book, but we are assuredly guilty of no injustice to him when we say that, had he paid more attention to the art of suppression and selection, it would have been better for the world and better for Swift's fame. But this is not the only blemish in his work. It is animated throughout by an unpleasantly polemical spirit. He appears to have regarded the biographers who preceded him as jealous lovers regard rivals. He is continually going out of his way to exalt himself and to depreciate them. Here we have a digression on the incompetence of Deane Swift, there a sneer at Orrery. Now he pauses to carp at Delany; at another time he wearies us with an account of the deficiencies of Sheridan. He must himself have admitted that his own original contributions to Swift's biography were as a drop in the river, compared with those of Scott and Monck Mason, and yet Scott rarely appears in his pages, except in a disadvantageous light, and to Monck Mason's work,* though he draws largely on it, he studiously refrains from acknowledging the slightest obligation. But let us not be misunderstood. Mr. Forster's fragment is a solid and valuable addition to the literature of Swift. If he has added nothing of importance to what was known before, he has scrutinized with microscopic minuteness all that was known; he has thus accurately distinguished between what was fiction and what was fact. He has confirmed and illustrated what was established; he has for ever set at rest what was doubtful; and

* The only allusion which Mr. Forster makes to Monck Mason's work is, we believe, in a few words on page 36:—'The well-informed historian of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Mr. Monck Mason, makes the following statement in his elaborate chapter on Swift.'

he has rendered it impossible for even the suspicion of error to attach itself to any portion of Swift's early history. But it is time to turn from the biographers to the Dean himself.

The popular notion about Swift, simply stated, we take to be this: that he was a gloomy and ferocious misanthrope, with a heart of stone and a tongue of poison; that if not exactly a libertine, he revelled in impurity and filth; that he was an apostate in politics, a sceptic in religion, and a tyrant in private life; that he wrought the ruin of two women who passionately loved him, and that he paid the penalty for his inhumanity and selfishness by an old age of unutterable misery. Now the facts of Swift's life are, as we have already stated, matters of certain knowledge. In estimating his character a critic has at no point to resort to conjecture; his appeal lies to authentic evidence. That evidence, which is voluminous, few have leisure to survey; but that evidence we have thought it our duty to survey; and our scrutiny has satisfied us that the popular picture of Swift has not even the merit of being a caricature, but that it is a mere reckless daub, produced pretty much in the same way as Protogenes is said to have produced the foam on the mouth of his wearied hound.

In the first place, nothing is more certain than that Swift's life, from the time he appears on the stage of history to the time he ceased to be a responsible being, was a long course of active benevolence. While still a struggling priest, more than one-tenth of what he expended he expended in charity. As his fortune increased, his generosity grew with it. When his political services gave him influence, his first thought was for his friends. To his recommendation, Congreve, Gay, Rowe, Friend, Ambrose Philips, and Steele, owed remunerative offices. 'You never come to us,' said Bolingbroke, on one occasion, half angrily, 'without bringing some Whig in your sleeve.' He obtained for King, who had libelled and insulted him, a post which relieved that facetious writer from the pressure of want. His kindness to young Harrison and poor Diaper would alone suffice to prove the goodness of his heart. He made the fortune of Barber. He went out of his way to serve Parnell and Berkeley. How greatly Pope profited from his zealous friendship, Pope has himself acknowledged. He was never known to turn a deaf ear to sorrow or poverty; nay, it is notorious that he denied himself the common comforts of life that he might relieve the necessities of the paupers of Dublin. His correspondence teems with proofs of his kindness and charity. At one time we find him pleading for an old soldier, at another time, when almost too ill to hold the pen, for a poor parson; here he is soliciting

soliciting subscriptions for a volume of poems, there he is stating the case of a persecuted patriot. His large-hearted philanthropy extended itself in all directions. He was the first who drew attention to the inadequacy of religious instruction in London, and suggested the remedy. He organized a club for the relief of distressed men of letters, and, visiting them personally in their cocklofts and cellars, dispensed with his own hand the money which his generous importunity had wrung from opulent friends. With the first five hundred pounds which he had been able to put by he established a fund which, advancing money without interest, saved many humble families from distress and ruin. He founded a charity school for boys, and at a time when he could ill afford it he built, at his own expense, an almshouse for aged women. Of that noble hospital which owes its existence to his munificent philanthropy we need scarcely speak. But had he been in private life all that his enemies would represent him, his public services to Ireland would alone suffice to make him the peer of Burke and Howard. With regard to the charge of scepticism, which involves also the more serious charge of hypocrisy, there is not—and we say so positively—a tittle of evidence to support it. His real attitude towards Religion he has himself, with characteristic candour, accurately defined. In one of his private memoranda—the ‘Thoughts on Religion’—he writes :

‘I look upon myself in the capacity of a clergyman to be one appointed by Providence for defending a post assigned me, and for gaining over as many enemies as I can. I am not answerable to God for the doubts that arise in my own breast since they are the consequence of that reason which He has planted in me, if I take care to conceal those doubts from others, if I use my best endeavours to subdue them, and if they have no influence on the conduct of my life.’

And what sentence ever came from his pen, or what word is authentically recorded as ever having fallen from his lips, inconsistent with this statement? More than one-third of his voluminous writings, including the work on which the charge of infidelity is based, were in defence of the Protestant Church—the Church in which he believed Christianity to exist in its purest form. It is certain that he devoted a portion of each day to religious exercises. It is certain that no scandalous or immoral action was, during his lifetime, ever seriously imputed to him. The ridiculous fable, circulated by a poor lunatic at Kilroot, was probably invented long after Swift’s death.* Into

* The curious volume published in 1730 entitled ‘Some Memoirs of the Amours and Intrigues of a certain Irish Dean,’ is, as we need scarcely say, a mere romance.

the question of his apostasy from the Whigs, and into the history of his relations with Esther Johnson and Miss Vanhomrigh, it is our intention to enter at length on another occasion.

That the world, however, should misjudge Swift is not surprising, for he has had the misfortune to number among his assailants four writers who have done more than any writers who could be named to mould public opinion on matters relating to the literary and political history of the last century. We allude, of course, to Jeffrey, Macaulay, Lord Stanhope, and Thackeray. Jeffrey's article on Swift, or, to speak more accurately, Jeffrey's libel on Swift, appeared in the 'Edinburgh Review' for September 1816. It is a work which makes no pretension to impartiality. It is a mere party pamphlet. Its undisguised object was to render the great Tory satirist odious and contemptible. And the method employed is simple. The Reviewer begins by attributing everything that Swift did to the lowest motives; he suppresses all mention of such actions in his life as were indisputably laudable; he puts the worst possible construction on such actions as admitted of misrepresentation; and he paints him as being during the whole course of his existence what he was only in his last sad years. Macaulay followed, and—we are transcribing Macaulay's own words—'the apostate politician, the ribald priest, the perjured lover, the heart burning with hatred against the whole human race,' was again held up to the scorn and loathing of the world. Then came Lord Stanhope. We have no doubt whatever that that amiable and candid historian weighed well the bitter words in which he expressed his opinion of Swift's character; but we believe him to have followed too implicitly what he found in Jeffrey and Macaulay, and to have been too ready to think the worst of the enemy of Cowper and Somers. Of Thackeray's lively and eloquent lecture we shall only remark, that it abounds, as Mr. Hannay pointed out long ago, in erroneous statements, and in utterly unwarrantable conclusions. It is shallow, it is flighty, it is unjust. We think, therefore, that a review of Swift's life and works, succinctly and temperately written, is still a desideratum; and we venture to hope that the sketch which we are about to submit to our readers may in some slight measure serve to supply the deficiency.

The country in which Swift first saw the light, and with whose history his name will be for ever associated, is not entitled to number him among her sons. Of unmingled English blood, he was descended on his father's side from an old and gentle family. The elder branch of that family had for many years been in possession of considerable estates in Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire, had intermarried with the Mul-
graves

graves and Creightons, and had, in the person of Barnam Swift, been ennobled by Charles the First. The younger branch had settled in the Midland Counties, and from this branch sprang Swift's immediate ancestors. His great-grandfather, William Swift, was a divine of some distinction. He married a woman of large property, but of an irritable and malignant temper. The issue of this marriage were two daughters and a son, Thomas. The misfortunes of Thomas—and his long life was destined to consist of little else than misfortunes—originated in his mother's capricious cruelty. She began by disinheriting him, while still a schoolboy, for robbing an orchard; and a few years later insulted him so grossly that he was unable to remain under the same roof with her. At last, having taken orders, he obtained from his friend the Bishop of Hereford the vicarage of Goodrich, in Herefordshire. During the civil troubles he distinguished himself by his chivalrous devotion to the Royal cause. Indeed, his loyalty cost him his fortune and his liberty. For, after being repeatedly plundered by the Roundheads, who on one occasion sacked his parsonage and half murdered his family and servants, he was in 1646 deprived of his preferment, stripped of his patrimony, and flung into prison. Some years before these events had occurred, he had formed an alliance which unites by the tie of kindred the two most distinguished names in political satire. The wife of Thomas Swift was Elizabeth Dryden, the sister, not of the poet's father, as the earlier biographers suppose, but of the poet's grandfather. She bore her husband ten sons and four daughters. Of these sons two only were, it seems, regularly educated and provided for. The eldest, Godwin, a clever and pushing youth, settled in Dublin, practised at the Irish bar, married a connection of the Marchioness of Ormond, and prospered. Thither at various times four of his brothers, attracted doubtless by his success, followed him; and Godwin, to do him justice, appears to have exercised all his influence to aid them. One of these brothers must, however, have sorely tried the patience of the kind-hearted but worldly-minded lawyer. This was Jonathan. Without any regular profession, without prospects, and with nothing but a miserable pittance of about twenty pounds a year to depend upon, this thoughtless stripling had taken to wife a young woman as poor as himself. Jonathan's bride was Abigail Erick. She came of an ancient but decayed family in Leicestershire, which claimed as its founder that wild Saxon patriot, whose ferocity and courage were long the terror of our Norman rulers; for in the veins of Swift's mother ran the blood of Eadric the Forester. The imprudent couple soon experienced the folly of the step they had taken. Mrs. Swift had
already

already a baby in her arms. Poverty, and the sordid miseries which followed in its train, were staring them in the face. At last an opening occurred. The stewardship of the King's Inns fell vacant, and Jonathan, who had occasionally assisted in the office, was fortunate enough to obtain the post. This was in January 1666. In the spring of the following year he was in his grave.

He left his wife in deplorable circumstances. As steward he had out of his scanty income been compelled to advance money for commons, but the members of the Inns now refused to refund it. He had died in debt to the Benchers, and his widow was unable to meet the claim. She owed money to the doctors who had attended him; she owed money to the very undertaker who had buried him. He had been taken from her before she was aware that she was again to become a mother. Every week her distress and embarrassment increased. Her health was wretched, her heart was breaking. In the midst of these miseries her hour of agony drew on. On November 20th, 1667, at number 7, Hoey's Court, Dublin, was born the child who was to make the name of his dead father immortal.

Swift was always slow to confess obligations, but there seems no reason for doubting that both Godwin and William behaved kindly to their sister-in-law. Indeed, it is stated on very good authority, that it was at his uncle Godwin's house that Jonathan's birth took place, and that the first months of his infancy were passed there. However that may be, an event occurred while he was still a baby, which for some years cast doubt on the country of his nativity. It chanced that the nurse, a woman from Whitehaven, to whose care he had been confided, was summoned home to attend a dying relative from whom she expected a legacy. But the good soul had become so attached to her charge that she could not bear to part with it. Without saying a word, therefore, to Mrs. Swift, she stole off with the baby to England, and there for nearly three years the little fellow remained with his tender-hearted foster-mother. He was sickly and delicate, but she watched over him with maternal fondness; and she took such pains with his education, that by the time he was three years old he could read any chapter in the Bible. Under what circumstances he rejoined his mother in Ireland we have no means of determining, but in his seventh year he was placed in the Foundation School of the Ormonds at Kilkenny. One of his playmates in this obscure Irish seminary was in a few years destined to enter on a career of unusual brilliance, and to leave a name as imperishable as his own; for his playmate at Kilkenny was the future author of the 'Way of the World' and 'Love for Love.' A few unimportant particulars

particulars are all that have survived of this period of Swift's life. It seems, however, pretty certain that there was nothing to distinguish him either at school or college from the general body of his class-fellows. Parts like his are, indeed, rarely remarkable for their precocious development. In his fifteenth year he commenced residence at Trinity College, Dublin, being supported, no doubt, by his uncles Godwin and William. He was entered as a pensioner on the 24th of April, 1682; and here he remained during those years which are perhaps of all years the most critical in man's life.

His career at Trinity was not creditable to him. Between the period of his matriculation and his degree, though he lived, he tells us, with great regularity and due observance of the statutes, he turned a deaf ear to his teachers, neglected the studies prescribed by the college, and reading just as whim or accident directed, found himself, on the eve of his examination, very ill-qualified to face it. The subjects then required for a degree in arts were, it must be admitted, sufficiently repulsive. Those noble works which form in our day the basis of a liberal education had had no place in the curriculum. The poetry, the oratory, the history of the ancient world, were alike ignored. Plato was a dead letter; Aristotle held the post of honour, but it was not the Aristotle who is familiar to us—the Aristotle of the Ethics, of the Politics, of the Poetics, of the Rhetoric—but the Aristotle of the Organon, the Physics, and the Metaphysics. Next in estimation to these treatises stood the Isagoge of Porphyry, and the writings of two pedantic casuists whose names have long since sunk into well-merited oblivion, Smeglesius and Burgersdicius. Swift presented himself for examination, and failed. The examining Board pronouncing him to be dull and insufficient, refused at first to pass him. Finally, however, they granted a degree *speciali gratiâ*, a term implying in that university that a candidate has gained by favour what he is not entitled to claim by merit. With this slur upon his name he resumed his studies, his object being to proceed to the higher degree of Master. His former irregularities were now aggravated by graver misdemeanors. He absented himself from chapel and from roll-call, neglected lectures, was out late at night, and became associated with a clique of youths who were not merely idle but dissolute. Indeed he seems to have been in ill-odour everywhere. Mr. Forster manfully endeavours to prove that Swift's college life has been greatly misrepresented. He is willing to admit that it was not all a fond biographer could wish, but he is, he says, convinced that it was by no means so discreditable as it has been painted. He produces, for example, a college-roll, dated Easter, 1685, in which

which Swift is entered as having at a recent examination acquitted himself satisfactorily in Latin and Greek. From this Mr. Forster infers that neither incompetence nor idleness could be justly imputed to him. He is well aware that in later years Swift never questioned, or to speak more accurately, that he tacitly corroborated the unfavourable verdict passed on him by the Examiners at Trinity. But this Mr. Forster interprets as a touch of sarcastic irony. 'Famous as Swift then was,' he says, 'any discredit from the special grace would, as he well knew, go to the givers. In attempting to fix a stigma upon him, they only succeeded in fixing a stigma upon themselves.' Mr. Forster next points out that the most serious of Swift's alleged delinquencies during these years are purely supposititious; that he has been confounded with his cousin Thomas; and that it is to Thomas, not to Jonathan, that the entries in the College Registry may in many cases refer. This is undoubtedly true. Thus we have no means of determining whether the Swift who was, in November 1688, suspended for insubordination and contumacy was Thomas or Jonathan, though the biographers have in all cases assumed that the culprit was Jonathan. That Jonathan was, however, publicly censured in March 1687, is certain, as in the entry which records the censure—censure for 'notorious neglect of duties' and for 'tavern haunting'—the names of the two Swifts occur together. Whether he had any share in the composition of a scurrilous harangue, in which some of the principal members of the Trinity Common Room are treated with gross disrespect, and for the delivery of which, in the character of *Terræ Filius*, one of his College acquaintances narrowly escaped expulsion, is still open to debate. Dr. Barrett is convinced that it was Swift's production. Mr. Forster sees no traces of his hand in any portion of it. Scott is of opinion that it received touches from him, and in that opinion we entirely coincide. The heroic poem, for example, in the third act of the piece, is very much in the vein of his maturer years; the doggerel Latin recalls exactly the jargon in which throughout his life he delighted to indulge; and though we search in vain for his peculiar humour, we find, we regret to say, only too much of his peculiar indecency. But the subject is scarcely worth discussing.

Whatever may have been the measure of his delinquencies at College, it is not difficult to account for their origin. His life had been poisoned at its very source. Everything within and everything without combined to irritate and depress him. He was miserably poor, he was inordinately proud; he was daily exposed to contumely and contempt, he was sensitive

even to disease. The wretched pittance which was his sole support, and for which he was indebted to the charity of relatives, was bestowed in a manner which stung him to the quick. Of these cruel benefactors, his uncle Godwin was probably the chief, and the patronage of Godwin he repaid with an energy of hatred which no lapse of years could impair. Ill-health and hypochondria added to his sufferings. The solace of human sympathy was during the whole of this dismal period unknown to him. His mother, who was in England, he never saw. There is no evidence of his having been on affectionate terms with any of his associates. He sought at first some alleviation for his miseries in the perusal of light literature, and he gave to poetry and history the time which should have been devoted to severer studies. The result of this was that, at an age when youths are peculiarly sensitive about anything which casts aspersion on their parts, he found himself branded as a blockhead. What followed was natural. Angry with himself, with his relatives, and with his teachers, he became reckless and dissolute. His misfortunes were brought to a climax by the failure of his uncle Godwin, who had for some time been in embarrassed circumstances, and was now on the verge of ruin.

Meanwhile events were occurring, which terminated in his abrupt departure for the mother-country. Ireland was in the throes of a dreadful crisis. Tyrconnel, at the head of the Celtic Catholics, was hurrying on a revolution which threatened to end in the extermination of the Saxon Protestants. The English, who held their lives in their hands, were preparing to abandon their possessions and fly. At the close of 1688 a report was circulated, that there was to be a general massacre of the Saxons. A panic ensued. The ports were crowded. Many who were unable to obtain a place in commodious vessels embarked in open boats. Among these terrified emigrants was Swift. On arriving in England he at once made his way to his mother, who was residing near her relatives at Leicester. She was not, as he well knew, in a position to offer him a home, but he found what he sought, affection and guidance. The glimpses which tradition gives us of this admirable woman suffice to show that the respect and love with which her illustrious son never ceased to regard her were not undeserved. An unassuming piety pervaded her whole life. Though her fortune was scanty, even to meanness, she was, she used to say, rich and happy. Her spirit was independent, her mind cultivated, her manners gentle and refined. Her polite and sprightly conversation was the delight of all who knew her, and she
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was endowed with what is perhaps the rarest of all the qualities possessed by her sex—the quality of humour. From her Jonathan inherited no doubt many of the gifts which were to make him famous: it was unfortunately not given her to transmit to him the gifts which would have made him happy. He remained at Leicester for some months, dividing his time between forming plans for the future and toying with rustic beauties. His attentions to one of these young women, an intelligent but portionless girl, became so marked that Mrs. Swift, remembering the miseries of her own ill-advised union, was greatly alarmed. She found, however, some consolation in the fact that her scapegrace was amenable to reason.

The necessity for his quitting Leicester, where if not dependent on herself, he was dependent on her relatives, and where he had no chance of obtaining employment, was obvious. But where that employment was likely to present itself, was a problem on which the good lady was not able to throw much light. In truth the future of a young man whose sole distinctions were a character for idleness and insubordination, a gloomy temper, an uncouth exterior, and the possession of a degree obtained under circumstances notoriously discreditable to him, might well have puzzled a far more experienced adviser. In this perplexity it occurred to her that the best course for Jonathan to take would be to consult Sir William Temple. That eminent man, though moving in a sphere very different to her own, had married one of her connections. His father, Sir Richard, had moreover been on terms of intimacy with Godwin Swift, and she thought it not unlikely therefore that Temple would, out of consideration for his father's friend, do what he could to assist that friend's nephew. Nor was she mistaken. Temple received him not merely with kindness but offered him a home, and at the beginning of the summer of 1689 we find him domesticated at Moor Park. The nature of Swift's connection with Temple and the circumstances of his residence at Moor Park have been very variously related. Macaulay describes it as a period of unmingled humiliation and wretchedness, and represents his position as little better than that of an upper servant. Mr. Forster draws a different conclusion. There is, he contends, no evidence to show that Temple treated his young dependent in any manner calculated to wound his pride; and he is, he says, convinced that, whatever may have been the exact position held by Swift in Temple's household, it involved nothing which compromised either self-respect or independence. Swift's own account of the matter certainly corroborates Mr. Forster's view. 'I hope,' he

wrote many years afterwards, in a letter to Lord Palmerston, 'you will not charge my living in Sir William's family as an obligation; for I was educated to little purpose, if I retired to his house on any other motive than the benefit of his conversation and advice, and the opportunity of pursuing my studies.' Nothing, too, is more certain than that Temple introduced him to his most distinguished guests, an honour to which he would scarcely have been admitted, had his place been, as Macaulay represents it as being, at the second table. Twice, indeed, during this period of alleged ignominious vassallage, we find him in conversation with no less a person than his Sovereign, who, on one occasion, condescended to teach him how to cut asparagus in the Dutch way, and on another occasion listened to his arguments in favour of the Triennial Bill.

We believe, however, that the conclusions of Macaulay and the conclusions of Mr. Forster may in a manner be reconciled. Macaulay was no doubt right in asserting that the years passed by Swift under Temple's roof were years during which his haughty and restless spirit suffered cruel mortification. Mr. Forster is no doubt right in denying that Temple regarded him as a mere parasite. The truth probably is, that he entered Moor Park as Temple's amanuensis and secretary; that in return for these services he was boarded and paid; that his patron, at first, treated him not indeed with indignity, but with the reserve and indifference which a man of the world would naturally maintain towards a raw and inexperienced youth of twenty-three. But as his genius developed, and as his extraordinary powers began to display themselves—neither of which would be likely to escape so acute an observer as Temple—his relations with his employer assumed a new character. Temple grew every day more condescending and gracious. He discoursed freely with him on public affairs; he gave him the benefit of his own vast experience as a diplomatist and as a courtier; and he entrusted him with business which he would assuredly have entrusted to nobody in whose tact and parts he had not full confidence. It was not in Temple's nature to feel or assume that frank cordiality which puts dependents at their ease and lightens the burden of obligation, for his constitution was cold, his humour reserved. Partly also owing to ill-health, and partly to congenital infirmity, his temper was often moody and capricious. Of his substantial kindness to Swift there can however be no question. Indeed, we are convinced that Temple behaved from first to last with a generosity which has never been sufficiently appreciated. When, for example, in the spring of 1690, the state of the young secretary's health rendered a change to Ireland necessary,

necessary, Temple at once exercised his influence to procure employment for him in Dublin. Two years afterwards he helped him to obtain an *ad eundem* degree in Arts at Oxford, and in 1694 he offered him a post—the only post it was in his power to bestow—in Ireland. He had already recommended him to the notice of the King, who had, as early as 1692, promised to assist him.

But unhappily the mind and body of the youth on whom these favours had been bestowed were so diseased, that what was intended to benefit served only to irritate and distress him: the more indulgence he received, the more exacting and querulous he became; the brighter appeared the prospect without, the deeper and blacker grew the gloom within. All that had haunted his solitude at Dublin with unrest and wretchedness now returned to torment him in scenes of less sordid misery. His pride amounted almost to monomania. Fancied slights and imaginary wrongs ulcerated his soul with rage and grief. No kindness availed either to soothe or to cheer him. What would in gentler spirits awake the sense of gratitude, awoke nothing in him but a galling sense of obligation. In an honourable employment his jaundiced vision discerned only derogatory servitude. The acute sensibility which had been his bane from childhood, kept him constantly on the rack. A hasty word or even a cold look sufficed to trouble him during many days; and the inequalities of his patron's temper caused him pain so exquisite that it vibrated in his memory for years. Nor were these his only miseries. The first symptoms of that mysterious malady which pursued him through life, and which was, after making the world a pandemonium to him, to bring him, under circumstances of unspeakable degradation, to the tomb, had already revealed themselves. His chief solace during the earlier portion of this dismal time lay in scribbling verses and in teaching a little delicate, pale-faced, dark-eyed girl to read and write. The child was a daughter of a poor widow in the service of Temple's sister, Lady Giffard, and when Swift first saw her she was in her seventh year. Such were the circumstances under which he first met Esther Johnson, and such was the commencement of one of the saddest and most mysterious stories which have ever found a place in the records of the domestic history of eminent men. To poetic composition he appears at this time to have devoted himself with great assiduity; but his success was by no means proportioned to his efforts. In truth, anything worse than the Pindarics of Swift would be inconceivable. They are not merely immeasurably below the vilest of Cowley's or Oldham's, but they are im-

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measurably below the vilest that could be selected from Yalden, Flatman, or Sprat. Indeed they are so bad that, if we wish to judge of them relatively, we must judge them in relation to each other. If, for example, there is anything more insufferable than the 'Ode to Archbishop Sancroft,' it is the 'Ode to Sir William Temple;' and should the reader be inclined to wonder whether anything worse than the 'Ode to Temple' could possibly exist, he has only to turn to the 'Ode on the Athenian Society.' This last poem he submitted to his kinsman Dryden, requesting an opinion as to its merits. 'Cousin Swift,' was the old man's blunt reply, 'you will never be a poet.' As Dryden's literary judgments were held to be without appeal, and carried among the wits of these times the weight and authority of oracles, this was a severe blow. And Swift felt it keenly. Its effect on him was characteristic. He recognized, with the good sense that always distinguished him, the justice of the criticism, and he wrote no more ambitious verses. But he indemnified himself for the blow his vanity had received by seizing every opportunity to ridicule and vilify his critic. To the end of his life he pursued the memory of Dryden with unrelenting hostility.

He now determined to strike for independence. His thoughts pointed towards the Church, for in the Church he saw prospects such as no other walk in life opened out, and the King had in the event of his taking orders promised him preferment. But Temple was very unwilling to part with him. He counselled delay; it would be wiser, he thought, to wait until the King had offered what he promised. Swift was, however, not to be evaded, and his importunity appears to have ruffled his patron's temper. At last, after some haggling, he boldly demanded what Temple was prepared to do for him. 'I shall not,' said the old statesman, 'pledge myself to anything; but you may, if you please, take a clerkship in the Irish Rolls.' 'Then,' replied Swift, 'as I have now an opportunity of living without being driven into the Church for a maintenance, I shall go to Ireland and take orders.' And he quitted Moor Park in a pet.

He had however, in all probability, fully considered what he was about to do; and though after events must have caused misgivings as to the prudence of what he now did, it is remarkable that he never, so far as we can discover, expressed, either in writing or conversation, regret for having taken a step which, from a worldly point of view, he had assuredly ample reason to repent. He was ordained by the Bishop of Derry; his deacon's orders are dated October the 28th, 1694, his priest's orders, Jan. 13th, 1695. In his autobiography he is

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careful to tell us that it was not for the mere sake of gaining a livelihood that he sought ordination, but his correspondence makes it quite clear that expectation of preferment was, if not his only, at least his primary motive. However that may be, he accepted his position, with all its responsibilities. If the yoke galled him, none saw the sore. If he had scruples, he concealed them. It would be absurd to say that Swift was at any time a model clergyman, but it is due to him to acknowledge that, from the moment he entered the Church to the moment disease incapacitated him for action, he was the indefatigable champion of his order. Few ecclesiastics have, indeed, in any age, done more for the body to which they belonged. To his efforts the Irish Church owed the remission of First Fruits and Twentieths. It was he who suggested, and it was he who pleaded for, the erection of those churches which still keep the memory of the Good Queen fresh among Londoners. For upwards of thirty years he fought the battles of the Church against the Catholics on the one hand, against the Nonconformists and Free Thinkers on the other, with a vehemence and intrepidity which savoured not merely of zeal but of fanaticism. The meanest of his brethren, when persecuted and oppressed, was sure of his protection. Any attempt on the part of the laity to tamper with the rights of the clergy never failed to bring him into the field. It was this which envenomed him against the Whigs. It was this which involved him in a lifelong feud with the Dissenters. It was this which inspired the last and most terrible of his satires. Nor did his solicitude for the interests of his order end here. We have no hesitation in saying that the respectability of the inferior hierarchy dates from him. What the position of an unbeneficed priest was in those days we know from innumerable sources. His existence was, as a rule, one long struggle with sordid embarrassments. Though he belonged to a learned profession, he was not permitted even by courtesy to place himself on an equality with gentlemen. He subsisted partly on charity, and partly on such fees as his professional services might accidentally enable him to pick up. He officiated at clandestine marriages, he baptized unfortunate children. He negotiated here for a burial, and there for a sermon. In one family he undertook to say grace for his keep; in another he contracted to read prayers twice a day for ten shillings a month. The result of this was that the minor clergy, as Macaulay justly remarks, ranked as a body lower than any other educated class in the community. To Swift belongs the double honour of having been the first to kindle in his degraded brethren a new spirit,
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and of having done more than any single man ever did to vindicate for them that rank in society which they now happily hold. He strove to impress on them a sense of the dignity of their calling. He pointed out to them that to obtain the respect of the world they must respect themselves. He taught them to feel that a Christian and a scholar was in the truest signification of the word a gentleman; that there need be nothing servile in dependence, nothing derogatory in poverty. How minutely he had studied the requirements of his profession, and how bitterly he felt the degradation of that profession, is evident in his 'Essay on the Fates of Clergymen,' and in his 'Letter to a Young Clergyman on taking Orders,' an admirable treatise which well deserves a place in the library of every candidate for ordination. Few things probably gave him more pleasure than the reflection, that his own social distinction had in a manner contributed to raise Churchmen in popular estimation. What is certain is, that the more famous he became the more studiously he identified himself with his order. At Court, at the levee of the Lord Treasurer, in the drawing-rooms of noble houses, he carried this peculiarity to the verge of ostentation. It was observed that whenever he went abroad, or gave audience to a stranger, he was careful to appear in cassock and gown. He would never permit even his most intimate friends to forget the respect due to his cloth. If at social gatherings festivity exceeded the limits of the becoming, it was his habit to leave the table. Immodesty and impiety he regarded with abhorrence, and he was once so annoyed at the levity of the conversation at Bolingbroke's table, that he quitted his host's house in a rage. In his anonymous writings he allowed himself, it is true, a licence which seems scarcely compatible with this austerity; but his anonymous writings must not be confounded with his personal character. No profane or licentious expression was ever known to proceed from his lips. His morals were pure even to asceticism. His deportment was remarkably grave and dignified, and his conduct, though often singularly eccentric, was never such as to compromise him in the eyes of inferiors. The least charitable of his biographers admit that he performed his duties, both as a parish priest and as head of the Chapter of St. Patrick's, with exemplary diligence. He regularly visited the sick, he regularly administered the Sacrament, he regularly preached. For twenty years he was never known to absent himself from Early Morning Prayer. Though he had personally no taste for music, he took immense pains with the education of the choir at St. Patrick's. At Laracor he instituted, in addition to the ordinary Sunday services,

services, extraordinary services on week-days ; and these services, whenever he was in residence, he conducted himself. If between 1701 and 1714 he was frequently absent from his parish, it must be remembered that his congregation scarcely ever numbered more than twenty, and that for this congregation, scanty though it was, he not only provided an incumbent, but took care, even during his busiest time in London, to be regularly informed of all that took place in his absence. He rebuilt at his own expense the parsonage ; he laid out at his own expense the grounds ; he increased the glebe from one acre to twenty.

But to return from our digression—a digression which we have been tempted to make because of the erroneous notions which, arising partly from apocryphal anecdotes, and partly, no doubt, from presumptions formed on Swift's own writings, appear to prevail so generally touching his character as a clergyman. That there was much in the temper and conduct of this singular man, which ill became an apostle of that Religion the soul and essence of which are humility and charity, we must in justice acknowledge. But no such admission shall induce us to withhold the praise to which he is righteously entitled. And that praise is high praise. Preference, such as it was, was not long in coming. A few days after he had been ordained priest he was presented with the small prebend of Kilroot. It was in the diocese of Connor, and was worth about a hundred a year. Of his residence at Kilroot few particulars have survived. One passage of his life in this dismal solitude is, however, not without interest. At Kilroot Swift sought, and sought with passionate importunity, to become a husband. For the last time in his life he addressed a woman in the language of love. For the last time in his life he was at the feet of a fellow-creature. The lady who had the honour of inspiring him with this passion was the sister of a college acquaintance. Her name was Waryng, a name which her suitor, after the fashion of gallants of those times, transformed into the fanciful title of Varina. The correspondence between the two lovers extended over a period of four years. Of this nothing remains but two letters of Swift's, and from these two letters must be gathered all that can now be known of the woman whom Thackeray absurdly describes as Swift's first victim. Now these letters seem to us conclusive in Swift's favour. He had, it is easy to see, acted in every way honourably and straightforwardly. He offered to make great sacrifices ; he expresses himself in terms of chivalrous devotion. Miss Waryng, on the other hand, appears to have been a sensual but politic coquette, who held out just so much hope

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as sufficed to keep her lover in expectancy, and just so much encouragement as sufficed to make him impatient. For a while he submitted to all the indignities which female caprice can devise for the torture of men in his unhappy condition. At last the spell was broken; he grew first languid and then indifferent. What followed was what usually does follow in such cases. As the lover cooled, the mistress melted. As he wished to dissolve the tie, she wished to draw it closer. Their correspondence terminated with a letter on which we forbear to comment, but which we would recommend to the perusal of any of our fair readers who may, like Varina, be tempted to abuse the prerogatives of wit and beauty. It would not be true to say that Swift ever became a misogynist, but nothing is more certain than that from this time the poetry of the affections ceased to appeal to him. Henceforth love lost all its glamour. Henceforth the passion which religion and romance have ennobled into the purest and holiest of human bonds awoke only nausea and contempt. He never afterwards sought to marry. He never afterwards permitted woman to be more to him than a sister or a friend.

Meanwhile his patron was anxious to have him back again at Moor Park. Temple was, it seems, busy preparing his *Memoirs and Miscellanies* for the press, and wanted assistance. Accordingly, at the beginning of 1696, he wrote to Swift inviting him to return. Swift, weary of Kilroot and influenced no doubt by the hope of preferment in England, complied at once with the request. He completed his arrangements, indeed, with such expedition, that gossip was busy with conjectures as to the reason of his sudden departure. Two legends, one to his credit, and one to his discredit, but both equally unfounded and equally absurd, have been preserved by biographers. They are, however, scarcely worth a passing allusion.

Swift's second residence at Moor Park may be regarded as the turning-point of his life. During this period his character became fixed; the habits which ever afterwards distinguished him were formed; his real education commenced; his extraordinary powers first revealed themselves. The biographers tell us that ever since his failure at the University he had vowed to devote at least eight hours in every day to study. Of this industry we find no very decisive proofs, either during his first residence with Temple or during his stay in Ireland. But between 1696 and 1700 it is certain that his application was intense. In one year, for example, he had, in addition to several English and French works, perused the whole of Virgil twice, Lucretius and Florus three times, the whole of the 'Iliad' and the

the 'Odyssey,' the whole of Horace and Petronius, the 'Characters' of Theophrastus, the Epistles of Cicero, much of Ælian: and had not only read but analysed Diodorus Siculus, Cyprian, and Irenæus. His classical attainments were never, we suspect, either exact or profound. Of his acquirements in Greek he has, it is true, given us no opportunity of judging; but of his acquirements in Latin we can only say that, if they are to be estimated by his compositions, they were not such as to give him a place among scholars. His Latin prose is, as a rule, ostentatiously unclassical; his verses habitually violate the simplest laws of prosody. But whatever may have been his deficiency in the technicalities of scholarship, his general acquaintance with the writers of antiquity was undoubtedly considerable. Of his familiarity with Homer there can be no question. We think, too, that he must have studied Demosthenes with great diligence. It may sound paradoxical, but we will venture to assert that there is nothing in our literature more Demosthenean in style and method than the 'Drapier Letters' and such pamphlets as the 'Conduct of the Allies' and the 'Public Spirit of the Whigs.' Lucretius was always a favourite with him, and the Roman satirists he knew intimately. Indeed, he was so sensible of the value of such studies, that, when political duties had for a while suspended them, his first care, on becoming master of his time, was to betake himself to the 'History of the Persian Wars' and to the 'De Rerum Naturâ.'

While he was thus storing his mind with the treasures of Temple's library, an incident occurred which gave birth to the first characteristic production of his genius. For some years a most idle controversy as to the relative merits of ancient and modern writers had been agitating literary circles both in England and on the Continent; and in 1692 Temple had, in an elegantly written but silly and flimsy dissertation, taken up the gauntlet in favour of the ancients. In this dissertation he had selected for special eulogy a series of impudent forgeries which some late sophist had attempted to palm off on the world as the 'Epistles of Phalaris of Agrigentum.' Competent scholars had long treated them with the contempt they deserved. But Temple, with a dogmatism which was the more ludicrous as he was unable to construe a line of the language in which they were written, not only pronounced them to be genuine, but cited them as proofs of the superiority of the ancients in epistolary literature. Nothing which bore Temple's name on the title-page could fail to command attention, and the treatise speedily became popular. The reading public, who knew little more about Phalaris than that he roasted people in
a brazen

a brazen bull and was afterwards roasted himself, grew curious about these wonderful letters. As there was no accessible edition, Aldrich, the Dean of Christ Church, induced his favourite pupil, Charles Boyle, a younger son of the Earl of Orrery, to undertake one, and in 1695 the volume appeared. The book was as bad as bad could be, and would have been forgotten in a fortnight, but it chanced that in the preface the young editor had taken occasion to sneer at Richard Bentley, then fast rising to pre-eminence among scholars. Bentley, in revenge, proved the letters to be what in truth they were, the worthless fabrication of a late age. To the public expression of this opinion he had been urged by his friend Wotton, who had already broken a lance with Temple in defence of the moderns, and was only too glad to find so weak a point in his opponent's armour. Temple, naturally angry at the aspersion thus cast on his taste and sagacity, and the dignitaries of Christ Church, feeling that the reputation of their College was at stake, made common cause. Temple prepared a reply, which he had the good sense to suppress. Boyle, or rather Boyle's coadjutors, Atterbury and Smalridge, united to produce a work now only memorable for having elicited Bentley's immortal treatise. Some months, however, before the Christ Church wits were in the field, Swift had come to his patron's assistance. The 'Battle of the Books' has always appeared to us the most original and pleasing of Swift's minor satires. The humour is in his finest vein, austere and bitter, but without any of that malignity which in later years so often flavoured it. Every sentence is pregnant with sense and meaning. The allegory throughout is admirably conducted, full of significance even in its minutest details. Nothing could be happier than the apologue of the Spider and the Bee, nothing more amusing than the portrait of Bentley, and assuredly nothing more exquisitely ludicrous than the episode of Bentley and Wotton. For the idea, but for the idea only, of this work, Swift was perhaps indebted to Coutray, a French writer, whose '*Histoire poétique de la Guerre nouvellement déclarée entre les Anciens et les Modernes*' appeared in 1588, and is now one of the rarest volumes known to bibliographers.

Swift soon discovered where his strength lay. His genius developed itself with astonishing rapidity. In 1696 he had not, so far as we know, produced a line which indicated the possession of powers in any way superior to those of ordinary men. In the following year he suddenly appeared as the author of a satire of which the least that can be said is, that it would have added to the reputation of Lucian or Erasmus; and before
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the year was out he had written the greater part of a work which is allowed to be one of the first prose satires in the world. The 'Tale of a Tub' was composed immediately after the 'Battle of the Books,' and it forms, as Mr. Forster rightly observes, part of the same satirical design. In the 'Battle of the Books,' he had satirized, in the person of the Moderns, the abuses of learning. In the 'Tale of a Tub,' he satirizes in the body of the narrative the abuses of religion, and in the digressions he returns to his former theme. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the immediate object of this inimitable satire was to trace the gradual corruption of primitive Christianity, to ridicule the tenets and the economy of the Church of Rome, to pour contempt on the Presbyterians and Nonconformists, and to exalt that section of the Reformed Church to which he himself belonged. None of his satires is so essentially Rabelaisian, but it is Rabelaisian in the best sense of the word. In the phrase of Voltaire, it is Rabelais in his senses; in the still happier phrase of Coleridge, it is the soul of Rabelais in a dry place. Without the good canon's buffoonery and mysticism, it has all his inexhaustible fertility of imagination and fancy, all his humour, all his wit. But it has them with a difference. The humour of Rabelais is that of a man drunk with animal spirits: the humour of Swift is that of a polished cynic. The essence of Rabelais' wit is grotesque extravagance; the wit of Swift is the perfection of refined ingenuity. In the 'History of Gargantua and Pantagruel' there is no attempt at condensation; the ideas are, as a rule, pursued with wearisome prolixity to their utmost ramifications. But the power manifested in the 'Tale of a Tub' is not merely power expressed, but power latent. Its force is the force of self-restraint. Every paragraph is novel and fresh; every page teems with suggestive matter. There is much in Rabelais which conveyed, we suspect, as little meaning to Du Bellay and Marot as it conveys to us. There is nothing in Swift's allegory which would puzzle a schoolboy who has Scott's notes, brief though they are, in his hand. The 'Tale of a Tub' is, in the opinion of many of Swift's critics, his masterpiece. 'It exhibits,' says Johnson, 'a vehemence and rapidity of mind, a copiousness and vivacity of diction, such as he never afterwards possessed, or never exerted.' It is curious that it should have escaped all Swift's biographers and critics, that he was probably indebted for the hint of this famous work to a pamphlet written by Archbishop Sharpe, the very prelate who succeeded a few years later in persuading Anne that, as the author of such a satire as the 'Tale,' Swift was not a proper person for a bishopric. Sharpe's pamphlet is entitled 'A Refutation

'A Refutation of a Popish argument handed about in manuscript in 1686,' and may be found in the seventh volume of the duodecimo edition of his collected works.*

Swift's indifference to literary distinction, at an age when men are as a rule most eager for such distinction, is curiously illustrated by the fate of these works. For eight years they remained in manuscript, and when they appeared, they appeared not only anonymously, but without receiving his final corrections.

At the beginning of 1699 Temple died. 'He expired,' writes Swift, with mingled tenderness and cynicism, 'at one o'clock this morning, January 27th, 1699, and with him all that was good and amiable in human nature.' When the will was opened, he found that his patron's provision for him, though not liberal, was judicious. In addition to a small pecuniary legacy, he had appointed him his literary executor, with the right to appropriate such sums as the publication of his posthumous papers—and they were voluminous—might realize. These papers Swift published in three instalments, the first appearing in 1701, and the last in 1709.

During the next fourteen years his life was one long and fierce struggle for pre-eminence and dominion. To obtain that homage which the world accords, and accords only, to rank and opulence, and to wrest from fortune what fortune had at his birth malignantly withheld, became the end and aim of all his efforts. In those days literary distinction was not valued as it is valued in our time. If a man of letters found his way to the tables of the great, he was treated in a manner which offensively reminded him of the social disparity between himself and his host. The multitude regarded him, if he was poor, as was only too likely, with contempt; if he was well to do, with indifference. Hence men ambitious of worldly honour and worldly success shrank from identifying themselves with authorship, and employed their pens only as a means of obtaining Church preferment or political influence. This perhaps accounts for Swift's carelessness about the fate of his writings, and for the fact that, with two or three unimportant exceptions, nothing that came from his hand appeared with his name. Indeed, on no body of men have the shafts of his terrible scorn fallen so frequently, as on those whom we should describe as authors by profession. But if distinction in literature was not his end, he knew well its value as a means. Many adventurers with resources far inferior to his had fought their way into the chambers of royalty and to the Episcopal

* This was first pointed out by a writer in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for July 1814.

Bench. With what patience under disappointment, with what long-protracted assiduity, with what tact and skill, with what tremendous energy, with what unscrupulous versatility, with what vast expenditure of genius and ability, he pursued this object, is now matter of history.

The death of his patron found him without preferment and without a competency. As the King had, however, on the occasion of one of his visits to Moor Park, promised to confer on him a prebend either of Canterbury or of Westminster, he was by no means inclined to despond; and he hastened up to London to remind William of his promise. His request took the form of a petition, which one of the Lords of the Council promised to present. This, however, he neglected to do, and Swift, weary of hanging about Kensington, and angry no doubt at the King's neglect, accepted an invitation from the Earl of Berkeley, then one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, to accompany him as chaplain and secretary to Dublin. Berkeley, little knowing the character of the man with whom he had to deal, attempted at first to treat him as superiors are wont to treat dependents. Finding it convenient on his arrival in Ireland to bestow the private-secretaryship on a layman, he suddenly informed Swift that his services as a chaplain were all that would be henceforth expected from him. The deprivation of this office was, however, accompanied with a promise of ecclesiastical preferment. In a few months the rich deanery of Derry chanced to fall vacant. It was in the disposal of Berkeley, and Swift at once applied for it; but the person, one Bushe, who had superseded him in the secretaryship, now prevailed on Berkeley to confer the deanery on another candidate. Swift's rage knew no bounds. Thundering out to the astonished secretary and his no less astonished principal, 'God confound you both for a couple of scoundrels,' he abruptly quitted the castle. Nor did his wrath end here. He gibbeted his patron in a lampoon distinguished even among his other lampoons by its scurrility. Whether this came to Berkeley's ears is not known. We are very much inclined to believe that it did, and that Berkeley's subsequent conduct is to be attributed, not to a sense of justice, nor, as Mr. Forster supposes, to the influence of Lady Berkeley and her daughters, but to a sense of fear. He had probably the sagacity to see that no public man could afford to make an enemy of a writer so powerful and so unscrupulous as Swift. What is certain is, that his excellency lost little time in appeasing his infuriated chaplain. In a short time Swift was again an inmate of the castle, and in a few weeks he was in possession of preferment, not indeed equivalent

equivalent in value to the deanery, but sufficient to maintain him in decency and independence. In March, 1699, he was presented with the rectory of Agher and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathbeggan in the diocese of Meath. In the following year the prebend of Dunlavin in St. Patrick's Cathedral was added to his other preferments. A few months later he took his Doctor's degree in the University of Dublin. For the present, however, he continued to reside as domestic chaplain at the Castle.

In the spring of 1701 Berkeley was recalled, and Swift accompanied him to England. He found the country convulsed with civil discord; the unpopularity of the King was at its height; a disgraceful feud divided the two Houses; a war with France was apparently imminent. This latter disaster the Tories attributed to the Partition Treaties, and, as the Tories had just won a great victory, they were determined to indemnify themselves for their recent depression by giving full scope to resentment and vengeance. With this object they were hurrying on impeachments against the four Whig Ministers who had most prominently connected themselves with the obnoxious treaties. Swift was not the man to remain a mere spectator where he was so well qualified to enter the arena, and in the summer of 1701 appeared his first contribution to contemporary politics. It was a treatise in five chapters, entitled 'A Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions between the Nobles and the Commons in Athens and Rome;' and it was written to vindicate the Whig Ministers, to defend the King's foreign policy, and to allay the intemperate fury of party. It points out that what ruined States in ancient times is quite as likely to ruin States in modern times, and it selects from the political history of Rome and Athens incidents analogous to the incidents then occurring in England. The tone is calm and grave, the style simple, nervous, and clear. What distinguishes it from Swift's other political tracts is, that it is without humour and without satire. The work at once attracted attention. Some ascribed it to Somers, others to Burnet; but Swift, for a time at least, kept his own secret, and returned to Ireland. Next year, however, he acknowledged the authorship, and was received with open arms by the Whig leaders, who, confessing their obligations to him, promised to do all in their power to serve him. In 1704 appeared a volume which at once raised him to the highest place among contemporary prose writers. It contained the 'Tale of a Tub,' the 'Battle of the Books,' and the 'Discourse on the Mechanical Operation of the Spirit,' a singularly powerful satire on hypocritical fanaticism, written in his bitterest

bitterest and most cynical vein. From this moment he became a distinguished figure in literary and political circles. Somers, indeed, contented himself with being civil, but with the more genial Halifax acquaintanceship soon ripened into intimacy. The very remarkable words in which Addison inscribed to him a copy of his 'Travels in Italy' sufficiently prove in what estimation the Vicar of Laracor was, even as early as 1705, held by those whose praise was best worth having. 'To Dr. Jonathan Swift'—so runs the inscription—'the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age.'

The next five years form perhaps the most unsatisfactory period in Swift's life. They were spent partly in Ireland, where he divided his time between Laracor and Dublin, and partly in London, where he passed his mornings in scribbling pamphlets which he never published, his afternoons in dancing attendance on the Whig Ministers, and his evenings in gossiping with Addison and Addison's friends in coffee-houses. The preferment which his new patrons had promised never came, though it appeared to be always on the way. At one moment it seemed probable that he would be promoted to the see of Waterford, at another moment he had some hope of Cork. Then he expressed his willingness to accompany Lord Berkeley as Secretary of the Embassy to Vienna, and at last talked half-seriously of going out as a colonial bishop to Virginia. But nothing succeeded, and the fact that nothing succeeded he attributed neither to the cross accidents of fortune, nor to the obstinate opposition of the Court, but to the treachery and ingratitude of his friends. Though he still continued to jest and pun with Pembroke and the Berkeleys, to discuss the prospects of the Whigs with Somers, and to lend an additional charm to the splendid hospitality of Halifax at Hampton Court, his temper grew every day more soured; every day he became more suspicious and sore.

In truth a breach with the Whigs was inevitable. Even apart from motives of self-interest—and it would be doing Swift great injustice to suppose that motives of self-interest were the only, or indeed the chief, motives which at this time guided him—he had ample cause for dissatisfaction. If there was one thing dear to him, it was the Established Church. To preserve that Church intact, intact in its ritual, intact in its dogmas, intact in its rights, was in his eyes of infinitely greater importance than the most momentous of those questions which divided party from party. As a politician, he found no difficulty in reconciling the creed of Halifax and Somers with the creed of St. John and Harcourt. He was at one with those who dethroned

James and set up William; he was tender with those who spoke respectfully of the doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance. He figures in history, indeed, as a furious partisan, but nothing is more remarkable than the moderation and tolerance which he always displays in discussing the principles of political opinion. In his own creed he shunned all extremes; it was of the essence of compromise. 'No man,' he says in one of the most admirable of his minor tracts, 'who has examined the conduct of both parties for some years past, can go to the extremes of either without offering some violence to his integrity or understanding.' Again he writes, 'In order to preserve the Constitution entire in Church and State, whoever has a true value for either would be sure to avoid the extremes of Whig for the sake of the former, and the extremes of Tory for the sake of the latter.' But all traces of this moderate spirit disappear the moment the Church is in question. As an ecclesiastic, he was intolerant even to ferocious bigotry. The Reformed Protestant Church was in his eyes the only religious institution which civil authority should recognize; its doctrines the only doctrines which should be held to constitute the faith of Christians. The depth and sincerity of his convictions on this point are strikingly illustrated by the fact, that when as leader of Irish opposition to England it was plainly his interest to unite men of all religions against the Government, his hostility to such as lay outside the pale of the Protestant Church was as obstinate and uncompromising as ever. In his writings he makes no distinction between Papists and Atheists, between Presbyterians and Free Thinkers. He was in favour of the Penal Laws. He upheld the cruellest of those statutes which excluded Nonconformists from the rights of citizens. On these points his opinion was at variance with the party to which he was politically attached, and entirely in harmony with that held by the party to which he was politically opposed. It was not, however, till 1708 that Swift began to realize that the interests of his order and the interests of his party were irreconcilable. In that year it became evident that the Church was in danger. The Whigs were, in truth, more and more identifying themselves with her enemies. They had already agitated a repeal of the Test Act in favour of the Protestant Dissenters in Ireland, and its repeal would probably soon be moved in England. The contempt in which many of them held the religion of the State was notorious. Indeed Cowper, the Chancellor, and Somers, the President of the Council, were popularly regarded as little better than infidels. Nor was this all. In the Whig ranks were to be found that odious clique—at the head of which were Toland, Tyndal, and Collins—

Collins—a clique whose avowed object was the demolition of orthodoxy. Under these circumstances Swift published in 1708 his 'Sentiments of a Church of England Man,' a pamphlet in his best manner, temperate in tone, forcible and luminous in style. He here defines his position, and here for the first time his dissatisfaction with his party is discernible. This was succeeded by that inimitable satire on the Free Thinkers, entitled, 'An Argument against Abolishing Christianity.' It may be questioned whether pure irony has ever been carried to greater perfection than in this short piece.

But it was not as a satirist only that he designed to combat the enemies of Christianity. He had gathered materials for an elaborate refutation of one of the most obnoxious of Tyndal's publications, an interesting fragment of which may be found in the eighth volume of his collected writings. Meanwhile the Whigs in Ireland were pushing on the repeal of the Test Act, and in December appeared Swift's famous letter concerning the Sacramental Test. The defeat of the bill followed. It was believed that Swift's pamphlet had turned the scale against Repeal; and from this moment all cordiality between himself and his party was at an end. In his next treatise, a 'Project for the Advancement of Religion,' there was, we suspect, as much policy as piety. It appears to have been written partly to ingratiate himself with the Queen, and partly to insinuate that Whig dominion was inimical alike to morality and religion. Such at least is the impression which this singular work makes upon us. No man who knew the world as Swift knew it, could have seriously entertained many of the schemes which he here gravely propounds.

While he was busy with these works, his humour and drollery were convulsing London with laughter. Though astrological quackery had long been on the decline, it still found credit with the uneducated. Its most distinguished professor at this time was John Partridge, a charlatan who was in the habit of publishing each year an almanack, in which he predicted, with due ambiguity, what events were in the course of the year destined to take place. In February 1708 appeared a pamphlet of a few pages, informing the public that Partridge was an impostor, that a rival prophet was in the field, and that it was the intention of that rival prophet to issue an opposition almanack. The writer then proceeded with great gravity to unfold the future. He scorned, he said, to fence himself, like Partridge, with vagueness and generalities; he should be particular in everything he foretold; he should in all cases name the day; he should often be enabled to name the very hour. 'My first prediction,' he goes on to say, 'is but a trifle;' it relates to Par-

tridge, the almanack-maker. 'I have consulted the star of his nativity by my own rules, and find he will infallibly die upon the twenty-ninth of March next, about eleven o'clock at night, of a raging fever; therefore I advise him to consider of it and settle his affairs in time.' The pamphlet was signed Isaac Bickerstaffe, but it was soon known in literary circles that Isaac Bickerstaffe was none other than Jonathan Swift. The thirtieth of March arrived, and out came 'The accomplishment of the first part of Bickerstaffe's Predictions, being an account of the death of Mr. Partridge upon the 29th instant.' Here we read how, towards the end of March, Mr. Partridge was observed to droop and sicken; how he then took to his bed; how, as the end drew near, his conscience smiting him, he sorrowfully confessed that his prophecies were mere impositions, and that he himself was a rogue; and how finally he breathed his last just as Bickerstaffe had predicted. To this, in his almanack for 1709, Partridge was fool enough to reply, 'thanking God that he was not only alive, but well and hearty,' and unluckily adding that he was alive also on the day of his alleged demise. Upon that Bickerstaffe, in an exquisitely humorous pamphlet, proceeded to assure Partridge that if he imagined himself alive, he was labouring under hallucination; alive he may have been on the 29th of March, for his death did not occur till the evening, but dead he most assuredly had been ever since, for he had himself virtually admitted it. 'If,' added Bickerstaffe, 'an uninformed carcase still walks about, and is pleased to call itself Partridge, I do not think myself in any way answerable for that.' The jest had now become general. The life of the unhappy almanack-maker was a burden to him. At home facetious neighbours pestered him with questions as to whether he had left any orders for a funeral sermon, whether his grave 'was to be plain or bricked.' If he appeared in the street he was asked why he was sneaking about without his coffin, and why he had not paid his burial fees. So popular became the name assumed by Swift in this humorous controversy, that when in April 1709 Steele started the 'Tatler,' it was as Isaac Bickerstaffe that he sought to catch the public ear.

But controversies of another kind were now fast approaching. The latter half of 1709, and the greater part of 1710, Swift spent in sullen discontent in Ireland. Meanwhile every post was bringing important tidings from London. At the beginning of February came the news of the impeachment of Sacheverell. In the summer arrived a report that the Ministry were to be turned out. By the 15th of June Sunderland had been dismissed. By the 23rd of August Godolphin had resigned, the

Treasury

Treasury was in commission, and the ruin of the Whigs imminent. In less than a month Swift was in England. The business which carried him thither was business which had for two years been occupying him. At the suggestion of Bishop Burnet, Anne had, shortly after her accession, consented to waive her claim to the first fruits and tenths. The remission extended only to the English clergy, but the Irish Convocation, thinking themselves entitled to the same favour, had petitioned the Lord Treasurer to lay their case before the Queen. With this object they had, in 1708, appointed Swift their delegate. Session after session he had pleaded and importuned, but he had been able to obtain nothing but evasive answers. It was now hoped that an application would be more successful, and this application Swift, in commission with the Bishops of Ossory and Killaloe, was directed to make.

On his arrival in London he found everything in confusion. The Whigs were in panic, the Tories in perplexity. Harley was at the head of affairs, but on which of the two parties Harley intended to throw himself, was as yet known to no man. Many believed that few further changes would be made. Others were of opinion that a coalition ministry would be formed. What seemed certain was, that no Tory government would have the smallest chance of standing for a month. By the majority of the Whigs, the appearance of Swift was hailed with joy. 'They were,' he writes to Esther Johnson, 'ravished to see me, and would lay hold on me as a twig while they are drowning.' But by Godolphin he was received in a manner which bordered on rudeness, and when he called on Somers, it was plain that all he had to expect from the greatest of the Whigs, was cold civility. And now he took a step of which he probably little foresaw the consequences. With Harley he was already slightly acquainted, and at the beginning of October he called on him explaining the business which had brought him to town, and requesting the favour of an interview. The interview was granted, and in less than a fortnight Swift was the friend and confidant of the leader of the Tories, was assailing his old allies, was fighting the battles of his former opponents.

No action of his life has been so severely commented on as his defection from his party at a crisis when defection is justly regarded as least defensible. But what are the facts of the case? In deserting the Whigs he deserted men from whom in truth he had long been alienated, who were in league with the enemies of his order, who were for factious purposes pursuing a policy eminently disastrous and immoral, and who had treated him personally not merely with gross ingratitude, but with unwarrantable

warrantable disrespect. He was bound to them neither by ties of duty nor by ties of sentiment. He owed them nothing, he had promised them nothing. Nor did his apostasy involve any sacrifice of political principle. On all essential points he was, as we have seen, a moderate Whig, and in all essential points a moderate Whig he continued to remain. Whoever will take the trouble to compare what he wrote under the administration of Godolphin, with what he wrote under the administration of Harley, will perceive that he was never, even in the heat of controversy, inconsistent with himself. What he declared to be his creed in his 'Sentiments of a Church of England Man,' he declared to be his creed in his contributions to the 'Examiner,' in his 'Free Thoughts on Public Affairs,' and in a remarkable letter which, six years after Anne's death, he addressed to Pope.* Who ever accused Godolphin and Marlborough of treachery, when they deserted the Tories and identified themselves with the Whigs? And yet there is nothing which tells against Swift which does not tell with infinitely greater force against them. He went over to Harley, it is true, at a time when the Whigs were in trouble, but it ought in justice to be remembered that he went over to him at a time when there were probably not ten men in London who believed that the new Ministry would stand. In truth his correspondence amply proves that, when he cast in his lot with Harley, he fully believed that his patron was playing a losing game, and that the Whigs would in all probability speedily recover themselves. This is not, we submit, the conduct of a vulgar renegade. But here apology must end. The rancour and malignity which mark his attacks on his old associates, many of them men to whose probity and disinterestedness he had himself given eloquent testimony, admit of no justification. He had, we are satisfied, honestly persuaded himself that it was his duty, both in the interests of the State and in the interests of the Church, to break with the Whigs, but it would be absurd to deny that his hostility on public grounds was sharpened by private animosity.

No man of letters has ever occupied a position similar to that which Swift held during the administration of Harley. Ostensibly a mere dependent, the power which he virtually possessed was autocratical. Without rank, without wealth, without office, rank, wealth, and authority were at his feet. The influence which he exercised on all with whom he came in contact resembled fascination. Men little accustomed to anything but

* This important letter, which is dated Dublin, Jan. 10, 1720-1, is an elaborate exposition of Swift's political creed.

the most deferential respect submitted meekly to all the caprices of his insolent temper. Noble ladies solicited in vain the honour of his acquaintance. The heads of princely houses bore from him what they would have resented in an equal. Indeed, the liberties which he sometimes took with social superiors are such as to be scarcely credible. On one occasion, for example, he sent the Lord Treasurer to fetch the principal Secretary of State from the House of Commons, 'For I desire,' he said, 'to inform him with my own lips, that if he dines late I shall not dine with him.' On another occasion, when informed that the Duke of Buckinghamshire—a nobleman whose pride had passed into a proverb—was anxious to be introduced to him, he coolly replied, 'It cannot be, for he has not made sufficient advances.' By Harley and St. John, the one the Lord Treasurer, the other the principal Secretary of State, he was treated not merely as an equal, but as a brother. He was their companion at home and in business. They indulged him in all his whims. They bore with patience the sallies of his sarcastic humour. They allowed him a licence, both of speech and action, which they would never have tolerated in a kinsman. When we remember that at the time Swift attained this extraordinary dominion over his contemporaries he was known only as a country priest with a turn for letters, who had come to London partly as an ambassador from the Irish Clergy and partly to look for preferment, it may well move our wonder. But it is not difficult to explain. No one who is acquainted with the character of Swift, with his character as it appears in his own writings, as it has been illustrated in innumerable anecdotes, and as it has been delineated by those who were familiar with him, can fail to see that he belonged to the kings of human kind. Everything about him indicated superiority. His will was a will of adamant, his intellect was an intellect scarcely inferior perhaps to that of a Richelieu or an Innocent. And to that will and to that intellect was joined a spirit singularly stern, dauntless, and haughty. In all he did, as in all he said, these qualities were conspicuously, nay, often offensively, apparent, but nowhere were they written more legibly than in his deportment and countenance. Though his features had not at this time assumed the awful severity which they assume in the portrait by Bindon, they were, to judge from the picture painted about this time by Jervis, eminently dignified and striking. Need we recal the lofty forehead, the broad and massive temples, the shapely semi-aquiline nose, the full but compressed lips, the dimpled double chin, and the heavy-lidded,
clear

clear blue eyes, rendered peculiarly lustrous and expressive by the swarthy complexion and bushy black eyebrows which set them off? He was, we are told, never known to laugh; his humour, even when most facetious, was without gaiety, and he would sit unmoved while his jest was convulsing the company round him. The expression of his face could never even in his mildest moods have been amiable, but when anger possessed him it was absolutely terrific. His manner was imperious and abrupt. His words—few, dry, and bitter—cut like razors. In his conduct and in his speech lurked a mocking irony, which rendered it impossible even for those who were familiar with him to be altogether easy in his society. What he felt he seldom took pains to conceal, and what he felt for the majority of his fellow-men was mingled pity and contempt.

The biography of Swift between the winter of 1710 and the summer of 1714 is little less than the history of four of the most eventful years in English annals. For during the period which began with the triumph of Harley and ended with the discomfiture of Bolingbroke nothing of importance was done with which he is not associated. So fully, indeed, did he enter into the political life of those stirring times, that a minute history of the administration of Oxford might without difficulty be constructed from his correspondence and pamphlets. To one portion of that correspondence a peculiar interest attaches itself. Twenty-one years had passed since Swift first saw Esther Johnson at Moor Park. She was then a child of seven, he a young man of twenty-two. In spite of this disparity in years the little maid and himself had soon grown intimate. Her innocent prattle served to while away many a sad and weary hour. He would babble to her in her own baby language. He would romp and play with her, and, as her mind expanded, he became her teacher. From his lips she first learned the principles which ever afterwards guided her pure and blameless life. By him her tastes were formed, by him her intellect was moulded. For a while their intercourse was interrupted. Time rolled on. Temple died in 1701. Esther had settled down with a female companion at Farnham. She was then on the eve of womanhood, and rarely has woman been more richly endowed than the young creature who was about to dedicate her life to Swift. Of her personal charms many accounts have survived. Her pale but strikingly beautiful face beamed with amiability and intelligence. Neither sickness nor sorrow could dim the lustre of her fine dark eyes. Over her fair and open brow clustered hair blacker than a raven.

raven. Though her figure inclined, perhaps, somewhat too much to *embonpoint*, it was characterized by the most perfect grace. Her voice was soft and musical, her air and manner those of a finished lady. But these were not the qualities which in the eyes of Swift elevated Esther Johnson above the rest of her sex. What he dwells on with most fondness, in the description which he has left of her, are her wit and vivacity, her unerring judgment, her manifold accomplishments, the sweetness and gentleness of her temper, her heroic courage, her large-hearted charity. Few men would have been proof against charms like these. But to Swift Esther Johnson was at eighteen what she had been at seven. To her personal beauty he was not, indeed, insensible, but it formed no link in the chain which bound him to her. Many of the qualities which attracted him were qualities not peculiar to woman, and of the qualities peculiar to woman those which attracted him most were those which form no element in sexual love. Coleridge has conjectured with some plausibility that the name Stella, which is a man's name with a feminine termination, was purposely selected by him to symbolize the nature of his relation with Miss Johnson. That he was more attached to that lady than he was to any other human being seems clear, but the love was purely Platonic, and there is not the shadow of a reason for believing that a marriage was ever even formally solemnized between them. Of marriage, indeed, he scarcely ever speaks without expressions indicative either of horror or contempt. He delighted in the society of women; he even preferred their society to that of men, but his object in seeking it was merely to enable him to escape from himself. The truth is that, with all his austerity and cynicism, no man was more dependent on human sympathy. That sympathy he found in woman: he sought nothing more. To approach him nearer was to move his loathing. Of the poetry of passion he knew nothing. The grace and loveliness, over which an artist or a lover would hang entranced, presented themselves to him as they might present themselves to a thoughtful physician. Where the rest of his sex saw only the blooming cheek and the sparkling eye he saw only the grinning skull behind. Where all else would be sensible of nothing but what was pleasing, he would be sensible of nothing but what was disagreeable. His imagination grew not merely disenchanted but depraved. He appears, indeed, to have been drawn by some strange attraction to the contemplation of everything which is most offensive and most humiliating in our common humanity. But it was the fascination of repulsion. It was of the nature of that morbidity which tortured the
existence

existence of Rousseau.* His fastidious delicacy was such, that the conditions of physical being seemed to him inexpressibly revolting, and his mind, by continually dwelling on noisome images, became so polluted and diseased, that he looked upon his kind pretty much as the Houyhnhnms of his terrible fiction looked upon the Yahoos.

It was probably with the understanding that she could never be more to him than a sister that, at the beginning of 1701, Miss Johnson consented to settle near him in Ireland; and now commenced that curious history, the particulars of which have excited more interest and elicited more comment than any other portion of Swift's biography. What he desired was to establish free and affectionate relations with his young favourite, without compromising either her or himself. It was agreed, therefore, that she was to continue to reside with her companion Mrs. Dingley, and with Mrs. Dingley she continued to reside till her death. The rules which regulated their intercourse never varied. When Swift was in London, the two ladies occupied his lodgings in Dublin; when he returned, they withdrew to their own. At Laracor the arrangements were similar: he never passed a night under the same roof with them. At all his interviews with Miss Johnson, Mrs. Dingley was present. It would, says Orrery, be difficult if not impossible to prove that he had ever conversed with her except in the presence of witnesses. With the same scrupulous propriety, what he wrote he wrote for the perusal of both. If Miss Johnson nursed hopes that she might some day become his wife, these hopes must have been speedily dispelled. As early as 1704 the nature of his affection was submitted to a crucial test. One of his friends, a Mr. Tisdall, sought Esther in marriage. He consulted Swift with the double object of ascertaining whether Swift had himself any idea of marrying her, and, in the event of that not being the case, of soliciting his assistance in furthering his own suit. Swift replied that he had no intention at all of entering into such a relation with her, and, on being assured that Tisdall was in a position to support a wife, expressed his willingness to serve him. It seems to us highly probable that the whole of this transaction was a stratagem of Miss Johnson's. A bright and vivacious girl, in the bloom of youth and beauty, is scarcely likely to have adopted by choice the mode of life prescribed by Swift. She wished—who can doubt it?—to be bound to him by dearer ties. If anything could win him, it

* The subject is not a pleasing one, but if the reader will turn to the second volume of the 'Confessions,' part ii. book vii. p. 210 seqq., he will find a passage which seems to us curiously illustrative of Swift's peculiarities of temperament.

would

would be the fear of losing her. If anything could induce him to make her his wife, it would be the prospect of her becoming the wife of another man. She now knew her fate. She accepted it; and Swift was never again troubled with a rival. In Swift's conduct in this matter we fail to see anything disingenuous; he appears to have acted throughout honourably and straightforwardly. Each year drew the bonds of this eccentric connection closer. In Ireland the three friends were daily together, and though, as we have seen, Swift was frequently absent in England, it was always with reluctance that he set out, as it was always with impatience that he looked forward to returning. At last the friends were destined to be separated. From the time of Swift's arrival in England at the beginning of September 1710, till his return to Ireland as Dean of St. Patrick's in June 1713, he saw nothing either of Esther or of her companion. But absence was not permitted to interrupt their communion. A correspondence as voluminous as that which passed between Miss Byron and Miss Selby was exchanged. Of this correspondence the portion contributed by Swift is extant, and constitutes, as we need scarcely say, the 'Journal to Stella.' Of the value of those letters, both as throwing light on the political and social history of the early eighteenth century and as elucidating the character and conduct of their writer, it would be superfluous to speak. We know of no other parallel to them but the parallel which immediately suggests itself, the Diary of Pepys. Like Pepys, Swift writes with absolute unreserve. Like Pepys, he is not ashamed to exhibit himself in his weakest moments. Like Pepys, he records—and seems to delight in recording with ludicrous particularity—incidents trivial even to grotesqueness—how he dined and where he dined, what clothes he bought and what they cost him, what disorders he was suffering from and what disorders his friends were suffering from, what medicine he took and how that medicine affected him, what time he went to bed and on what side of the bed he lay. Side by side with these trivialities we find those vivid pictures of Court and City life in which, as on a living panorama, the world of Anne still moves before us. Nothing escaped his keen and observant glance, and nothing that he saw has he left unrecorded. Indeed, these most fascinating letters reflect as in a mirror all that was passing before his eyes, and all that was passing in his mind.

On his accession to power, Harley found himself beset with difficulties. The war with France was raging. That war had now become the touchstone of party feeling. The Tories were bent on bringing it with all expedition to an end. The Whigs,
in

in league with the Allies, were furious for its continuance. It was obvious that without a peace the Ministry must collapse. It was equally clear that to conclude a peace, except on terms highly advantageous to England, might cost Harley not his place merely, but his head. The task before him was therefore twofold. He must take measures to prosecute the war with vigour, that France might be induced to offer such terms as would satisfy the pride and cupidity of the English, and he must at the same time render the war and the war party unpopular. In this embarrassing position, he was surrounded by colleagues in whom he could place little confidence, and who were divided among themselves. Every day as it passed by increased his perplexity. A great schism had already torn his party into two sections. With the moderate Tories he knew how to deal, and could rely on their hearty co-operation. Over the extreme Tories—and the extreme Tories were in the majority—he had little or no control. Nor was this all. The finances were in deplorable confusion; there was a panic in the City; and so bad was the credit of the new Government, that he found it impossible to negotiate a loan sufficient even for the pressing necessities of the moment. Such was the position of affairs when, in November 1710, Swift undertook the editorship of the 'Examiner.' This famous periodical, which was the organ of the Tories, was published weekly. Thirteen numbers had already appeared. Though written by men whose names stood high both in literature and politics, none of the papers had made much impression on the public mind. Indirectly, indeed, the papers had done more mischief than service to the Tory cause, for they had provoked the Whigs to set up an opposition journal, the 'Whig Examiner,' and the superiority of the papers in the 'Whig Examiner' was so striking, that it was admitted even by the Tories themselves. But in Swift's hands the 'Examiner' rose to an importance without precedent in journalism. It became a voice of power in every town and in every hamlet throughout England. It was an appeal made, not to the political cliques of the metropolis, but to the whole kingdom, and to the whole kingdom it spoke. In a few months Swift had attained his purpose. He had turned the tide against the Whigs, he had made Harley popular, he had rendered the policy of the Ministry practicable. No one who will take the trouble to glance at these famous papers will be surprised at their effect. They are masterpieces of polemical skill. Every sentence, every word, comes home. Their logic, levelled to the meanest capacity, smites like a hammer. Their statements, often a tissue of mere sophistry and assumption, appear so plausible,

plausible, that it is difficult even for the cool historian to avoid being carried away by them. At a time when party spirit was running high, and few men stopped to weigh evidence, they must have been irresistible. To one part of his task it is evident that Swift applied himself with peculiar zest. He had now an opportunity for avenging the slights and disappointments of years, and he made, it must be admitted, the best of his opportunity. Nothing can exceed the malignity and bitterness of his attacks on his old allies. He assails them sometimes with irony, sometimes with damning innuendo, sometimes in the language of ribald scurrility, and sometimes in the language of fleering scorn. Descending to the grossest personalities, he charges Somers with immorality and atheism; he holds up to contempt the low tastes of Godolphin; he taunts Cowper with libertinism and bigamy. Then, spurning meaner adversaries under his feet, disposing of one with an epithet, of another in a parenthesis, he strikes full at the towering crest of Marlborough. One paper enlarges on his avarice, another on his unprincipled ambition; here he reproaches him with being the slave of a harridan consort, there he lashes him as a traitor to William and an ingrate to Anne. But his onslaughts on these distinguished men are mercy compared with those terrible philippics in which he gave vent to his rage against Wharton. Of all the Whigs, Wharton was the most odious to him. It was Wharton who had deprived him of his place at the Court of the Lord Lieutenant; it was Wharton who had spoken lightly of his personal character; it was Wharton who had agitated the repeal of the Test Act. In his second 'Examiner' Swift was at the throat of his victim, and with each number his satire gathers animosity and venom. Every crime which can load a public man with obloquy, every vice and every folly which in private life sink men in contempt and infamy, are described as uniting in this abandoned noble. He is the Verres of Ireland, with a front more brazen, with a nature fouler and more depraved, than that of the arch-villain of Cicero; he is a poltroon, a liar, an infidel, a libertine, a sot. The merciless satirist then goes on to accuse him of atrocities too horrible to specify. With these charges he dealt at length in a separate pamphlet; for, not content with flaying his enemy in the 'Examiner,' he published at the end of November 1710 'A Short Character of Thomas Earl of Wharton,' a satire absolutely appalling in its malignity and force.

It was not likely that the Whigs would suffer their leaders to be thus maltreated with impunity. Though the 'Whig Examiner'

Examiner' had died, the 'Medley' and the 'Observator' were in vigorous activity. The staff of both papers was a powerful one, and Swift soon found himself front to front with assailants as rancorous and as unscrupulous as himself. During seven months the paper war raged with a fury never before known in the history of political controversy, and during seven months Swift engaged single-handed with the whole force of the Whig press; wielding, like Homer's Agamemnon, the polished weapon and the crushing weight—

‘ὁ τῶν ἄλλων ἀπεπωλεῖτο στίχας ἀνδρῶν
Ἐγχεῖ ἄορι τε, μεγάλοισι τε χερμαδίοισι.’

In the middle of July 1711 his contributions to the 'Examiner' ceased. A series of pamphlets now flowed from his pen in rapid succession. In his 'Remarks on a Letter to the Seven Lords' he retorts with great asperity on certain Whig journalists, who had in a recent publication accused him of circulating calumnious reports against the Committee who examined Greg in 1708. In 'A New Journey to Paris'—a pleasant *jeu d'esprit*—he managed, by throwing public curiosity on a false scent, to save Harley from the embarrassing complications which would in all probability have arisen from the unfortunate arrest of Prior at Deal. At the end of November appeared 'The Conduct of the Allies.' It appeared anonymously, but in forty-eight hours the first edition had run out; in five hours a second edition was exhausted, and within a few days no less than five editions were in circulation. Its influence was co-extensive with its popularity. It touched the nation to the quick. From that moment the fate of Marlborough and the Allies was sealed. 'The Conduct of the Allies' was immediately followed by the 'Remarks on the Barrier Treaty,' a piece in which he points out how completely England had, by the machinations of Whig statesmen, been made the dupe of Dutch cupidity. But he never did his patron more service than in the Letter which he addressed to the October Club. This was a clique of country gentlemen who belonged to the extreme section of the Tory party, and who, having long expressed dissatisfaction with the moderate policy of Harley, were now assuming a very menacing attitude. To pacify, and, if possible, to gain the confidence of those politicians, was, however, a matter of great moment; but how to do so, without at the same time making concessions which it was of equal moment not to make, was a problem by no means easy to solve. It was solved by Swift in a pamphlet which Scott justly describes as a masterpiece of political tact. The 'Letter to the
October

October Club' well deserves to be studied by all who would see with what rare skill Swift could perform the nicest offices of diplomacy.

Up to this time the writings of Swift had, since the publication of the 'Tale of a Tub,' dealt almost entirely with subjects of ephemeral interest. In pure literature he had produced little or nothing. A few copies of occasional verses—such verses, for example, as 'Baucis and Philemon,' and a 'Description of a City Shower' a few unimportant contributions to the 'Tatler,'* and one or two short trifles scarcely intended, perhaps, for the public eye, would, we believe, exhaust the list. But in the summer of 1711 an incident occurred, which recalled him for a moment from politics to letters. That incident was the foundation of the famous Brothers' Club, one of those institutions which shed peculiar lustre on the reign of Anne. It was a club founded by the leaders of the Tory party, and it numbered among its members the most distinguished Tories then living. Its object was, in the words of Swift, to encourage literature by the judicious dispensation of patronage, to improve conversation, and to temper party ardour with humanity and wit. In its meetings all those artificial distinctions, which separate caste from caste and man from man, were ignored. Its members met and mingled on terms of fraternal equality. As brothers, indeed, they addressed each other. Among the brethren were—in addition to Swift, Arbuthnot, Friend, and Prior—the heads of two ducal houses, Ormond and Beaufort, the Lord Treasurer Oxford, the Lord Keeper Harcourt, St. John, then leader of the Lower House, the Lords Arran, Duplin, Lansdowne, and the Earls of Orrery and Jersey. Nothing illustrates more pleasingly than this society the most charming feature in the social life of that age. Never, since the symposia at which Augustus and Mæcenas gathered on the Palatine the wit and genius of Rome, had the alliance between the class

* As none of Swift's editors and biographers have accurately distinguished his contributions to the 'Tatler' and 'Spectator,' it may be well to give a list of them. In the 'Tatler' his only entire paper was No. 230, on 'Popular Corruptions of Language.' He contributed to No. 9 the verses on 'A Morning in Town;' to No. 32 the 'History of Madonella;' to No. 63 the letter ridiculing the college for young damsels; to No. 35 the letter signed 'Eliz. Potatrix;' to No. 59 the letter signed 'Obadiah Greenhat;' to No. 66 the remarks on pulpit oratory in the first part of the paper; portions of Nos. 67 and 68; to No. 70 the letter on pulpit eloquence; to No. 71 the admonitory letter to the vicar and schoolmaster; to No. 238 the verses on the 'City Shower;' to No. 258 the letter on the words 'Great Britain'—this he wrote in conjunction with Prior and Rowe. In the 'Spectator' he supplied hints for No. 50, and was, perhaps, the author of a paragraph in No. 575. See Drake's 'Essays on the "Tatler" and "Spectator,"' vol. iii.

which

which governs and the class which adorns a nation been so close and so honourable. From the reigns of Elizabeth and James men of letters had never, it is true, lacked patrons, either in the Ministry or among the aristocracy. At the Revolution, and during the early years of Anne, they had grown in favour and reputation. Some of the leading Whig statesmen, Somers, for example, and Halifax, had prided themselves on their connection with Letters. Indeed, at no period had literary merit been so munificently rewarded. But the relative position of the two classes had never changed. The barriers which fortune had placed between them had always been jealously guarded. The language in which Addison addresses Halifax and Somers differs in no respect from the language in which Spenser addressed Leicester; Shakspeare, Southampton; and Dryden, Dorset, or Rochester. It is the language of respectful homage; it sometimes savours of servility; it is in all cases that of an inferior addressing a superior. We very much doubt whether any of the Whig nobility condescended to associate, even with the most distinguished of their clients, as friend with friend. To the members of the Brothers' Club belongs the honour of having been the first to recognize in men of parts and genius, not objects of patronage merely, but companions and equals. Though Swift was not, as Scott erroneously supposes, the founder of this society, he was undoubtedly one of its most influential members. He was treasurer; he dispensed its charity; he proposed candidates for election; he prevented the election of candidates proposed by others.

In his conversations with the brethren, he had often discussed a scheme which had long been in his mind. This was the foundation of an academy for fixing and correcting the English language. He was, he said, convinced that, if some stand was not made against the tide of corruption which was from all sides pouring in upon our language, that language would in less than two centuries be an unintelligible jargon. From the time of the civil struggles its pollution had been systematic. First it had been invaded by the cant of the Puritans, then by the still more offensive cant of the Cavaliers. Later on it had been vitiated by licentious abbreviations. It fluctuated, in fact, with every colloquial fashion; and with every colloquial fashion it would, unless proper measures were taken, continue to fluctuate. He proposed, therefore, that a committee should be formed, composed of such persons as should be generally admitted to be most qualified for the task, that they should meet at an appointed place, that their expenses should be defrayed by the State, and that they should be formally authorized to ascertain and fix our language.

language. This proposal he embodied in a letter to the Lord Treasurer, which was published in May 1712, and was much discussed in literary circles. The Lord Treasurer professed to be greatly interested in the scheme. He would give it, he said, his most serious consideration. But his encouragement extended only to words, and the project fared as such projects always have fared at the hands of English statesmen.

Out of the Society of Brothers sprang the still more famous Scriblerus Club. This undoubtedly owed its origin to Swift, though Arbuthnot was, we believe, the creator of the hero who gave the club its name. The Scriblerians, like the Brothers, had no settled place for assembling. When they met they met at each other's houses. The topics discussed were as a rule purely literary, and seldom have men so well qualified to shine in such discussions gathered together at the same table. First in reputation, and first in colloquial ability, stood Congreve, who, though comparatively young in years, had already taken his place among English classics. He had won his laurels when Dryden still presided at Will's, and he had lived among the flower of an age now fast becoming historical. With a weakness not uncommon among men of his class, he affected in general society to attach more importance to his reputation as a man of fashion and gallantry, than to his fame as a writer. But Congreve as he revealed himself to the world, and Congreve as he revealed himself in the Scriblerus meetings, were very different persons. The wit which blazes in his comedies sparkled in his discourse. He overflowed with anecdote and pleasantry. His mind had been assiduously cultivated. He was not only an accomplished Latinist, but he was one of the few Englishmen then living who were familiar with the poetry of Greece. Sixteen years junior to Congreve was Pope, whose 'Essay on Criticism' and 'Rape of the Lock' had given fine promise of the great future before him. He was now busy with the second edition of the 'Lock' and with the translation of the 'Iliad.' Under what circumstances and at what period he became acquainted with Swift, we have now no means of knowing. They were certainly on intimate terms in the winter of 1713. Another distinguished Scriblerian was Atterbury. In Atterbury the Universities of that day recognized their most finished product. His graceful scholarship, his refined taste, his varied acquirements, his polished and luminous eloquence, had placed him in the first rank of literary churchmen. The part he had played in the Phalaris controversy, and the part he had played still more recently in the controversy with Wake had proved that his superior in polemical skill was not to be found. His learning, indeed, if we may

judge from his dissertations and sermons, was neither exact nor deep, but it was elegant, curious, and extensive. French he both spoke and wrote with Parisian purity. In the vernacular and Latin poetry of modern Italy, he was probably better versed than any man in England. But it was not as a scholar or as a controversialist that Atterbury was most valued by those who knew him. On all questions pertaining to the niceties of criticism, he was an unerring guide, for his judgment was clear and solid, his perceptions fine, and his taste pure even to fastidiousness. In no contemporary critic had Pope so much confidence. Atterbury's approving nod relieved his mind of any doubt he might have about the excellence of a verse. It was at Atterbury's advice that he committed to the flames a work on which he had expended great labour, and on which he had himself passed a more favourable verdict. Of a very different order were the genius and character of John Gay. The early part of his life had been passed behind a linen-draper's counter. He had received no regular education, and had, on emerging from obscurity, been too indolent to remedy the defect. A smattering of Latin and a smattering of French constituted all his stock as a scholar; but if he owed little to the schools, he owed much to nature—a rich vein of genial humour, wit less abundant, indeed, and less brilliant, than that of his friends Congreve and Pope, but scarcely less pleasing native grace, and a larger share of lyrical spontaneity than any of his contemporaries possessed. His first experiment had been made in serious poetry, and in serious poetry Gay never rises, even in his happiest moments, above mediocrity. But this poem he had judiciously dedicated to Pope, then fast rising into reputation; and Pope, charmed with his young admirer's unaffected simplicity, sprightly conversation, and amiable temper, took him under his protection. The favourable impression which he made on Pope, he made on Swift; and when the Scriblerus Club was formed, Gay, though he had as yet produced nothing which entitled him to so high an honour, was invited to join it. Next came Thomas Parnell. Few things in literary history are more remarkable than the fate which has befallen this once popular poet. The eulogies of his personal friends, though these friends were Pope and Swift, may be suspected of partiality; but so late as 1760 Hume placed Parnell among the very few poets whom a reader of mature taste would delight in re-perusing for the fiftieth time. His biography was written in a laudatory strain by Goldsmith, and the praises of Goldsmith were repeated by Johnson. Since then, however, his fame has been rapidly declining, and is now almost extinct. We are by no means inclined to set undue value

value on the poetry of that age, but in our opinion modern criticism has treated Parnell with conspicuous injustice. His 'Hermit' is, in point of execution, as near perfection as any work of that kind can be. His 'Fairy Tale' is delightful, and we feel quite sure that no reader of taste and sensibility could peruse such poems as the 'Night Piece' and the 'Hymn to Contentment' without feeling that he was in communion with genius, if not of a high, certainly of a fine order. To his brother poets Parnell owed nothing. He chose his own themes, he treated those themes in his own way. His versification—and his versification is peculiarly his own—is singularly soft and musical.

But the member who fills the largest space in the history of Swift's Club remains to be mentioned. This was Dr. John Arbuthnot. Arbuthnot is one of those figures on which the memory loves to dwell. If we are to credit the testimony of men little prone either to exaggeration or delusion, his character approached as near to perfection as it is possible for humanity to attain. His charity, his benevolence, his philanthropy, were boundless. He possessed, says Swift, every quality and every virtue which can make a man either amiable or useful. Ill-health and adverse fortune were powerless to ruffle his gentle and equable temper. But the beauty of his character was equalled by the vigour and amplitude of his mind. His literary and scientific attainments were immense. While a mere youth he distinguished himself in a controversy with the veteran geologist Woodward. His tables of ancient coins, weights, and measures, long remained a standard work, and though his medical writings have, like all the medical writings of past time, been superseded, they entitle him to an honourable place among the fathers of his profession. To one of his treatises particular praise is due, for in his 'Dissertation on the Regularity of Births in the Two Sexes' he may be said to have laid the foundation of the science of Vital Statistics. But it is not as a physician, nor as a writer on science, that the world is most familiar with Arbuthnot's name. The lustre of that name is still indeed untarnished by time, but it shines now rather with reflected light than with light emanating from itself. By modern readers he is remembered chiefly as the friend of Pope and Swift; to modern readers he lives, not so much as the author of the 'History of John Bull,' as the hero of the 'Prologue to the Satires.' Very different was the position he held among those who knew him, and among those who had inherited the traditions of those who knew him. Of his wit and humour both Pope and Swift speak in terms of extravagant praise. 'He has,' said Swift, 'more wit than we all

have.' 'In wit and humour,' observed Pope, 'I think Arbuthnot superior to all mankind.' Half a century later Johnson rated him almost as highly. And in our own time Macaulay has not hesitated to pronounce the 'History of John Bull' the most ingenious and humorous satire extant in the English tongue. The truth is that Arbuthnot's literary fame has suffered from causes which must sooner or later preclude any writer from permanent popularity. With two exceptions, the first book of the memoirs of Scriblerus and the inimitable 'Epitaph on Chartres,' his satires must be unintelligible to a reader not minutely versed in the politics of that time. No satire in itself so intrinsically excellent is so little capable of universal application. His wit, his humour, his sarcasm, exhausting themselves on particular persons and on particular events, now require an elaborate commentary. There is, moreover, nothing either striking or felicitous in his style. The 'History of John Bull' and the 'Art of Political Lying' will probably not find half-a-dozen readers in as many years, but we venture to think that out of these readers there will be one or two who will have no difficulty in understanding the position which Arbuthnot once held. Such were the men in whose society Oxford and Bolingbroke forgot the cares of State, whose gatherings have been immortalized by Pope, and whose diversions have enriched literature with compositions which the world will not readily let die. For out of these diversions grew many years afterwards 'Gulliver's Travels' and the fourth book of the 'Dunciad.'

The project with which the Scriblerians sought to amuse themselves was the production of a comprehensive satire on the abuses of human learning. These abuses were to be satirized in the person of one Martinus Scriblerus, a foolish and conceited pedant who, with a head replete with learning, was entirely devoid of taste, discrimination, and good sense. To this satire, which appears to have been suggested by 'Don Quixote,' each Scriblerian was to contribute a portion. Pope, Gay, and Parnell, undertook to depict Martin in his relation to polite letters, Arbuthnot in his relation to science, and Swift in his relation to the world. Whether Atterbury and Congreve had any share in the design we have now no means of knowing. The work was unfortunately never completed. What remains of it first appeared in the 'Miscellanies' published by Pope between 1727 and 1732, and in the quarto edition of Pope's Prose Works published in 1741. The exquisitely humorous memoir of Martin, which furnished Sterne with a model for Mr. Shandy, and Lord Lytton with a model for Mr. Caxton, was written mainly if not entirely by Arbuthnot. To Pope, assisted perhaps by Gay and Swift,

Swift, we owe the amusing treatise on the 'Bathos' and the 'Virgilius Restitutus;' to Gay and Pope the 'Memoirs of P. P. Clerk of the Parish.' The essay on the 'Origin of the Sciences' was, if we are to believe Spence, the joint production of Pope, Arbuthnot, and Parnell.

Fourteen months had yet to elapse before the war with France was finally terminated. They were months of storm and trouble. The Whigs, conscious that they were fighting a losing battle, fought with the fury of despair. The Tories, thwarted and on their mettle, fought with like passion for victory. During the whole of this period Swift's pen was busy. He produced, indeed, nothing which is of permanent interest, but of those ephemeral trifles, which in agitated times operate so directly and so powerfully on the public mind, he was a prolific author. Many of these trifles, some in verse and some in prose, find a place in his collected writings. But a great portion of them have, we suspect, escaped the diligence of his editors, and lurk unidentified among the broadsheets preserved in the British Museum. We think we could point to many in these collections which bear his sign manual. What is certain is that he was engaged, as we know from his correspondence, on pieces of which in his published works not a vestige remains.

If the measure of a man's importance be the measure of the influence he exercises on contemporaries, it would be no exaggeration to say that, at the beginning of 1713, no Commoner in England stood so high as Swift. He dictated the political opinions of half the nation. He had turned the tide of popularity against the Whigs. He had done more than any single man then living, to confound the designs of Austria and Holland, to crush Marlborough, to paralyse Marlborough's coadjutors. A war, splendid beyond parallel, he had rendered odious. At two perilous junctures he had saved the Ministry. For every step in the negotiations with France, for every measure in the domestic policy of Oxford, he had paved the way. He had indeed done more for his party and for the leaders of his party, than any man of letters had ever done for any patron or for any cause. And what he had done he had done gratuitously.* All this had been acknowledged in terms flattering even to fulsomeness. Nothing therefore was more natural than that he

* It is remarkable that Swift, though he was one of the most voluminous and popular writers of his age, never troubled himself to negotiate with publishers. 'I never got a farthing for anything I writ,' he says in a letter to Pulteney, dated May, 1735, 'except once, about eight years ago, and that by Mr. Pope's prudent management for me.' A fact which Jeffrey, when taxing him with sordid avarice, found it convenient to suppress.

should

should expect some substantial mark of ministerial favour. Both Oxford and St. John were profuse in promises. Everything would be well, they said, in due season. Brother Jonathan should certainly be provided for, if brother Jonathan would for the present be patient. But two years had passed away, and brother Jonathan still remained a country priest. In November 1712, the death of Dr. Humphrey Humphreys left the see of Hereford vacant. For a moment it seemed not unlikely that Swift would be selected to fill it. There is reason to believe that he was strongly recommended to the Queen. But the Queen, whose natural dislike to him had been sharpened by the Archbishop of York, and by the Duchess of Somerset whom he had recently libelled, turned a deaf ear to the recommendations of her Ministers. She probably thought, as a pious and sensible woman might reasonably think, that the author of such a treatise as the 'Tale of a Tub,' and of such verses as the 'Windsor Prophecy,' was scarcely the man for a place among the Fathers of the Church. This feeling appears to have been understood and respected by Swift himself, for, though he was well aware that Anne had been the only obstacle between himself and the prize he most coveted, it is remarkable that in speaking of her—and he often has occasion to speak of her—he never betrays the smallest ill-will or vindictiveness. Other disappointments followed. Swift grew tired of waiting, and was on the point of leaving London in disgust. At last it was arranged that Sterne, the Dean of St. Patrick's in Dublin, should be promoted to the see of Dromore, and that the Deanery, thus vacated, should be conferred on Swift. It is clear that his friends made every effort to obtain preferment for him in England. There was indeed some talk of a stall at Windsor. But the Queen was inexorable. Under these mortifying circumstances, he accepted what he was not in a position to refuse, and, swallowing his chagrin, set out early in June for Ireland. His reception in Dublin was not calculated to raise his spirits. He was grossly insulted as he passed along the streets, and on the morning of his installation a copy of verses, which is still extant, taunting him with apostasy and infidelity, is said to have been posted on the door of the cathedral.

In a few weeks he was again in London. He had been summoned to mediate between Oxford and Bolingbroke, whose internecine feuds were now causing grave alarm. He soon found, however, that the differences between them were not such as admitted either of reconciliation or compromise; for who can reconcile rivals, or who negotiate compromise when the struggle is for supremacy? But what it was possible to do he did,

did, and his correspondence amply shows that he acted at this unhappy crisis in a manner that reflects the highest credit both on his heart and on his judgment. Meanwhile he had not permitted those terrible weapons which had already done so much execution among the Whigs to rust in idleness. Of all the Whig journalists none were at that moment carrying scurrility and intemperance to greater length than Richard Steele. In an evil hour he had abandoned literature for politics, had dropped the 'Spectator' to set up the 'Guardian,' and had recently entered Parliament. Between Swift and himself there had existed for some years cordial friendship, a friendship which political differences had subsequently cooled, but which both had, even in the heat of controversy, been careful to respect. To Swift he was under great obligations. At Swift's intercession he had been permitted to retain a lucrative office under Government. He had been assisted by him in his literary ventures; he had on more than one occasion been protected by him from slander and insult. But shortly before Swift's departure from Ireland, Steele, now drunk with party spirit, had so far forgotten himself as to insert in the 'Guardian' a coarse and ungenerous reflection on his old friend. Upon that, Swift sought through Addison an explanation. Steele's reply was pert and rude. Swift in spite of this double provocation displayed at first singular forbearance. Nothing indeed could be more dignified and becoming than his conduct at the beginning of this rupture. A reference to the correspondence which passed between the two men will show how greatly Mr. Forster has, in his Essay on Steele, misrepresented the facts. The letters of Swift are those of a man calm, just, and candid. The letters of Steele are those of a blustering egotist, who, without reason himself, will listen to reason in no one else. Swift was, however, seldom insulted with impunity. The castigation which Steele now received was due no doubt immediately to his prominence as a party writer, but it is easy to see that private animosity glows in every paragraph of that cruel pamphlet—'The Importance of the "Guardian" considered'—in which the Member for Stockbridge was held up to the mockery of his constituents. While busy with Steele, he was busy also with Burnet. That bustling Prelate, who was on the point of bringing out the third volume of his 'History of the Reformation,' had, with the double object of whetting public curiosity and of gratifying his own ludicrous vanity, published by anticipation the Preface. In this preface he had taken occasion to taunt the Tories with Jacobitism and Popery. Swift's reply, which assumed the form of a parody on the
Bishop's

Bishop's Preface, is one of the most amusing, as it is assuredly one of the most severe, of his polemical pieces. He had long suspected, he said, that Steele and the Bishop were working in co-operation, for 'though that peculiar manner of expressing themselves which the poverty of our language forces us to call their style' presented points of difference, their notions were precisely similar. 'But I will confess,' he goes on to say, 'that my suspicions did not carry me so far as to conjecture that this venerable champion would be in such mighty haste to come into the field and serve in the quality of an *enfant perdu*, armed only with a pocket pistol before his great blunderbuss could be got ready, his old rusty breastplate scoured, and his cracked headpiece mended.' But the whole pamphlet is inimitable. Its irony, its humour, its drollery, are delicious. In the spring of 1714 appeared Steele's 'Crisis.' Swift at once replied to it in the 'Public Spirit of the Whigs.' Nothing which ever came from his pen appears to have exasperated his opponents so much as this tract. The attention of the Legislature was directed to it. The Scotch Peers, with the Duke of Argyle at their head, complained personally to the Queen. The bookseller and the printer were arrested. A proclamation offering a reward of three hundred pounds to any one who would reveal the author was issued. Swift, with the fate of Tutchin and De Foe before his eyes, became alarmed and meditated flight. But the finesse and tact of Oxford averted discovery, and the danger blew over.

And now the catastrophe which he had long feared was fast approaching. The feud between Oxford and Bolingbroke was about to terminate in the ruin of both. In May he met his two friends for the last time under the same roof, and he made a final effort to recal them to reason and duty. He pleaded, he argued; but expostulation, warning, counsel, were vain. He now saw clearly that all was over, and he hurried away sick at heart to hide his sorrow and chagrin at Letcombe. Two troubled months passed by. Though he was out of the world, numerous correspondents kept him fully informed of all that occurred. Each step in the rapid decline of Oxford, each step in the fallacious triumph of Bolingbroke, was at once communicated to him. Indeed, his correspondence at this period forms the best account extant of the momentous weeks which preceded the death of Anne.

The history of that crisis reflects indelible infamy on the leaders of Swift's party: it is pleasing to add that the conduct of Swift himself may be regarded with unalloyed satisfaction. When political immorality, in the worst type it can assume, was epidemic among the statesmen of his faction, his patriotism and integrity

integrity remained without taint. It is certain that he had no share in the intrigues with James. It is certain that he resolutely opposed all attempts to tamper with the Act of Settlement. He expressed with great courage his disapprobation both of the conduct of Oxford and of the conduct of Bolingbroke, and he sought in a powerful pamphlet—one of the very best he ever wrote—to repair the mischief which their quarrels had inflicted on the common cause. But the manuscript unfortunately found its way into the hands of Bolingbroke, who, having his own purposes to serve, made in it certain alterations which were more calculated to benefit himself than his party; and Swift, justly annoyed, withdrew it from publication. Had this pamphlet, 'Free Thoughts upon the present State of Affairs,' appeared a few weeks earlier, and had the policy prescribed in it been carried out, the ruin of the Tories might, we think, have been averted. But that was not to be. On the 27th of July Oxford resigned, and the reins of government were in the hands of Bolingbroke. Nothing we know of Swift is more honourable to him than his behaviour at this juncture. Of his two friends, the one was at the summit of political greatness, the other was not merely under a cloud, but ruined beyond possibility of redemption. Both sought his presence. Bolingbroke, inviting him with eager importunity to share his triumph, held out hopes at once the most splendid and the most plausible. He would undertake, he said, to reconcile him with Lady Somerset, he would introduce him to the Queen, he would provide and provide amply for him in the English Church. Oxford, pathetically appealing to ancient friendship, had nothing to offer him but the opportunity of proving that that friendship had been sincere and disinterested. Without a moment's hesitation Swift chose the nobler course.

As he was on the point of setting out for Oxford's country seat, he received a letter announcing the death of Anne. It was an event which for some days had been almost hourly expected, but its effect on the Tories was the effect of sudden and unforeseen calamity. It found them without resources, without fixed plans, in the midst of internecine strife. Bolingbroke indeed continued to bluster about the miracles which a little judicious management could still work, and he hoped, he said, that his old friend would lose no time in assisting him 'to save the Constitution.' To this fustian Swift replied in a letter written with great calmness, dignity, and good sense. He dwelt sadly on the efforts he had made to save from self-destruction the friends who had been so dear to him, and he spoke with some bitterness of the folly and infatuation which had made those efforts nugatory. In the present condition of affairs
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he was, he continued, unable to discern any favourable symptom. The wreck of the Tories was complete. All that remained for Bolingbroke to do was to maintain his post at the head of the Church party. 'You are,' he went on to say, 'still in the prime of life. You have sustained, it is true, a heavy defeat, but you will no doubt learn, like a prudent general, to profit from disaster.' He added in conclusion that he had a lively sense of the favours which his patron had purposed to confer on him, that he hoped before the end of the year to be again at his side, but that for the present he must, he feared, take leave of a scene which would however be seldom absent from his thoughts. And he took leave of that scene for ever. By the middle of August he was in Dublin.

From this moment the biography of Swift assumes a new complexion. During the last few years circumstances had, in a manner, enabled him to escape from himself. Incessant activity had left him no time for gloomy reflection. The position which he most coveted he had attained. His genius and force of character had extorted from society the homage which society is as a rule slow to pay to any but the opulent and noble. In literary circles his pre-eminence was acknowledged. On politics the influence which he had exercised had been without parallel in the history of private men. Now all was changed. He found himself suddenly reduced to obscurity and impotence. He was no longer the counsellor of great ministers, he was no longer in communion with the flower of a polished and luxurious capital. He was an exile, and an exile with little to do and with nothing to hope, in a place which was of all places in the world the most odious to him. The only society with which he could mingle was the society of inferiors. What followed, followed naturally. He became the prey of that constitutional melancholy which had been his bane from childhood. The fierce and gloomy passions, which prosperous activity had for a while composed, again awoke. Each month as it passed by added to his irritation and wretchedness. Ill health, the loss of friends, his own unpopularity, and, above all, the condition of the unhappy country in which his lot was cast, alternately maddened and depressed him.

On that mysterious malady we flatter ourselves that we may be able to throw new light, while reviewing, on a future occasion, his whole career in Ireland. We hope then to fulfil our purpose of breaking a lance with Jeffrey and Thackeray in defence of his conduct to Esther Johnson and Esther Vanhomrigh; and to estimate his place in English literature and the influence which he exercised on subsequent writers.

ART.

ART. III.—*The English Poets: Selections, with Critical Introductions by various Writers, and a General Introduction by Matthew Arnold.* Edited by Thomas Humphrey Ward, M.A., late Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. 4 vols. London, 1880.

THE poetry of England is the bloom of her national life. It contains the essence, expressed in the most beautiful form, of whatever is highest and deepest, most vivid and most pathetic, in the thoughts and sentiments which have swayed our countrymen during the successive ages of their history. But just because our poetry is so deep in meaning, so vast in its range, so varied in its manifestations, embodying so many impulses and speaking so many tones, even the careful student, not to say the ordinary reader, might well lose himself amid its labyrinths, and miss that which is most worth finding. To thread these mazes a clue is needed, and many attempts have been made to supply it by means of epitomes, constructed on various plans. Chalmers, Anderson, and Thomas Campbell the poet, have, each in their own way, made selections from the English poets, arranged in chronological order. The work of Mr. Ward, the title of which heads this article, is the most recent attempt to bring the long panorama of our Poets before us, compressed within a reasonable compass. The selections which Mr. Ward makes from each of the Poets are not fuller than those made by some of his predecessors, nor more representative. But his work has this new and distinctive feature, that before the selections from each poet there stands an essay, giving a critical estimate of the poet's genius and of the work he left behind; and these essays are not all from one hand, but each is the work of a separate writer, who has some instinctive preference for and special knowledge of the poet on whom he comments. The Editor, himself an Oxford man, has secured as coadjutors in his work a number of the most eminent men of letters whom Oxford has in our time produced. Of the older generation of Oxonians, there are the late Dean Stanley, the Dean of St. Paul's, Mr. Mark Pattison, Mr. Matthew Arnold, Mr. Thomas Arnold, Mr. Goldwin Smith; of the younger, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Courthope, and others; while some of Mr. Ward's contributors, like Mr. Gosse, bear names which, though not Oxonian, are in themselves guarantees for good work.

With such an array of able men to introduce the several poets, Mr. Ward's work provides for less experienced students, not only fair samples from the whole field of English Poetry, but the best
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and most recent knowledge to guide them in forming their judgment. Not that any one should bind himself over to the pronounced opinion of any critic, however eminent. But the opinions of experienced critics may be taken by less experienced minds as provisionally true, as finger-posts directing them what to look for in each poet. If any reader after fair study discovers in a poet some beauty which the critic has passed unnoticed, or fails to find the merits on which the critic dwells, he will have done something to increase his own literary experience.

Mr. Matthew Arnold opens the whole work with an Introductory Essay, in which, in his own characteristic way, he dwells on the duty of learning to feel and to enjoy deeply the best, the truly classic, in poetry. And he adds suggestively certain notes by which we may learn to discover this for ourselves. At the same time he speaks somewhat slightly, we cannot but think too slightly, of the historic method of regarding poetry, and shows how misleading, as he thinks, such a method is. But in an epitome such as these four volumes contain, an historic survey of the various phases, through which English poetry has passed from first to last, would have been both appropriate and instructive. It would have shown how the mind and spirit of the English people in each age is reflected in the poetry of that age, as it is nowhere else reflected. Adequately to gauge the historic import of each successive phase of our poetry, to show how fully it answers to the events and passions which were swaying each age, would be a task for which few critics are competent. For so limited are the powers of all but the rarest genius, that often those, who by their knowledge of history would seem most fitted to make such a survey, lack that poetic feeling, that sensitiveness of eye, which can catch the lights and shadows that fleet over each age, and reflect themselves in its poetry. It will be something, however, if we can make but a step or two in this direction, and show in only a few instances how truly England's poetry has mirrored the historic condition of the several ages which produced it. In making this attempt we can only hope to touch a few of the great mountain peaks of English song, and thence to glance in passing at the lower heights, and the valleys that intervene.

It was a fortunate thing for the poetry and literature of England that by the middle of the 14th century, when the national instinct was throwing aside the French language which had so long confined it, and was shaping for itself that new and composite speech which we speak to this day, there was born into the world a genius so broad and beautiful as that which dwelt
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in him whom Caxton called 'that worshipful man Geoffrey Chaucer, who ought eternally to be remembered.' It was not only that he shaped for his countrymen a speech which, in spite of archaisms, we can still delight in for its freshness, its richness, and its music. This he did, and more than this. Out of the materials which the past had bequeathed him, nor less from the human characters he saw around him, he moulded creations which stand out imperishable, alike for their poetic beauty, and for their vivid truthfulness as social portraits. No English poet has more historic value than Chaucer, for none more faithfully reflects all the mingled influences that swayed his time. Though belonging by birth to the middle class, Chaucer's sympathies, as those of Shakspeare and of Walter Scott, were with the aristocrats. He soon became a gentleman and a courtier, and saw life from that side, though his vision was not confined within any conventional limits. During the greater part of his life he was in easy circumstances, and lived with the great, so that his soul was not narrowed by poverty and its cramping cares, but was free to range sympathetically through all orders of society. If he lived with the knight, the squire, and the wealthy ecclesiastic, he was familiar also with the franklin, the miller, the weaver, and the ploughman.

Critics have always noted three distinct stages in his poetry: the earliest, in which French influence is predominant; the second, in which he came under the power of the Italian Renaissance, Petrarch and Boccaccio; the third and last, in which his true English feeling, though enriched by all the wealth of foreign contributions, fully declared itself. During his two earlier periods Chaucer was learning the perfect mastery of his instrument, shaping for himself a language and a style which he could wield at will, acquiring his wonderful art of story-telling, in which he still remains unsurpassed, and forming that mobile and musical ten-syllable verse, in which the lines glide freely and naturally, and with varied pauses, into each other—a style of verse which is suited before all others for narrative, but which was allowed to lie for centuries unused, till Keats and other poets of this century revived it. When Chaucer had thus attained full mastery of his art, he entered on his own third or English period, and addressed himself to his great creation, the 'Canterbury Tales'—from A.D. 1381 to 1390. He had now left behind him the influences of French and Italian fable and allegory and sentimental romance, and laid hold of the facts of life which he saw around him with a firm grasp. If the hint of the plan of his work was got
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from Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' the framework Chaucer devised for his tales is entirely English. He seized the very heart of that English life which had been growing up during the late reigns, and represented it truthfully and vividly, as only the greatest poets can. Poetry nowhere contains a gallery of more living portraits, than those of the company which Chaucer gathers together that April morning at the Southwark Hostelry. All readers since have felt about it as Dryden felt, when he says, 'I see all the pilgrims in the Canterbury Tales, their humours, their features, their very dress, as distinctly as if I had supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark.' It is the peculiar felicity of Chaucer, that by a few strokes he has placed before us the outward semblance and the inward character of some thirty representative men and women of his day, in colours that can never fade. 'A dramatist before there was a drama,' as he has been called, he has so rendered his characters that not even the best in Shakspeare stand out more vivid and lifelike. And the tales, though taken many of them from Boccaccio and other foreign sources, are yet so touched in passing through the mind of Chaucer, that they bear his fresh impress, and serve to bring out personal traits of character in the men and women who relate them. All the chief historical aspects of the time are present in that motley yet genial company. Chivalry is there, if not yet in decay, certainly past its prime, as seen in the Knight's gentle but somewhat old-fashioned character. The Church of that age, far gone in corruption, is portrayed in the jolly hard-riding monk, and in the loose easy-going friar, yet not wholly vile, as shown in the saintly life of the Parson who

'Christes love and his apostles twelve
Taught, and ferste he folwed it himselve.'

The rising respectability of the middle class is represented in the well-to-do merchant; while the lower orders of the people are seen, on their good side, in the ploughman, honest, hardworking, and neighbourly; on their baser side, in the miller, coarse and truculent.

It was in this, his later and vernacular stage, that Chaucer struck that keynote of English poetry, which has never ceased to vibrate down through all its changes. Freeing himself from what was allegorical and fantastic, he touched with sure firm hand the actual phases of life and character, and employed his maturest powers in so rendering these, that they stand out at once real, and yet radiant with an ideal beauty. The combination of a solid English framework with tales from many lands,
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some of romance and glamourie, others of graceful pathos, gives that intermingling of the ideal with the real, which belonged to Chaucer's time, and which is the great charm of poetry, as it is of life.

But wide as was Chaucer's genial humanity, he still looked at life through the eyes of the well-to-do, even of the aristocratic class, with whom he was so much associated. No one would guess from his poems that he lived in what a modern historian has called 'a time of shame and suffering such as England had never known, when her conquests were lost, her shores insulted, her fleet sunk, her commerce destroyed, her people exhausted by the long and costly wars with France, and by the ravages of pestilence.' None would guess from his poems that his was the day, when the Black Death swept off half the population of England, and when the peasant revolt threatened revolution. But these things, unnoted by Chaucer, found a voice in the work of a contemporary poet, William Langland, a man of the people, and author of the '*Vision of Piers Plowman*.' The difference of social view between Chaucer and Langland may be likened to that which we of a later day have seen between Walter Scott and Burns. Both described the Scottish peasantry to the life; but the one viewed them with the eye of a generous and sympathizing superior, the other spoke from the very midst of them, with the voice of one who knew all their feelings and was himself a sharer in their sufferings. In Mr. Ward's first volume we have a masterly sketch of Langland's work and aim from the hand of Professor Skeat. Langland's poem, he tells us, was begun in 1362, during the second of those plagues, which thrice devastated England in the latter half of the 14th century. It was the sight of the miseries then endured by the peasantry that stirred the earnest and sombre heart of Langland. 'The real subject of the poem,' Professor Skeat tells us, 'is the religious and social condition of the poorer classes in England during the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II.' The poem has thus a marked historical value, apart from its literary merits. It is the voice through literature of that deep discontent, which found vent in the insurrection of Wat Tyler and his Kentish men. Langland had keenly observed and deeply felt the miseries under which poor men were groaning; he saw the need of reform, and tried to represent to his own mind the coming Reformer, in the person of one from among the people themselves, Piers the Plowman. But as the poem proceeds, this homely form disappears, or rather is transfigured into a more spiritual vision, till at last the longed-for Deliverer is none other than Christ Himself. The author spent his life upon
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the poem, composing three successive versions of it, in each of which he thoroughly revised, and even recast it. Of these, Professor Skeat thinks that, though the third version is the most mature and so far the best, the second is the more vigorous and original. For deliverance of the poor from their misery he looks to the Church, but finds no help there for body or soul, only falsehood and corruption. Indignant with the depraved clergy, he turns from them and their vile ways to the unseen and divine Deliverer. Wycliff died while Langland was composing his poem, but in the work of Wycliff Langland was a powerful coadjutor. Indeed, this peasant poet was in religious feeling the progenitor of the Puritan of the 17th and the Methodist of the 18th century; and in religious literature the forerunner of Bunyan's great prose poem. Of the style and spirit of *Piers Plowman's* vision, Professor Skeat says :—

'The vocabulary is extremely copious Some have imagined that his language contains only words of English origin, but this notion must have originated in extreme ignorance. He uses, in fact, the common Midland dialect of the time, into which French words were introduced with great freedom; and the percentage of French words employed by him is slightly greater than that which is to be found in Chaucer. The metre is the usual unrhymed alliterative metre of the older English period; almost the only metre which can rightly be called English, since nearly all others have been borrowed from the French and Italian. . . . The general swing of the lines has been described as anapestic; it is rather dactylic, with one or more unaccented syllables prefixed. The characters which William describes as appearing to him in consecutive visions have all allegorical names, and some are visionary enough; but others may have been sketched from the life, and are as distinct as a drawing by Hogarth. His chief power resides in his homely earnestness, and in his hearty hatred of untruth in every form. In treating of theological questions, he is often obscure, minute, and tedious; but in treating of life and manners he is keen, direct, satirical, and vivid. The poem is not suited to all readers; but most of those who explore it must be glad that they have done so. Apart from its literary merit, it is one of the most valuable linguistic monuments in the whole range of our literature.'

It should be added that the language cannot be understood except by special study. Even the modernized extract given by Professor Skeat in Mr. Ward's first volume requires abundance of notes to make it plain to the ordinary reader, and, even with these, it is harder to follow than Chaucer unmodernized and unannotated.

These two poets stand chronologically at the head, the one of England's literary, the other of her vernacular or popular poetry.

poetry. Both are equally realistic, and faithfully reflect the times and the society they lived in. In looking back to these two contemporary poets, we cannot but observe how decidedly English poetry has followed the lead of Chaucer rather than of Langland. The literary form of poetry has in England entirely overborne and absorbed the popular. English poetry, with whatever importations of popular sentiment, and here and there of vernacular style, has, on the whole, preserved the literary form with which Chaucer first impressed it. It was reserved for the vernacular poets of Scotland, rather than of England, to carry on the stream of popular sentiment which Langland represented.

The century which followed the death of Chaucer was in England so disturbed and dark with civil war, as to leave little place for poetic song. Followers Chaucer had in England, such as Lydgate and Occleve, who faintly reproduced his manner without his vigour and genius. But his influence was more powerfully felt in Scotland, where there arose a whole Chaucerian school of poets, which, beginning with the first Royal James, and continued by Henryson and Dunbar, died away in the middle of the 16th century in the descriptions of Gawain Douglas; perhaps we might even include the Satires of Sir David Lyndesay. After a century and a half, Chaucer's disciples and imitators ceased, and poetry took a new turn. But, amidst all changes, the charm of Chaucer remains undiminished. His poetry is still a clear well-head to which each young race of poets has repaired, and will yet repair, to drink new vigour from his perennial freshness.

In the first half of the 16th century, during the troublous reigns of Henry VIII. and his son, three poets—Sir Thomas Wyatt, the Earl of Surrey, and George Gascoigne,—exhibited in their style that classicism, that harmony, that sense of form, which they had learnt in Italy from the Renaissance. These, with two others a little later in the century, Thomas Sackville (Lord Buckhurst) and Sir Philip Sidney, prepared and polished a poetic language and rhythm, which Spenser and Shakspeare afterwards turned to such glorious account. They were as morning stars heralding that bright day which we know as the Elizabethan Literature. One of these heralds, Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, in the last year of Mary Tudor, 1558, wrote 'The Induction to the Mirror of Magistrates,' in which, 'copying Dante,' as Dean Church has said, 'he imagines himself guided by the Genius of Sorrow through the regions of the great Dead':—

‘Thence come we to the horror and the hell,
 The large great kingdoms, and the dreadful reign
 Of Pluto in his throne where he did dwell,
 The wide waste places, and the huge plain,
 The wailings, shrieks, and sundry sorts of pain,
 The sighs, the sobs, the deep and deadly groan :
 Earth, air, and all, resounding plaint and moan.’

In such a stanza as this, with its stately rhythm and solemn cadence, we seem to overhear no faint prelude of the Spenserian music.

But on the whole, notwithstanding these prelusive lights, we must say with Hazlitt, that the interval of two centuries between Chaucer and Spenser is a long and dreary one! Spenser, in the last two decades of the 16th century, took up the poetic strain where Chaucer had left at the close of the 14th, and carried it to a higher elevation than it had ever reached before. Born with the true poetic impulse strong within him, and intent to revive Chaucer's long ‘suspended art,’ Spenser had forces of an era upon him, and materials crowding around him, greater than those which were at the command of Chaucer. What made that era so great and so wonderful has often been described, and need only be alluded to now. Before the human mind the horizons—physical, intellectual, spiritual—were on all sides expanding so marvellously, as almost to confound and make dizzy ordinary heads. The newly-discovered western world, and the marvels that men like Drake and Raleigh were yearly reporting thence—marvels as great as any in old romance; the fervour of the newly-won Protestant faith; the stimulus of the Italian Renaissance, both in its feeling and its poetry, which had at last reached the sluggish hearts of England; the suspense of the great Catholic terror, followed by the relief when the heavy cloud passed away with the destroyed Armada,—all these elements and impulses, so manifold and so incongruous, were crowding and jostling into the minds of men; and in Spenser's poetry they are all reflected, calmed and refined by the serene atmosphere of the poet's soul.

Strange and unearthly as is the scenery and even the sentiment of the poem, it bears a marked historic impress. To quote from the fine essay with which Dean Church introduces the extracts from Spenser in Mr. Ward's first volume,

‘It was designed in England, but mostly written in Ireland, amid scenes of disorder and wretchedness, which sorely tested not only the courage, but the justice, the wisdom, the humanity, of the Englishmen who had then to govern it. Spenser, as men do in trying

trying times, thought he saw the virtues partially realized in his friends engaged in that difficult task. We are obliged to see how far the best and noblest of them was from the Poet's ideal. . . . The moral picture is of the ideal of noble manliness in Elizabeth's vigorous and fruitful time—of the men who fought in France and the Netherlands and Ireland, the men who created the English navy, and showed how it could be used: the men who tried for the North-West Passage with Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and sailed round the world with Sir Francis Drake, and planted colonies with Sir Walter Raleigh: the men who chased the Armada to destruction, and dealt the return buffet to Spanish pride in the harbour of Cadiz. It specially exhibits the ideals, and standards, and aspirations—the characteristic virtues and faults—the simple loyalty and the frank selfishness, of the brilliant and high-tempered generation, who are represented by men like Philip Sidney and Walter Raleigh, and Howard of Effingham and Richard Grenville, or by families like those of Vere and Norreys and Carew.'

Yet what would we now give to have had from the hand of Spenser poetic portraits of these living men, as they themselves walked the earth in flesh and blood, instead of pale abstractions of personified virtues and vices?

It is the glory of Spenser to have wrought materials so intractable and discordant into a whole so harmonious, to have lifted so 'strange a medley of grotesque figures' into so pure and serene an ether of ideal beauty. But high and solemn as is the moral tone which breathes through his creation, wonderful as are the scenes of imaginative beauty with which it is interlaid, his chief glory must always be, that he created a poetic language for England. In him English verse showed for the first time what it was capable of. As he rolls along his clouds of allegory, he throws, to quote the words of Campbell, 'the soul of harmony into his verse, and makes it more warmly, tenderly, and magnificently descriptive, than ever English verse was before, or, with a few exceptions, than it ever has been since. Nowhere shall we find more airy and expansive images of visionary things, a sweeter tone of sentiment, or a finer flush in the colours of language!' And so the 'Faerie Queen' has remained a source of inspiration, a storehouse of imagery and music, for all future poets. Milton owned Spenser as, in some sort, his poetic father; Thomson tried to imitate his cadences; Gray studied him; Wordsworth doated on him; to Keats he was the inspirer of his earliest song.

The Poet of Poets he is generally called. Yet how great the difference between the applause that welcomed him in his own day and his now scanty popularity! On its first appearance, the 'Faerie Queen,' we are told, was received 'with a general

burst of welcome; . . . it became the delight of every accomplished gentleman, the model of every poet, the solace of every soldier.' But now, few readers have, we believe, read the poem to the end. It is but a fragment—a fourth part of what it was intended to be. Yet of those who have read the whole, no one, we suppose, has ever wished that the six extant books had been extended to the contemplated twenty-four. Why is this? Because the poem, both in substance and in form, contains so much of temporary but not of permanent interest. The incongruous elements which the Renaissance delighted to crowd together have lost almost their meaning, certainly their interest, for modern readers. The form of allegorical abstractions, in which it is cast, is antiquated and worn out. One allegory alone, that of Bunyan, maintains its ground, and that for reasons which are wanting in the case of the 'Faerie Queen.' Here the allegorical figures, for all the beauty with which they are surrounded, remain abstractions still, and awaken no human interest. Only those poems wax not old which grow out of the permanent affections, and represent concrete men and women. No time can dispossess 'Macbeth' and 'Othello' and 'Hamlet' of their power to charm, because they have their roots in that human nature which is perennial. In proportion as poems recede from the warm throb of living hearts, it matters little what power of imagination is embarked in them—their light, as time goes on, is doomed to pale.

The exclusion of dramatic pieces, which forms part of Mr. Ward's plan, gives to Shakspeare in this collection a place quite subordinate to that assigned to Spenser. Accordingly the specimens from Shakspeare are confined to parts of 'Venus and Adonis' and 'Lucrece,' and to a few of the best sonnets, and of the sweetest songs that are scattered through his dramas. In his two descriptive poems we see the young Shakspeare, full of the voluptuousness of the Renaissance, and we may add, of his own nature, trying his 'prentice-hand at the shaping of poetry. As Professor Dowden remarks in his excellent essay, the subjects did not lay hold of him, but he laid hold of them, and 'subtilized till he could subtilize no farther.'

'A couple of ice-houses these two poems have been called by Hazlitt,—they are, he says, as hard, as glittering, and as cold. Cold, indeed, they will seem to any one who listens to hear in them the natural cry of human passion. But the paradox is true, that for a young poet of Elizabeth's age to be natural, direct, simple, would have been unnatural. He was most happy when most fantastical; he spun a shining web to catch conceits, inevitably, as a spider casts his thread; the quick-budding wit was itself warm while erecting its ice-houses.'

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There is in these poems no hint of the power that was afterwards to be revealed in the great tragedies. Even in the sonnets, the tenderness that is often, and the strong passion that is always, present in them, are many times hidden out of sight under the glittering conceits and the elaborate strainings after wit, in which Shakspeare spends himself. Of the specimens in this book, it is only in the songs that we recognize the 'native wood-notes wild' which caught the ear of Milton.

Allusion has been made to two influences which were powerfully working in Shakspeare and all the poets of his time—the Renaissance, and that which we know as Euphuism. On the first of these, volumes have of late been written. Suffice it to say that it was from contact with the poets and scholars of Italy, its birthplace, that our poets took the contagion. Surrey and Wyatt first; then Spenser, in larger, fuller measure, as befitted his larger nature, caught it and passed it on to his countrymen.

The revolt from Scholasticism, the newly-won freedom from medieval trammels, the genial delight in all things human, the free play of all the natural impulses, the rebellion against restraint, especially against all ascetic views of life, the love of beauty, the desire for form, the straining after ingenuity of expression, all these are phases of the one great movement. The essence of the Renaissance is perhaps well expressed, as we have lately seen it expressed, as 'the combined affection for learning, for physical beauty, and for pleasure.' It is easy to see how readily this newly-won liberty would degenerate into licence. In pure natures like Spenser and Sidney, which were held in check by devout aspirations, it never did so, but acted only as a larger inspiration. In natures less under self-control, like the youthful Shakspeare, it did sometimes degenerate into voluptuousness, as we see in his two early poems and in some of the sonnets. In coarser natures it habitually ran riot.

The other influence that coloured the style of the Elizabethans was the well-known Euphuism. The term, as all know, is derived from the prose romance of 'Euphues,' composed by Lyly, in which he is said to have taught the courtiers and ladies of fashion 'a new and reformed kind of English.' Mr. Minto, in Mr. Ward's first volume, maintains that Sir Walter Scott, in the talk of his Sir Piercie Shafton, made a caricature of Euphuism; rather he says Lyly's own style was 'neat, quick, and balanced; full of puns and pretty conceits.' This may be true, but the name of Lyly's work has become associated with the fashion then prevalent of an affectation in language which soon passed into absurd extravagance. Fantastic and far-fetched effort after wit, grotesque metaphor, 'punning puerility,' pedantic allusion,

allusion, became the fashion of the time, and affected both the poetry and prose of England more or less till the time of Dryden. It arose, no doubt, from the too-nimble wit, the over-active intellect of the age, but none the less was it a vice that ate the heart out of much of its literature. Even Shakspeare himself did not wholly escape the contagion, though in his more earnest and higher moods he shook himself free from it. Of the lesser lights, it led some to dally with love-verses, affected and unreal, while others, as Sidney, who wrote under the power of passion, yet clothed their feeling in a style so artificial, that it is only in occasional gleams that their real sincerity shone through. Great poets, when at the height of their inspiration, are sure to rise above such frailties, and to speak that noble language which belongs to all time. But for the general run of writers, whether in prose or verse, simplicity is the last attainment. It took two hundred years more before such simplicity became the inheritance of all Englishmen. So true is it that, in writing as in life, in generations as in many individuals,

‘The old man clogs our earliest years,
And simple childhood comes the last.’

The exuberance of the full-blooded, many-sided, vivacious Elizabethan age is strikingly attested by the twenty-one names of poets which, besides Spenser and Shakspeare, fill up the latter portion of Mr. Ward’s first volume. These all flourished in the later years of the 16th and the early years of the 17th century.

Many of these were lyrists, some of lighter and some of graver vein, some combining both moods. Among the lighter lyrists, Mr. Gosse treats of Greene and Lodge with fine discrimination, in Mr. Ward’s first volume. Of Lodge he speaks as ‘the least boisterous of the noisy crew of learned wits, who, with Greene and Marlowe at their head, invaded London from the Universities toward the close of Elizabeth’s reign.’ Lodge he considers as the best of the Euphuists. But it is not by his romances written in that style, but by his lyrics, that he still lives. Of these Mr. Gosse says, ‘In his best songs Lodge shows a command over the more sumptuous and splendid parts of language, that reminds the reader of Marlowe’s gift in tragedy; and of all the Elizabethans, Lodge is the one who most frequently recalls Shelley to mind. He has phrases so curiously like Shelley’s own, that we are tempted to believe that the rare quartos of Lodge must have passed through the later poet’s hands.’ His most famous lyric is his description of Rosalind, of which Mr. Palgrave, in his ‘Golden Treasury,’ has spoken
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in rapturous terms. But among the poets of that time there were men who did not give themselves exclusively, or even prominently, to literature. Many of them belonged to the oldest and most famous English families, were familiar at Court, and had a large share in the stirring events amidst which they lived. Such were Sir Philip Sidney, Lord Brooke, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir John Davies. If they dallied, some of them, with love-lyrics and with pastoral conceits for a time, and were often entangled in the web of Euphuism, in those just named there is an undertone of that high thought and moral dignity which comes only from noble natures. Such a sweet and serious gravity appears in the best sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney, which here receive a discriminating and graceful tribute from the pen of Mr. Ward.

Mr. Ward's first volume closes with three poets, who, though differing markedly from each other, agree in this, that what merit they have lies in solidity of matter rather than in lightness of imagination. Drayton—national, descriptive, historical—treats many diverse subjects all well, but none brilliantly. 'It is something to have written,' says Mr. Saintsbury, 'the best war song in a language, its best fantastic poem, and its only topographical poem of real excellence.' By the best war song he means, we suppose, Drayton's ballad of 'Agincourt.' It has, no doubt, rough force, and rolls along historic names with a grand sonorousness. But it is not to compare, surely, with Campbell's 'Battle of the Baltic,' the stanza of which it may have suggested; nor with others of Campbell's battle lyrics.

In Davies and Donne, the reflectiveness we have noticed in some earlier Elizabethans became heavy philosophizing. Coleridge was fond of quoting Davies's 'Thoughts on the Soul' in 'Nosce Te Ipsum'—but, however wise and true, they want the fervour of inspiration. Donne is remarkable, not so much for his philosophy, as for the strange garb in which he clothed his philosophizings. He is the earliest of what some have called the philosophical, others the fantastical school of poets. 'Laborious wit,' pedantic learning, elaborate ingenuity, far-fetched allusiveness, these are the distinctive marks of his style. In this vein he had a large following among succeeding poets, of whom Suckling, Denham, Crashaw, Cleveland, and Cowley, are conspicuous. As we read the works of Donne, we are amazed at the waste of learning expended on such frigid conceits, and feel wholly indisposed to take the mental trouble of unravelling their meaning.

The second volume of Mr. Ward's book professes to cover the poets of the 17th century, from Ben Jonson to Dryden. But it

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is impossible to draw any accurate boundary-line between century and century, or between age and age. The free exuberant spirit of what we vaguely call the Elizabethan age did not cease with the death of the Queen, but flowed well on into the reign of James. Shakspeare himself lived for thirteen years of that reign. And Ben Jonson, though he lived twenty years longer than Shakspeare, belonged essentially to the age of Shakspeare and Elizabeth.

The old drama continued with some power for a generation after Shakspeare died; but, growing gradually weaker, it may be said to have expired in the mild and imitative Shirley. But the great dramatists who survived Shakspeare left other poems, besides their plays, which are represented in Mr. Ward's second volume. Ben Jonson, had he never written a play, would, by his songs, epigrams, epitaphs, and epistles, have secured for himself a poet's fame. Surviving till near the middle of Charles I.'s reign (he died in 1637), he was looked up to by a whole host of younger Cavalier poets down to Herrick, all of whom regarded him as their master, and were proud to call themselves his sons. Jonson himself, while still maintaining his independence, was, like most of his friends, at heart a Royalist; but his early manhood had not fallen on the evil days when poets must needs become partisans, as his younger friends were forced to become. The songs interspersed through the plays of Jonson have not the natural warble of Shakspeare's. They are less spontaneous, more studied and classical. The best known of them all, and the most felicitous, is perhaps the song beginning—

‘Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine.’

The plays of Beaumont and Fletcher are lighted up with lyrics of various mood, most of them credited to Fletcher. They are airy in movement, ‘dainty sweet’ in tone and sentiment, but without any throb of strong emotion. Of another and weightier strain is the only specimen of Beaumont's lyrical power given in this volume, the lines on the ‘Tombs in Westminster.’

Mr. Stopford Brooke well remarks that between the poetry of the Elizabethan era on the one hand, and that of the Jacobean and Caroline on the other, there is this great difference. In the former, all the elements of life and feeling existed together intermingled, yet with a pervading unity. In the latter era they were split into separate streams, and flowed in distinct channels. In this respect, poetry only reflected the distracted mind of England. Like the rest of their countrymen, poets became strong partisans,
Cavaliers

Cavaliers or Roundheads, Churchmen or Puritans. Each party had its poets, and took no account of those who belonged to the other side. But, though divided in sentiment, they were almost all of them affected with that vicious style of diction, which began with Lyly and Donne, and continued to Cowley. The Royalist bards number Carew, Habington, Suckling, Lovelace and Cartwright, Denham and Herrick; not to mention Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cleveland, the last of whom, one of the stoutest of the Royalists, is omitted from Mr. Ward's collection, as he was from those of Chambers and Anderson.

Among so many poets there is of course great variety of tone and style. Ben Jonson was thoughtful, and could be even devout, as appears in his 'Lines to Heaven.' Drummond was habitually devout and reverent. But the younger men above named were gay, dashing, clever; and infected, most of them, with the love of false ingenuity. Bent on being witty, they became unnatural, often harsh and obscure. Yet out of all these disfigurements there will gleam now and then some line of imaginative tenderness beautifully expressed, such as Lovelace's famous

'I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.'

The subjects these Cavaliers dealt with were mostly light and trivial—'the charms of Court beauties, a lock of hair, a pair of gloves, a dress, all the fleeting forms of fleeting love.' Theirs was not the strong deep passion of love, but only mere surface and ephemeral fancy. Prominent among all the lyrists on the Church and Cavalier side was Herrick. We wish our space had allowed us to linger over him, but we must refer our readers to the finely appreciative essay in which Mr. Gosse describes Herrick's poetry, as he does that of most of the Cavalier bards.

The least satisfactory part of Mr. Ward's second volume is the treatment which it gives to the religious poets of the 17th century, who were sons of the Church. Instead of each having a prefatory essay to himself, as all the other poets have, we find Sandys, Herbert, Crashaw, and Vaughan, combined together in one notice, and that not very sympathetic. The writer of it assumes a disparaging tone regarding them, which is much out of place. Regarding the two best, Herbert and Vaughan, who have always been dear to devout minds, he more than hints that their religion was born of disappointment, and that, had they obtained more of the goods of this world, they would have thought less of the next. In contrast to this cynical view, we are glad to note a side-glance at these two poets in Mr.

Gosse's

Gosse's essay on Herrick, where he speaks of 'the spiritual elevation of Vaughan, and the conscience-searching holy aspiration of Herbert.' In the extracts from both we miss some of their best poems. Why have those lines of Herbert which delighted Coleridge been omitted?

'Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.'

True it is that Herbert seldom lets his thought flow so clear and bright as in these lines. He was deeply infected with obscure quaintness of thought rather than of language, but the thoughts hidden under this guise are more worth searching for in Herbert than in most of his contemporaries.

Our enjoyment of Vaughan is seldom marred by any such obstructions as we find in his elder brother poet. His thoughts and diction are more simple, direct, and transparent, than those of Herbert, or indeed of almost any of his contemporaries. In him we find the same ideal feelings about childhood which reappeared two centuries later in Wordsworth, and, arising out of this, something of the same imaginative spirituality. Indeed, his poem 'The Retreat' has been thought by some to have suggested to Wordsworth his 'Ode on Immortality.' Certainly it contains the same thought, not indistinctly expressed. Why is all notice omitted from Mr. Ward's book of Quarles and his homely 'Emblems'?

It was in Cartwright, who died in 1643 before he was thirty, and in Abraham Cowley, who died in 1667 when he was nearly fifty, that the fantastic school reached its climax. There is perhaps no more striking example of great powers shipwrecked by want of taste and by a false standard of excellence, than is to be seen in the case of Cowley. When his heart was deeply moved, he could write simply and feelingly, as is proved by his poem, here given, on the death of his friend Mr. William Hervey. 'He was,' we are told, 'master of two or three positive sciences, and of all the literatures of Europe, he was not without some real poetic gift, but so hopelessly was it buried beneath the rubbish of "mixed wit, metaphysics, and conceit," as Dr. Johnson phrased it, that his Pindaric Odes, which were the admiration of his own age, are a weariness to ours.'

The Puritan poets, if less numerous than those on the Cavalier side, are at least as excellent. Such (not to speak of Milton) were Wither, who was a favourite with Wordsworth, and Marvell, who in his youth sang with a gay and graceful
[delight

delight of nature, love, and beauty; he was the author of the still popular song

‘ Shall I wasting in despair
Die because a woman’s fair?’

But as he grew older he left such levities behind, and, as the Puritan Captain in the Civil War, regarded those innocent effusions as profane. But his muse never grew morose, as may be seen from the extracts given in Mr. Ward’s book. His latest poem, entitled ‘Halleluiah,’ published in 1641, contains a ‘Prayer of Old Age,’ full of benign gravity. In the words of Mr. W. T. Arnold’s essay on him, ‘Never was there a purer or more honourable spirit, or one that kept closer to the best it knew.’

‘Of that intellectual lustre, which was produced by the union of classical culture and ancient love of liberty with Puritan enthusiasm, Milton was the central orb; Marvell a satellite, paler yet bright.’ So says Mr. Goldwin Smith, characteristically appreciative of the Republican poet, the friend of Milton, and with him joint secretary to Cromwell. Marvell’s poetic diction bears the stamp of scholarly taste, and shows that he had profited by classical study. Yet this does not save him from the vice of his time—a love of far-fetched and frigid conceits. He was, says Mr. Goldwin Smith, ‘eminently afflicted with the gift of wit, or ingenuity, much prized in his day.’ His feeling wants depth and fervour, except when his heart is touched in some Puritan chord, as in the well-known lines on the Bermudas, and in his ode on Cromwell’s return from Ireland, in which occur the famous lines on the death of Charles I.

On the whole, may we not say that the poetry produced in the interval between the death of Shakspeare and the prime of Dryden’s power shows, with one pre-eminent exception, a perceptible decline in volume of power, in vigorous impulse, in freshness of feeling, and in range of sympathy?

That one exception, we need hardly say, was Milton. From the comparatively low level to which the English poetry of the 17th century had sunk in the hands of Cavalier or Puritan lyrists, the form of Milton rises solitary, sublime, ‘like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved.’ Self-wrapt, and lonely aspiring, he looked down with no little disdain on the rhymers of his day. This is how he speaks of them in a passage written in 1641, in which he gives the conception which haunted him of his contemplated work. It is, he says,

‘A work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine,

wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist, or the trenching fury of a riming parasite, nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added industriously select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs.'

Solitariness and sublimity are the impressions made on us alike by Milton's personality and by his poetry. In his epitaph for Shakspeare, written when he was only twenty-two, he struck the first note of that elevated tone, that 'larger style,' which he maintained down to the last line of his last poem, and which no English poet since has been able fully to reawaken.

The essay with which Mr. Mark Pattison has prefaced the selections from Milton in the second volume of Mr. Ward's book is, as befits the theme, the most instructive and impressive in the volume. In it Mr. Pattison says:—

'The quality in Milton, which the poverty of our language tries to express by the words solemnity, gravity, majesty, nobility, loftiness, does not reside in the thesis which is logically enunciated, nor in the image presented. These in Milton are often commonplace enough. The elevation is communicated to us, not by the dogma or deliverance, but by sympathy. We catch the contagion of the poet's mental attitude.'

But solitary though Milton stood, and wholly disregardful of the smaller poets in his own day, no poet ever drew more largely on the past, and more absorbed all the best of it into himself. Besides his wide and select scholarship, gathered from the poets and the prose writers of all times and all lands, he was especially beholden to his own countryman Spenser. As Spenser took up his high poetic strain from Chaucer, so Milton took up his where Spenser left it. Milton owned to Dryden that Spenser was his original model, and in 'L'Allegro' he glances at 'The Faerie Queen':—

'Forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.'

The full spirit of all that was best in the Renaissance was upon him. In his two early poems, describing the joyous and the pensive moods of the retired scholar, while he avoids the licentiousness, he preserves the gaiety, of the Elizabethan time. In them, dancing, the stage, the hounds and horn, as well as church architecture, organ music and storied windows, all have an attraction for him,—things against which the fiercer Puritan spirit

spirit was at that very time inveighing. It is almost comical to find the youthful Milton joining in the protest against Puritan Prynne's attack upon the drama, and producing his 'Comus' to be performed at an entertainment given by the Earl of Bridgewater—the future Puritan poet the composer of a Cavalier mask. 'Lycidas,' the last of Milton's early poems, is regarded by the best criticism as recording the highest tide-mark of his inspiration. In the words of Mr. Pattison, 'This piece, unmatched in the whole range of English poetry, and never again equalled by Milton himself, leaves all criticism behind. Indeed, so high is the poetic note reached, that the common ear fails to catch it: *Lycidas* is the touchstone of taste.'

It were vain to speculate, yet the thought will recur, What would Milton have been, what channel would his genius have shaped for itself, had not the Civil War burst on England, and enwrapped all his prime of manhood in its baleful gloom? When the cloud passed, it left him with a mind no doubt deepened by a stern experience, but with a spirit from which sweetness had departed, a spirit embittered by high hopes disappointed and ideal dreams dashed to the dust—a spirit more rigid, more isolated, more out of sympathy with the men and things he lived amongst.

The dream of his youth, the suspended hope of his manhood, had been to compose a great poem. But strong as his imagination was, it neither could nor cared to deal with the fantastic or the purely fictitious; it sought a basis of reality to work upon—some subject which had an existence apart from imagination. All his poems have such a basis—'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso' in moods he had experienced. 'Comus' perhaps alone in its framework belongs to the region of mere fancy, but even it is animated throughout by the poet's own moral sentiment. The sonnets, sole poetic products of his twenty silent years, are all records, simple, naked, unadorned, of the stormy emotions kindled within him by real events which he saw or heard of. In their 'majestic severity' they have been compared to the Collects, and also to the Hebrew Psalms for their 'undisguised outburst of rage, revenge, exultation, or despair.'

When, in 1657, he at last addressed himself to the great poetic purpose of his life, and essayed an epic, he behaved to choose a subject either from England's national history, or one of still more universal interest. It is well that he abandoned his thought of a great national epic, for to compose one which should be popular was not in him. He was therefore shut up to a subject of universal human import, and such he could find only
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in the Bible. The Fall and the Restoration of the human race, with which the Bible begins, was the most universal subject conceivable—it touched the interest of all humanity. It had in it nothing fictitious. For Milton and the men of his time, the first chapters of Genesis were as literally true as any facts of English history; as true, and of far more absorbing interest. No thought of symbol or allegory had ever crossed their minds. At no period of England's history had the narratives of the Old Testament so strong a hold on men's imaginations as during that Puritan age. In all the spiritual existences of the 'Paradise Lost,' not only in the angels and demons, but even in the heathen gods as evil spirits, Milton and his countrymen had as implicit faith as they had in the existence of Moses and Aaron. But this, which enhanced the power of his subject for that age, has somewhat impaired its hold on ours. Few men now conceive of the unseen world exactly as Milton did. His entire theology, his dialogues between the Father and the Son, and his whole celestial atmosphere, are, even at the best, frigid. Perhaps no one ever felt his piety grow warmer in the atmosphere of either 'Paradise Lost' or 'Paradise Regained.' This must have been felt as a defect by pious minds even in Milton's own day, a defect springing from his proud and isolated nature. But in the now changed attitude of feeling towards the subjects which he handled, we see, as Mr. Pattison has well pointed out, 'an element of decay in poems which we vainly style immortal.'

What then is that which ensured from the first, and will always ensure for Milton, unquestionable pre-eminence? It is the lofty and lonely elevation of the thought and sentiment which he breathes through his Scriptural framework,—thought and sentiment clothed in a language of his own creation, unique in its nobleness and suggestiveness, and pouring over the mind an organ-roll of music, of which he alone possessed the secret. These sentiments, embodied in that imperishable style of his, are the inheritance which Milton bequeathed to England. Solitariness was the characteristic of his maturer genius. Want of sympathy with the men of his own age, and with ordinary men in every age, cast him back upon the fellowship of select souls whom he met in books, and upon the high and severe thoughts with which his heart held commune. This quality pervades both his Epics, but its fullest expression is seen in his last poem, 'Samson Agonistes.' This poem is perhaps more real and personal than any other which he wrote. For Samson, blind and in chains, was doubtless a picture of himself in his old age.

If there is anywhere a break in the continuity of English poetry,

poetry, it would seem to have been when the laurel passed from the brow of Milton to that of Dryden. Yet they were almost contemporaries. Dryden was forty-three years old when Milton died: he had seen and talked with Milton, and had asked to be allowed to turn the 'Paradise Lost' into an opera. Milton replied, 'he would give him leave to tag his verses,' and the result was Dryden's opera called 'The State of Innocence,' which, however, never appeared on the stage. The descent from Milton to Dryden is like the fall from the *Te Deum*, either in its Latin or its English form, to the same hymn translated by Dryden into heroic couplets. The latter half of the seventeenth century saw a rapid lowering of the emotional temperature in England. Among the upper classes all the great enthusiasms which stir the heart and ennoble men were dead—the enthusiasm of patriotism, of liberty, and of religion—for what had these produced in the past age but confusion and anarchy? We have had enough of these; let us now have a little time for ease and enjoyment. Any authority which would secure these things was welcome; this was the prevailing national feeling after the Restoration, and this feeling Dryden fully shared and represented. Not the deeper passions or higher aspirations which shake men's souls, but the surface appearances of life as seen by the understanding, political intrigues and cabals, and town life and society, these men cared for, and with these poetry had to deal.

Of Dryden's dramas, tragic or comic, little need be said. His genius was not dramatic. It was when he took to political satire that his real self shone out. The reigns of Charles II. and his brother, moved by no great passions, but honeycombed by successive plots and intrigues,—this was just the age to provoke satire. Dryden from the first had a heart for national subjects, as was proved by his earliest poems. The sworn defender of the Court and of authority against all attempts at Revolution, he found full vent for the satiric power that lay slumbering within him, when, in 1681, the intriguing Shaftesbury with the Whig Puritan party contrived a plot to exclude the Duke of York from the throne at his brother's death, and to substitute the Protestant Duke of Monmouth. It was in these satires that the full force of Dryden found vent. His descriptions of Shaftesbury and Buckingham, for caustic portrait painting, have perhaps no equals in our language. These are samples of Dryden's real strength, and after their kind they have never been surpassed—perhaps never equalled.

But the Revolution of 1688, which restored Locke to his country and made his fame, denuded Dryden of his laureateship

ship and his three hundred pounds a year. Poverty drove him back for a time to play-writing, but this work he abandoned as soon as he could, and gave his last years to his translation of Virgil, translations of some tales of Boccaccio, and modernization of tales from Chaucer. In translation, notwithstanding his looseness and frequent carelessness, Dryden is to this hour unsurpassed. To these later years belong what are conventionally called his 'two great odes'—that on St. Cecilia's Day and that on Alexander's Feast. But these cannot be placed among the really great lyrics of our language. They show the force and versifying power of an able man; but they are cold at the heart. Dryden had neither pathos nor passion to write genuine lyrics. Some may admire such lines as these applied to the music of the organ—

'Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.'

and again—

'An angel heard, and straight appeared
Mistaking earth for heaven.'

They are in truth but poor conceits. Better, however, are the concluding lines, when speaking of the last day he says:—

'The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And music shall untune the sky.'

Dryden is thoroughly English in the strong sense and heartiness which he threw into all he wrote. The age he lived in was unheroic, and he was a man of his age, mingling much with the world, and catching its tone and temper; and this he reflected especially in his satires. Here we see the realism of English poetry—the way in which it mirrors the sentiments and impulses of the age in which it is born. Whether we like his spirit or not, Dryden must be felt to be as true to his age, as Chaucer or Shakspeare were to theirs. He does not aim at flights or affect raptures which he does not feel, does not try to escape from the atmosphere that surrounds him, but makes a hearty use of it. If we cannot forget that in his plays he stooped to please the depraved taste of his age and disfigured them with indecency, in his satires he left this bad habit behind, and dealt with the events and men of his day in verse which was real and effective.

As Dryden, when a full-grown man, had seen and conversed with Milton, so Pope, as a boy of twelve, had just seen Dryden. 'Virgilium vidi tantum' is his own quotation. The lowered temperature

temperature of feeling, which came in with Dryden and the Restoration, continued throughout the life of Pope, and was the element in which he lived and moved. Pope was born in the very year which placed William and Mary on the throne; and all his works reflect the new social and political atmosphere which then began. Dryden, the chief poet of the Restoration, was from early manhood an ardent Royalist. Pope, the chief poet of the Revolution, was, though identified with the Tory party through his friends, less of a politician than Dryden, and more of a social observer. He watched the shades of social life in his day, exhibited them with a minuteness, and expressed them with a power, hitherto unknown. Having such subjects to deal with, he set himself to cultivate form before everything, to attain to the perfection of literary expression. In the essay with which Mr. Pattison introduces the extracts from Pope, one of the most valuable in Mr. Ward's third volume, as his essay on Milton is in the second volume, he makes this the characteristic of the classical period, of which Pope is the representative. Classical, he says, Pope and his followers in Queen Anne's time are called, not because they consciously imitated Virgil, Horace, and the other Latin writers, but because they were the first to perceive that there is such a thing as the art of writing, that it is possible not only to convey instruction, but to give pleasure in the manner of conveying it. Pope was, above all things, the poet of form, of expression.

Wordsworth's crusade against the artificiality of Pope's diction, and Byron's defence of it, are well known. The truth seems to be that, estimated by the purpose for which Pope, in his later works, used it, his style is not meretricious or falsely artificial; but the clearest, most direct, and perfect vehicle that can be conceived. When Pope used it to express the things he knew, town life, with its social lights and shadows, for such themes no kind of verse was ever more happily adapted. But when either Pope himself or his followers turned his heroic couplets and his peculiar diction upon other subjects, for which they were unfitted, when they tried with these to describe nature, or to express deep passion, or tender sentiment, then we see the inherent limitation of his whole style. Wordsworth has observed of Dryden, that there is not a single image fresh from nature in all his poems. He might have extended the remark to Pope also. If Dryden in describing night makes the drowsy mountains nod, it is equally clear that Pope writes of rural appearances without having his eye on the object. With him the moon is the 'refulgent lamp of night,' sheep are 'the woolly care.' This false coinage, invented by city poets, who neither

knew nor cared for country sights, became the accepted verbiage of poets who both knew and cared for these, and it took two generations at least to purge our poetic diction clear of this perilous stuff that weighed upon its heart. Both Dryden and Pope, when writing of things within their ken, when painting characters they knew, or lashing follies which they saw, are as clear, direct, nervous, home-thrusting, as it is possible to be. English poetry, as it passed through the alembic of Dryden's and Pope's minds, lost for ever the Euphuistic conceits, the unnatural strainings after wit, which had disfigured it since the days of the Euphuists. And if from its restricted range it contracted another superficiality of its own, it acquired that clearness, force, and directness, which has never since deserted it.

In Thomson's 'Seasons,' which appeared in 1735, while Pope was in the plenitude of his fame, we see the poetic spirit turning its back on town life, and wandering again in search of its native fields. Thomson's love of nature was genuine, his knowledge of it was at first hand. If he wrote rather from remembrance of what he had seen in youth than with the objects present to his eye, yet the remembrance was so vivid that he pours over the heart of the reader a fresh breath from woods and fields. His descriptions are true and faithful, his feelings natural and sincere, and many of his lines happily reflect these feelings. Yet the impression is often marred by his blank verse, which is cumbrous, involved, heavy, and monotonous.

There is a striking passage in Mr. Matthew Arnold's 'Essay on Gray' in Mr. Ward's third volume, in which he expresses excellently well the difference between the poetry of the so-called classical school, and the poetry which followed it.

'The difference,' he says, 'between genuine poetry and the poetry of Dryden, Pope, and all their school, is briefly this; their poetry is conceived and composed in their wits—genuine poetry is conceived and composed in the soul. The difference between the two kinds of poetry is immense. They differ profoundly in their modes of language—they differ profoundly in their modes of evolution. The poetic language of our eighteenth century in general, is the language of men composing without their eye on the object, as Wordsworth excellently said of Dryden; language merely recalling the object, as the common language of prose does, and then dressing it out with a certain smartness and brilliancy for the fancy and understanding. This is called "splendid diction."'

'The evolution of the poetry of our eighteenth century is likewise intellectual; it proceeds by ratiocination, antithesis, ingenious turns and conceits. This poetry is often eloquent, and always, in the hands of such masters as Dryden and Pope, clever; but it does not take

take us much below the surface of things—it does not give us the emotion of seeing things in their truth and beauty. The language of genuine poetry, on the other hand, is the language of one composing with his eye on the object, its evolution is that of a thing which has been plunged in the poet's soul, till it comes forth naturally and necessarily.

‘This sort of evolution is infinitely simpler than the other, and infinitely more satisfying; the same thing is true of the genuine poetic language likewise. But they are both of them, also, infinitely harder of attainment; they come only from those who, as Emerson says, “live from a great depth of being.”’

This passage has a retrospective and a prospective aspect. It describes the poetry that was dominant from the death of Milton till the death of Pope. It describes also the poetry which began with Collins and Gray and has gone on deepening and broadening down to our time. The history of our Poetry, from the middle to the end of last century, is a history of transition from the poetry of the understanding to the poetry of heart and soul. In each one of the more genuine poets who appeared after the death of Pope, this change shows itself, shining through the gifts and temperament of each. If they had less ability than Dryden and Pope, there is not one of them who did not live and speak from a greater depth of being.

It would have been a pleasant task, had space allowed, to have traced the successive steps by which the love of nature is seen reviving, and human feeling is seen deepening and expanding, in each one of the genuine poets who in the last century followed Pope—in Collins, Gray, Goldsmith, Burns, and Cowper. The warmer glow of feeling, which animated the poetry of the last sixty years of the eighteenth century, is seen more conspicuously in the heightened tone of political thought and of religious sentiment, which marked the same period. The gulf which separates Pope and Swift from Collins, Gray, Goldsmith, and Cowper, great though it be, is not so wide as that which divides the mundane wisdom and corrupt policy of Walpole, or the hollow ability of Bolingbroke, from the high-hearted patriotism of the elder Pitt, or the solid thoughtfulness and noble enthusiasm of Edmund Burke. The frigid Deism of the opening century could not be exchanged for the burning zeal of the Wesleys, without sooner or later telling upon the poets, though they knew it not.

From Thomson to Cowper and Burns, each succeeding poet of mark made a new step in the return to warmth and nature and freedom. In three directions this advance is seen. First, in a growing love of natural scenery. Secondly, in a diving

deeper into the seats of feeling, a widening sympathy with man as man. Thirdly, in a re-awakening interest in the past, as seen in Chatterton and in the Percy Ballads. In all these directions the poets of the last century were preparing the way, —groping for the avenues along which the poets of the new era were to advance. We err therefore when we make a wide chasm between the poets of last century and of this. Looked at more closely, we may say that the former sowed the seeds, from which the others were to reap a poetic harvest, the most splendid perhaps which England has ever seen.

For, is it an exaggeration to say, that no thirty years of English history ever witnessed the birth of so much high poetry as the first three decades of this century? Of course, there was no Shakspeare—that could not be again. But, bating him, the poetic growth of those years outmatches all else of the Elizabethan time—indeed, so far outmatches it, that the overplus is almost enough to compensate this century for the want of a Shakspeare. What was it that caused that wonderful outburst of song? Who shall say, who shall account for the genesis of genius? It has been customary to say, that it was the electric shock which the French Revolution communicated to all sensitive spirits. It were wiser, perhaps, to say, with the Editor of the ‘Golden Treasury,’ that the French Revolution was itself only one result, and by no means the most important, of that wider and greater spirit which awoke in Europe as the eighteenth century closed, and gave to France that political upheaval from which it has not yet recovered, and to England, among many other quickenings, that sudden and splendid outburst of original poetry.

Of the twenty or two-and-twenty poets, whose pieces occupy nearly 500 pages of Mr. Ward’s fourth and concluding volume, most had done their singing by 1830. Among these there are six names, which have now, by common consent, got recognized as the Giants of the Prime. These are Wordsworth and Scott; Byron and Shelley; and less than these only in the volume of their production—not less in the quality of their genius, Coleridge and Keats. Four of these six, Wordsworth and Coleridge, Byron and Shelley, were very markedly children of the stormy era into which they were born. They began as Poets of Revolt, rebelling against the hide-bound conventionalities, which confronted them in the names of Religion, Morality, Politics, and social usage; and they longed for ‘an ampler ether, a diviner air,’ than any which England or Europe then offered them. Two of them, though discontented with the institutions and conventions of men, were led by time and reflection to find, behind these, a higher and more stable order than that

that which human codes embodied. Two others, Byron and Shelley, continued to the end poets of the Revolt only. All know with what pæans Wordsworth and Coleridge hailed the French Revolution, with what golden hopes for the world it at first inspired them.

‘Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was heaven.’

And even when these high hopes were clouded, and those who had entertained them were for a time plunged in despondency, they soon recovered their faith in the moral order which was governing all things, and would work itself out otherwise than they had dreamt of. To open men’s eyes to this order Wordsworth devoted his poetry, and Coleridge his prose. It is more difficult to see in Scott any trace of the political ferment which surrounded his youth, unless it be in this indirect way—that the turmoil of the time quickened his patriotism and drove him back for solace and delight to the heroism and romance of a vanished age. Yet his eye was not blind to present nobleness, disguised under homely exteriors, as his portraits of Scottish peasantry witness.

We purposely pass over the essays on Wordsworth and Byron, as we propose in a subsequent number to examine at greater length than our present subject would allow Mr. Matthew Arnold’s criticisms upon these poets; and we therefore confine ourselves at present to the view which Mr. Frederick Myers has given of Shelley, and to that which Mr. Matthew Arnold has given of Keats.

Mr. Frederick Myers, who is one of the few Cambridge contributors to Mr. Ward’s book, introduces the selections from Shelley with an essay, which is both noteworthy in itself and also as representing a phase of opinion very prevalent at the present time. Many of our young men endowed with poetic sensibility regard Shelley as the typical specimen of the poetic spirit in its purest essence. His character and his story awaken in them, they tell us, ‘the maximum at once of sympathetic pity and sympathetic triumph.’ In his controversy with the world and all its opinions and all its arrangements, in his trust in his own impulse rather than in traditional views of things, they see a type of the normal attitude in which the ideal poet stands to prosaic ordinary mankind—of one who, in his rebellion against the commonplace and the actual, is a witness to ‘the validity of the poetic vision.’ To put their view at its strongest, Mr. Myers quotes these words from Mr. Swinburne:—

‘Shelley outsang all poets on record but some two or three; his depths and heights of inner music are as divine as nature’s, and not sooner

sooner exhaustible. He was above the perfect singing God; his thoughts, words, deeds, all sang together . . . the master singer of our modern race and age; the poet beloved above all other poets, being beyond all other poets—in one word, and the only proper word—divine.'

This is the way in which the initiated regard Shelley, and Mr. Myers is himself one of the initiated.

What the uninitiated say is that Shelley, notwithstanding the marvellous beauty of his imagery and the magic of his music, wants substance, solid thought, coherence. He is continually dealing with the deepest problems of existence, and propounding remedies for them which come to nothing, which are childish for their emptiness. Prometheus, his great Deliverer, when he has got rid of kings and creeds and institutions, retires with his goddess Asia to a cave, there to 'entangle buds, and flowers, and beams.' This is the upshot of his greatest poem. Besides this, ordinary mortals can find no connection in his thoughts. He rushes along, borne on solely by his own impulse, in a stream of 'melodious incoherence,' amid clouds of imagery and painted phrases, to which we can attach no definite meaning. This is what is said by the uninitiated, the critics of plain common sense, who find Shakspeare and Milton and Wordsworth full of meaning in every line, but who entirely miss this in Shelley; and Mr. Myers allows that they have some grounds for their objections.

Against them, however, he pleads Shelley's youth and immaturity—an immaturity, however, which he thinks was decreasing every year. Then, as to the crudity of his teaching, the childishness of his conceptions of life, Mr. Myers urges that, if Shelley has not given us a code of morals or a philosophy, he has left us something rarer—an example of how the littleness and the crimes of men affected a pure unworldly spirit. His life, Mr. Myers thinks, with all its errors and its sufferings, leaves us with the conviction 'that there is nothing which a spirit of such magnitude cannot overcome or undergo.' Again, as to the charge of vagueness and incoherence in Shelley's language, Mr. Myers urges, with some reason, that with the most imaginative poets all language must be a compromise between things they can definitely say and things they would fain say, but can only hint at. Shelley's poetry, Mr. Myers would indicate, is like the hues of sunset, as fugitive, as intangible, and as suggestive. Such is the contention of Mr. Myers, and in urging it he speaks not only for himself, but for a large number—perhaps the majority—of poetical young men of the rising generation. It is a grave symptom of our time,

suggesting

suggesting not pleasant thoughts for the future, that men like Mr. Myers and those whom he represents can—we do not say find delight in the poetry of Shelley, for much of it who could fail to delight in?—but can hold up his character as one to be wholly admired, and regard the man himself as an angel of light, worthy of something little short of adoration.

Mr. Matthew Arnold in his fine essay gives way to no such raptures. He dwells rather on the man Keats, than on his poetry. With some impatience and scorn Mr. Arnold comes down on those admirers of Keats who make of him a mere sensuous weakling, who are enamoured of the luscious sensuousness that pervades his poetry, and see nothing else in it or in himself. Mr. Arnold does not deny that the sensuous vein was strong in Keats. But with something like loathing the critic turns from those admirers, 'whose pawing and fondness does not good but harm to the fame of Keats; who concentrate attention upon what in him is least wholesome and most questionable.' Mr. Arnold looks for signs in him of something more than sensuousness, for signs of character and virtue. And the signs he looks for Mr. Arnold finds in thoughts expressed and resolves made in his later letters, when he says that the poetry he yearned after was to be achieved, not by mere dreaming and sensuous enjoyment, but, as Milton's was, 'through application, study, thought;' when he says that it was a duty he owed to himself not to depend on others, but to work for his own subsistence: 'At the end of another year you shall applaud me, not for verses, but for conduct.' That other year was not granted him; but during the few months that remained he girded himself bravely to fulfil this resolve. By these and other indications, Mr. Arnold shows that Keats was not the poor weakling some of his admirers would make him, but that he 'had flint and iron in him—that he had character.'

If there is any modern poet, the thought of whom is identified with the worship of the beautiful, it is Keats. But Mr. Arnold insists that this passion for beauty, as Keats conceived it, for 'the mighty abstract idea of beauty in all things,' is not the passion of a sensuous or sentimental man, but that it is passion of an intellectual and spiritual kind. From Keats's prose he quotes these words: 'What the imagination sees as beauty must be truth;' from his verse these—

'Beauty is truth, truth beauty.'

A high poetic creed, no doubt! And the imagination which is healthful and true will not see anything as beautiful but what is rooted in and grows out of truth. Yet is it not true, after all, that to one who looks at things solely from the side of the beautiful,

beautiful, there are truths, and those of the highest, which will never reveal themselves?

But however this may be, and whatever signs there may have been in Keats of a growing sense of moral loveliness, it is the rendering of sensuous beauty which chiefly distinguishes his poetry. Things seen and temporal he has rendered with a fascination all his own. Whether we would have attained, had time been granted, to an equal power of interpreting things unseen and eternal, who shall say? In all our judgments regarding him, let us remember that he died at twenty-six.

In the conclusion of his essay, Mr. Arnold repeats the verdict he has given elsewhere, that

‘In one of the two great modes by which poetry interprets, in the faculty of naturalistic interpretation, in what we call natural magic, Keats ranks with Shakspeare. The work which he has left is Shakspearean work; not imitative indeed of Shakspeare, but Shakspearean, because its expression has that rounded perfection and felicity of loveliness, of which Shakspeare is the great master.’

No poet has had more followers than Keats among the generation that succeeded him. It is to be regretted that many of them have been blind to that higher quality which Mr. Arnold discerns in Keats. The poets of his school, whom our day has seen, have been for the most part content to dally with images of physical beauty, and to linger over merely sensuous enjoyment, till we turn aside sometimes with loathing—generally weary of redundant floweriness, and cloyed with the luscious music. But a poet is responsible for his own work—not for that of others, who adopt his manner and call him master.

Of poets less eminent than the six great ones we have named there are three, Southey, Rogers, and Campbell, who are happily introduced by delightful notices from the pen of the venerable Sir Henry Taylor. These brief essays are specially noteworthy—no other living man, but that veteran poet, could perhaps have written them. They contain wise judgments and mellow criticism, the result of a life-long devotion to poetry. They preserve, too, several anecdotes of character, which but for this record would have been forgotten.

By the year 1830 all the poets who had felt the thrill of the French Revolution, and had been singing in the dawn of this century, had either disappeared or were dumb. From 1830 onwards we may date that poetic generation which has lasted till our own day. But of these the greatest are not included in Mr. Ward’s fourth volume, as they are still happily amongst us, and the plan of Mr. Ward’s work excludes living poets. Of those who are already numbered with the past, we are perhaps too near them, too much under the shadow of their influence,
fully

fully to apprehend the tendency of their work, or to estimate its value. In all these younger poets is seen the impress of their immediate forerunners—you can tell by their manner and style which of the great generation before them they most loved. But of course, as being genuine poets, they have each something substantially their own, unborrowed from any master.

Among the earliest of this new generation stands Keble, for though he published '*The Christian Year*' in 1827, he clearly belongs to the period that followed 1830. His youth was steeped in the poetry of Scott and of Wordsworth, and the impress of both of these is visible in his manner, though his substance and sentiment are quite his own. It is touching to read the essay with which the late Dean Stanley introduces the selections from Keble, whose poetry he loved so well. The view which the Dean enforces is characteristic. Keble was not merely a sacred, he says, but, in the best sense of the word, a secular poet. This he tries to show by pointing to the many allusions to classical poets which '*The Christian Year*' contains—to the fine and loving eye for the local colouring of English landscape which it shows—to the wonderful exactness with which Keble describes features in the scenery of Palestine, which he had never visited, but which the Dean had noted and verified on the spot. This last was a peculiarity of '*The Christian Year*,' on which Dean Stanley often used to dwell. '*The Biblical Scenery*,' he says, 'is treated graphically as real scenery, the Biblical history and poetry as real history and poetry.' Dean Stanley further enlarges on the unecclesiastical spirit of '*The Christian Year*'—its large tolerance, and width of human sympathy—its tenderness even towards the doubting and the erring; and he contrasts this, Keble's early feeling, with the attitude which in later life he was forced to assume as a partisan and a controversialist.

All this is true, yet there is more behind. Many will feel that the qualities in '*The Christian Year*' which come most home to them are unnoted in that essay. They will say that it is because it is so wholly unsecular, so aloof from the mundane world and the passions that move it—so pure, so meek, so saintly, that they have prized '*The Christian Year*' above all other poetry.

It may seem strange to find Dean Stanley ranking the '*Lyra Innocentium*' higher than '*The Christian Year*,' as having 'more of the true fire of genius—more of the true rush of poetic diction.' The '*Lyra*' no doubt contains some of the finest products of Keble's genius, but as a whole it turns too much on ecclesiastical usage and sentiment, ever to command the same width of interest which '*The Christian Year*' has commanded. The earlier volume has awakened a response in many a bosom
outside

outside the Church, which would be insensible to all the subtle grace of the later. The selections from Keble's poems, which follow the essay, do not seem to be the happiest that might have been made. Why are the poems for the Second, the Fourth, and the Twenty-fourth Sundays after Trinity omitted?

It is strange to find next to Keble, in Mr. Ward's fourth volume, a poet of very different temper and fate, who was also a son of Oxford—we mean Hartley Coleridge. He too was a spiritual child of Wordsworth. As he wandered about the mountain roads of Westmoreland, poetic thoughts came to him like instincts unawares, and he wove them naturally into graceful and pathetic melodies. There is a tone of meekness about them, and gentle self-reproach, as of one who had failed in the world, yet had no bitterness against it.

'His poems are all genuine'—as Mr. Dowden, in his kindly essay, says—'full of nature, sweet, fresh, breathing charity and reconciliation. In Grasmere Churchyard, close to the body of Wordsworth, rests that of Hartley Coleridge. And hard by a stream goes murmuring to the lake. As a mountain rivulet to a mountain lake, so is Hartley Coleridge's poetry to that of Wordsworth; and the stream has a melodious life and freshness of its own.'

Among the lesser lights contained in this fourth volume, 'The Ettrick Shepherd,' we think, deserved more than the few lines of notice accorded to him, and the one brief song, by no means the best specimen of his work. Some names too we miss, which would seem quite as worthy of a place as several to whom it has been granted. Why has no room been found for Moultrie, one of the sweetest singers of domestic life? Could not some of the space accorded to Peacock and Beddoes have been spared for him?

The last names which close this long roll of England's poets will awaken in many a pathetic interest. As the eye falls on the successive names of Mrs. Barrett Browning, Emily Brontë, Arthur Clough, Charles Kingsley, how much do these recal of what is most pure and elevated, as well as much which is sad, in our time! In these our latest poets, we cannot but be struck with their increased inwardness, their more trembling sensibility, their profounder, more burdened feeling of the mystery of existence. These things, though in different ways, are discernible in each one of them. The estimate given by Mr. W. T. Arnold of Mrs. Barrett Browning is far from satisfying. The faults which we all know are minutely registered—imperfect rhymes, laxity of metre, redundancy of language. 'Her innocent and heartfelt enthusiasms,' we are told, 'fall a little dully on the ear of a perverse and critical generation.' So much the worse for the generation! Are poets to bring down their flight to the level of its cynicism? On the whole we turn with some
impatience

impatience from the apologetic tone in which the greatest poetess of England is here spoken of. Not to mention 'Aurora Leigh,' with its vast sweep of power, though glaring blemishes, her sonnets alone would place her high among the poets of any age. The sonnet form suited her, for it forced her to condense her natural exuberance. Into these sonnets are crowded passion and pathos enough to furnish forth a dozen poems. Let critics say what they will, there is in Mrs. Barrett Browning's poetry a range and power of thought, a rapture of affection, and a penetrating music, which will endear her for all time to the hearts of those who are happy enough not to be critics.

Of Arthur Clough, as a poet, much might be said, were this the time to say it. Sincerity, absolute sincerity and noble purpose, is in every word he wrote. There is in it 'an impassioned search, a too importunate demand, for reality—a reality deeper than he could reach, deeper than intellectual plummet has ever sounded.' The straining after this gives, as the editor well says, to his poetry 'an air of strenuous effort, which is almost greater than verse can bear.'

The song he sang was 'in low perplexed minors,' and he broke off in the middle of it. But from his spirit, baffled in its search for truth, there escaped sighs which could come only from one of the noblest, deepest-hearted of men.

'So constant as my heart would be,
So fickle as it must,
'Twere well for others as for me
'Twere dry as summer dust.
Excitements come, and act and speech
Flow freely forth;—but no,
Nor they, nor aught beside can reach
The buried world below.'

Or again this characteristic cry:—

'Is it enough to walk as best we may,
To walk, and sighing, dream of that blest day
When ill we cannot quell shall be no more?'

With these lines we must close this brief retrospect.

The roll of English poetry, reaching through 500 years, contains the essence of the national life—it registers the pulsations of the mighty heart of England during all those centuries. It mirrors whatever is best and brightest, if also what is most mournful and pathetic, in the experience of our countrymen. But the roll, we trust, is not yet filled up. Unless the heart of our people has lost its ancient power, its future throbbings will yet be heard in a new and invigorated poetry, which shall be worthy of the language that Chaucer formed and Shakspeare spoke.

- ART. IV.—1. *The Life and Letters of Ogier Ghiselin de Busbecq, Seigneur of Bousbecque, Knight, Imperial Ambassador.* By Charles Thornton Forster, M.A., late Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, Vicar of Hinxton, and F. H. Blackburne Daniell, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Barrister-at-Law. In two volumes. London, 1881.
2. *Busbequius A. G. Legationis Turcicæ Epistolæ quatuor.* Plantin. Paris, 1595.

IN these days, when the disintegration of the vast Turkish Empire is rapidly hastening, and the Crescent is far upon the wane, it is curiously interesting to go back to the time when there was a very different order of things—to the time when that Crescent was high in the heavens, when the princes of the house of Othman were among the mightiest of the kings of the earth, and when the bare name of the Turk was a terror to Western Europe. From this point of view we regard the ‘Life and Letters of Ogier Ghiselin de Busbecq’—relating a mission to the Porte exactly three centuries before the Crimean war—as a book that deserves to be better known than is apparently the case. As we read it we are back amidst the stormy times of the sixteenth century. Before us rise—looming giant-like through the mists of more than three hundred years—the forms of Charles V., of Ferdinand of Austria, of the great Solymán—men who helped in a large measure to rough-hew the destinies of mankind in that eventful age. The hills around Vienna are once more white with the tents of a Moslem soldiery. The fleets of Barbarossa Khairreddin again sweep the seas. Foremost among the nations stand out, in bold outline, the haughty Osmanlis—fierce sons of the faith of Islam, carrying themselves joyfully in the day of battle; children of a race that had not yet belied its hardy birth on the steppes of the Asian highlands, and was as yet unharmed by the vices of empire and the evils of a corrupt and weak government.

Ogier de Busbecq, whose name is perhaps more familiar to students of history in its Latinized form of Augerius Busbequius, was a native of Flanders, who was sent in the year 1554 on an embassy to the Porte by Ferdinand I. of Austria. An account of his embassy and of his experiences in Turkey is preserved in four Latin Epistles, which at one time had a very considerable European reputation, edition after edition being put forth within the first hundred years after their appearance. They were also translated into German, French, English, Spanish, and other modern languages. Of the two earlier English versions with which we are acquainted, one was published in
London

London in 1694, and another at Glasgow in the next century ; but both have long been lost sight of, and the present translators need no apology for once more introducing to English readers these remarkable letters which, besides taking us into Turkey at a time when but little was known about that country to the rest of Europe, possess literary merits of an undoubtedly high order. In addition to the 'Turkish Letters,' as they are called, the present edition contains a number of letters written by De Busbecq from France, at different times between the years 1574 and 1590, to the Emperors Maximilian II. and Rudolph II., by both of whom, it would seem, he was employed in a confidential diplomatic capacity. Written in the days of the Guises, of Catherine de' Medici, and of the Holy League, these letters from France, which the present translators have brought, for the first time we believe, within the reach of the English reader, are not without a certain value of their own. But it is with his 'Turkish Letters' that De Busbecq's name is chiefly associated, and it is with them and his embassy to Turkey that we are concerned in the present article.

De Busbecq's embassy to Constantinople was, we should say, rather interesting in a literary and historical sense, because of the really charming and valuable record he has left of it, than important on account of any political results it achieved. In the excellent biographical sketch of De Busbecq, which is given by the present translators of his letters, we notice, indeed, that great significance is attached to both the political objects and the political issues of his mission—far greater, we consider, than, in the cause of historical accuracy, is justified by the actual circumstances. The object of the mission, say the biographers, was to stay by the arts of diplomacy the advance of the Asiatic conqueror, and to neutralize in the Cabinet the defeats of Essek and Mohacz. In this policy, they assert, De Busbecq was to a great extent successful, because he gained time, and in such a case time is everything. And they continue:—

'There are victories of which the world hears much—great battles, conquered provinces, armies sent beneath the yoke—but there is also the quiet work of the diplomatist, of which the world hears little. In the eyes of those who measure such work aright, not even the hero of Lepanto or the liberator of Vienna will hold a higher place among the champions of Christendom than Ogier Ghiselin de Busbecq.'

The zeal of the biographers has, we think, carried them a little too far, and, indeed, they seem to us to have somewhat misread the chapter of history with which De Busbecq's mission to Turkey was connected. That mission was no doubt one of
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the links in a long chain of political events; and the magnitude and importance of those events, taken as a whole, are beyond all question, inasmuch as they affected the political system of Europe. But the share that De Busbecq had in them was altogether inconsiderable, and they were scarcely, if at all, influenced by the results of his mission. The story of the mission is, however, very interesting in itself, and, as it takes us back to a romantic period of history, we may be excused if we deal with the subject at greater length, and proceed to say something about De Busbecq, how he came to be sent to Turkey, and what he did there.

Ogier de Busbecq was a natural son of George Ghiselin, Seigneur of Bousbecque, a village near Comines in the county of Flanders, at that time forming part of the splendid inheritance of Charles V., but now a French province. The future ambassador was born at Comines in the year 1522, and though but little is known of his earlier years, we gather that he was treated with great kindness and favour by his father and by his father's relatives, one of whom, George Halluin, was a cousin of Philippe de Comines and a friend of Erasmus. At the age of thirteen Ogier was sent to a school at Louvain, through which he passed with credit. When he was in his eighteenth year, a petition for his legitimation was presented, most probably by his father, to the Emperor Charles, who happened to be making a royal progress through the country; and, as the uncle and father of the Seigneur of Bousbecque had been distinguished by loyal personal services given to Charles the Bold and Maximilian, we may be sure that he met with little difficulty in obtaining what he asked. The petition was granted, and the usual Letters-patent were issued, and Ogier thus became freed from all the civil disabilities attached to illegitimacy,—a matter of no small importance to his prospects in life. From Louvain he went to complete his studies at the Universities of Paris, Bologna, and Padua; and here we lose sight of him till the year 1554, when we find him, at the age of thirty-two, attached to the special embassy sent to England by Ferdinand of Austria to represent him at the marriage of Philip and Mary, on which occasion he was no doubt present, as one of Don Pedro de Lasso's suite, in Winchester Cathedral on the St. James's Day of that year, and was an eye-witness of the gorgeous ceremony of the Church which celebrated that most ill-omened and unhappy of marriages. The embassy returned home in the autumn, and De Busbecq had gone to visit his friends at Lille, when he was summoned in haste to Vienna. Malvezzi, Ferdinand's ambassador at Constantinople, had

had come to Vienna a short while before, on business connected with the relations between Austria and the Porte. He had set out on his return to Constantinople in the early summer of 1554, but, being taken ill on the road, was unable to proceed, and now lay on what proved to be his death-bed. Several months had been lost by this delay, and the relations between Ferdinand and the Sultan were not such as to admit of delays. Now that it was clear Malvezzi could not return to Constantinople, it was necessary some one should be sent in his place, and that without further loss of time. Ferdinand's choice fell on De Busbecq. Why it was so we have no information, but it is surmised that it was upon the recommendation of one John Van der Aa, a fellow-countryman and friend of the Ghiselin family, and now a member of Ferdinand's Privy Council. De Busbecq, as it happened, was not even an Austrian subject—a circumstance that some years afterwards proved an obstacle to his being formally accredited by Ferdinand's successors, Maximilian and Rudolph, as their representative at the Court of France. He was a subject of Charles V., and how he had come to be attached to the special embassy sent by Ferdinand to England in the early part of 1554 we are not told, though it is probable he owed his admission into Ferdinand's service altogether to Van der Aa. But however that may have been, he was selected to take Malvezzi's place, and was directed to come to Vienna forthwith. Time pressed. On the 3rd of November he got his summons, and before the month was out he had been to Vienna, had received his instructions, and had started on his way to Constantinople.

The times were disturbed and dangerous. The country through which he had to pass was rough and but thinly peopled. It was no occasion for ambassadorial suites and displays: besides, Ferdinand had been so urgent on him to make haste, that it was as much as he could do to complete the preparations that were absolutely necessary for his journey; and it was on a November evening, after a long day spent in packing, and when the gates of the city were already closed for the night, that De Busbecq and his few attendants left Vienna. By eleven o'clock the same night they reached the little town of Fiscagmund, where they entered Hungarian territory. Pushing forwards, after a short halt, they came the next morning to Kömorn, the maiden fortress of Hungary. Here De Busbecq expected to find a witness whose testimony he had been instructed to procure in connection with some Turkish raids that had recently been made upon Austrian territory. But the man was not forthcoming, and after waiting a day in
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It is not easy for us in an age which has only known the Turkish Empire in its decline—province after province snatched from the reluctant and feeble hands of the Porte, and the Sultan's tenure of the Bosphorus dependent upon the convenience of the rest of Europe rather than upon any ability of his to hold his own—to form an adequate conception of what the Turk was at the time of which we write, when De Busbecq was hastening on his way to Constantinople.

It was the reign of Solyman the Magnificent, and the Ottoman Empire was in the meridian of its splendour and power. The little nameless tribe of Turkish or Tartar race, which under their Emir Othman had emerged from obscurity in a corner of Asia Minor just as the thirteenth century was drawing to its close, had in the course of two hundred and fifty years made themselves the masters of a splendid and mighty dominion. Empires and kingdoms and dynasties had fallen before them. One by one, they had subdued unto themselves the satrapies and provinces of Asia Minor. They had made their power to be known from the Sea of Azov to the Persian Gulf,—in the Tauric Chersonese, in Kurdistan, in those elder countries of the world that are watered by the Euphrates and the Tigris. Syria had become theirs, and Palestine, with the holy places of the Christian faith; Egypt and the better part of Arabia, with the holy places of the Mahometan faith. The Crescent, the badge of their tribe, floated over Rhodes and the sunny islands of the Archipelago. Their galleys were a terror to the further shores of the Mediterranean. Their armies had crossed the Hellespont into Europe: before their vigorous and unspoiled youth the Roman Empire of the East—half the inheritance of the Cæsars, and with a history of its own of over a thousand years—had perished and passed away. Thrace, Macedonia, Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, Albania, Greece—some of the fairest

fairest countries of Europe—were their subject provinces. Bessarabia, Wallachia and Moldavia, from across the Danube, paid them tribute. Along the plains of Hungary had swept the fierce tide of Ottoman war and conquest. It had swallowed up Belgrade, and Buda, and Pesth. It had overflowed into Styria and into the Austrian Duchy. It had beat with fury against the very walls of Vienna. Happily for Europe, the tide had been here turned back; but it was to recede to no great distance, and still from time to time could be heard, like the sound of storm-surf upon the shore, the hoarse murmur of the Moslem wave as it fretted against the diminished frontiers of Christendom.

Nor was it by any means clear that the course of Ottoman empire had reached its limits. Ottoman ambition had been foreshadowed in the coarse and jesting boast of Bajazet, that his horse should some day eat its oats from off the high altar of St. Peter's at Rome. To what a sudden and terrible ending all Bajazet's ambitions, and boastings, and jests, came on the day when his fortunes crossed those of the Great Mogul, we need not stay to tell. But half a century later the idea of the conquest of Italy assumed a clearer and more definite shape in the mind of the conqueror of Constantinople. A Turkish army under one of his captains crossed the Julian Alps, made its way round the head of the Adriatic, spoiled the province of Friuli, and frightened the citizens of Venice. Another army laid waste Apulia and took Otranto; and the death of Mahomet alone, it is thought, averted the doom that was then coming upon fair Italy. His great-grandson Solyman had himself had his daydreams of Western conquest. From the high ground above the harbour of Avlona he had gazed across the narrow channel that divides Epirus from the Apulian shore. At the head of an army of three hundred thousand men he had knocked for admission at the gates of Vienna. He had his own notions too as to what empire meant, and of his claims to it as successor on the throne of the Roman Cæsars; Charles V. being with him King of Spain, and never anything more. 'Solyman, by the grace of God, King of Kings, Lord of Lords, greatest Emperor of Constantinople and Trebizond, most mighty King of Persia, Arabia, Syria, and Egypt; Prince of Mecca and Aleppo; Ruler of Jerusalem; and Master of the universal Sea,' &c. It is instructive to read the tone adopted by Solyman in his communications with foreign princes and rulers. With all allowance made for Oriental fancy and phraseology, it serves admirably to illustrate the pretensions, and, it may be said, the power, of the Turk at the time of which we are writing.

Among the causes which had contributed to the establishment of the Ottoman Empire in Europe, not the least had been the absence of any common policy among the Christian States, directed against what may not unfitly be called the Mahometan invasion from Asia. From the day the Turks first crossed the Dardanelles, in 1358, until the time perhaps of Charles V., there had been no single Power in Europe that could pretend to cope with them; whilst mutual jealousies, rival interests, or sheer indifference, conspired to prevent any common action of the several States. The Pope of Rome alone was capable of bringing about a combination. But the Pope was at the head of the Latin Church, and the countries of South-Eastern Europe belonged to the Greek Church, and Latin Christendom beheld, almost unmoved, the fall of Constantinople and the subjugation by the followers of the Prophet Mahomet of those countries whose populations, though Christian, were members of a rival communion.

Hungary was an exception to the rest of Europe in this conduct, and we may say a noble exception, even granting the ready-made explanation, that her situation made it impossible for her to be an indifferent spectator of the danger that was compassing her neighbours. The story of Hungary, in her contact and connection with the Turkish Empire in Europe, is indeed a very remarkable one, and her fate was for many generations harder perhaps than that of any of the countries which came more absolutely than she ever did under the Turkish yoke. At a very early period she had been quick to recognize the Mahometan invader of Europe as a common enemy, and had thrown herself with generous ardour into the contests of others. The blood of her sons was poured out like water by the side of Servian, Bulgarian, and Bosnian. Hungarians fought at Kossova on the fatal day which decided the destinies of Servia, when Despot Lazarus and Sultan Amurath met their deaths; when, in the words of the quaint old historian Knolles, the arrows fell so thick that they 'shadowed the light of the sun,' and the din of battle was so great that 'the wild beasts of the mountains stood astonished therewith.' They shared in the terrible disaster of Nicopolis, which decided the fate of Bulgaria, when the rashness of Frankish chivalry provoked defeat, and when ten thousand Christian prisoners were paraded before Bajazet to be butchered in cold blood. From the consequences of these dire reverses Hungary had happily been saved, for the time, by the deliverance which came up out of the East with Tamerlane, and for another hundred years or more the national spirit was all afire with the heroic genius of Hunyades and
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King Mathias, and many a hard blow was dealt to Turkish pride during that glorious period by the hands of heroes. It was sometimes as much as the Turks could do to hold their own in Europe, and in fact it was not until the reign of Solyman that they succeeded in placing their foot as conquerors on Hungarian soil.

It is here that the course of events begins, with which De Busbecq's mission was connected. Solyman had scarce ascended the throne when he turned his attention to Hungary, which up to that time had successfully withstood the Turkish arms. In 1521 he marched upon Belgrade where, sixty-five years before, his grandfather, the famous Mahomet II., had met with a defeat so signal and humiliating that, it is said, he could never to the day of his death think of it without bursting into a storm of passionate shame and self-reproach. But things were changed in Hungary since the days of the 'White Knight' and of John Capistran, the stout Minorite friar. Belgrade fell, almost without a struggle. Its fall opened a way for the Turks into the country to which it had been the gate of entrance, and five years later the battle of Mohacz placed Hungary at the mercy of Solyman.

Among those who met their end on the fatal day of Mohacz, together with twenty thousand of the flower of Magyar chivalry and manhood, was Lewis, the young King of Hungary and Bohemia. He had married Mary, the sister of Charles V. and Ferdinand, but he left no child to succeed him; and Ferdinand, who had also married Lewis's sister, in some degree perhaps on that account, but more by virtue of rights inherited from Albert of Austria, claimed the two vacant thrones. His claim to Bohemia he had no difficulty in establishing; but it was not so with Hungary, where he was met by a rival claimant.

At the time the battle of Mohacz was being fought, there was coming to the assistance of Lewis, with such force as he could get together, the Waywode of Transylvania, John Sepusius, or, as he is commonly called, John Zapolya. He was too late: he arrived to find the kingdom without a king, and everything in confusion. The Turks, after laying waste the country with fire and sword, retired laden with plunder, and driving before them a herd of captives—men, women, and children. Zapolya was a man of ambition, and one of the most influential of Hungarian magnates, and he saw in the circumstances of the country an opportunity for his own aggrandisement. By representing in strong colours the disadvantages and dangers to Hungary, of her having as ruler a foreign prince, such as Ferdinand of Austria would be, and by other skilful management, he so worked upon

the minds of the nobles, that he was actually elected King of Hungary and crowned with the crown of Stephen, before Ferdinand knew what was taking place. The claims of Ferdinand, however, had the powerful support of Stephen Bator, perhaps the chief of all the nobility of Hungary, and of many others; and by their advice he at once marched upon Buda, which he entered without resistance, John Zapolya not even awaiting him, but retiring in the direction of Transylvania, where he was followed by Ferdinand's forces and utterly defeated at Tokay; the result being the general submission of Transylvania and Hungary to Ferdinand's authority. Zapolya—or King John as he came to be called—fled to Poland. There he fell in with a Polish gentleman of some reputation, of the name of Lascus, who suggested to him that he should lay his case before Solyman, and solicit the support of the Sultan in making good his pretensions to the throne of Hungary. Lascus himself undertook the mission, and with such speed and skill did he perform it, that he had obtained Solyman's promise of support before the arrival of the ambassador whom Ferdinand, alive to the importance of conciliating the Porte, had decided to send with complimentary and friendly messages to the Sultan. By the time the embassy reached Constantinople, Solyman was pledged to support the cause of Zapolya. But in truth it is clear that it was Solyman's policy to take John's side rather than Ferdinand's, for, as Lascus had been careful to insinuate, it was better for him to have a weak and tributary prince for his neighbour in Hungary, than the brother of Charles V., with the whole power of the German Empire presumedly at his back. Solyman, in his answer to the Austrian ambassador, took a high tone. He repudiated the idea of Ferdinand's having any right to the throne of Hungary. Whatever right, said he, Ferdinand may once have had has now been lost by the law of arms, since Hungary has been conquered by the Turkish sword. In short, instead of accepting Ferdinand's proffered friendship, the Sultan denounced him for his interference in Hungary, and threatened him with war. Nor was the threat one of empty words, for the following summer saw Solyman again in Hungary at the head of a large army. Buda yielded itself to him without resistance. In September he was before the walls of Vienna. That city was badly fortified, and was defended by no more than sixteen thousand men; but among the defenders were some of the stoutest hearts in Germany, and after several assaults, and after losing eighty thousand men, the Turks were obliged to abandon the siege. Solyman retired upon Buda, where he installed John as his vassal, and then made his way back to Constantinople. But, mortified

as he was by his failure before Vienna, it was not likely he would remain long quiet; preparations were soon commenced for another expedition against Austria, and in the spring of 1532 Solyman once more set out on his march for the West, with an army of five hundred thousand men.

Even Charles was this time alarmed. When, three years before, Austrian territory was being desolated, and a Turkish army was encamped before Vienna, the Emperor had been too much occupied with his own schemes in Italy to give much attention to the danger in which Germany was placed. But now the matter seemed too serious to be neglected, and Charles set to work without loss of time to prepare for the struggle. A force of nearly three hundred thousand men, furnished by the princes of the Empire and the Free Cities of Germany, and including veteran Italian and Spanish soldiers, was brought together in the neighbourhood of Vienna. There was a prospect that the two greatest princes of the age, and the two greatest armies the world could show—the one representing the power of Christendom and the other the power of Islam—would shortly meet in deadly conflict. Europe stood on the tiptoe of expectation and suspense. A comet blazing in the sky filled men's hearts with awe, in the belief that the powers of heaven were not indifferent to the struggle.

But Solyman had learned caution by failure. He had reached Gratz, in Styria, when he heard of the preparations that were being made to meet him. Distrustful of the issue, he slowly retraced his steps, inflicting on his way back all the injury he could on the unfortunate countries through which he passed.

For some years afterwards, his wars with Persia occupied Solyman's attention. Before entering upon them, however, he was careful to come to terms of truce with Ferdinand regarding the question of Hungary. The truce, such as it was, did not indeed prevent a sort of irregular border warfare being carried on, and occasionally, as in the case of Ferdinand's ill-managed expedition against Essek, something that went rather beyond mere border forays; but the condition of the country became generally more quiet than it had been for a long time, and a compact entered into by Ferdinand and John promised, if faithfully kept, not only a solution of their present contention, but a united Hungary again. These two princes came to an agreement, to which many of the nobles of Hungary gave in their adhesion, that each party should continue to hold the places and districts in the country, of which they stood actually possessed; that Ferdinand should recognize John as king; and that upon the death of John, who was unmarried, the whole of the kingdom should

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revert to Ferdinand and his successors. Two conditions were requisite to make this agreement a success: first, that it should be kept concealed from Solyman; secondly, that it should be maintained with good faith. Neither condition was observed. Solyman heard of the compact, it is believed, from Lascus, who had by this time quarrelled with John; and John proved faithless, for, in his excuses to Solyman, he threw all the blame of the compact upon Ferdinand, and subsequently marrying the King of Poland's daughter, by her, at the time of his death, he left a son, whom he named as his successor in the kingdom, with the injunction that Solyman's protection should be obtained for the boy.

When, therefore, in 1540, John Zapolya died, Hungary was doomed to fresh calamities. Agents were at once despatched to Solyman by the adherents of the Zapolya family, and the infant child was without loss of time crowned King of Hungary. The Queen-mother was invested with the powers of Regent, the real authority being entrusted to the Bishop of Warasdin. On his side also Ferdinand made haste to secure his rights. Lascus, who had now entered his service, was sent on a special embassy to Constantinople, and the Count of Salma was sent to remind the widowed Queen of the solemn agreement made between the late King John and Ferdinand. It was with difficulty that Salma obtained an interview with Isabella. When he did so, she appealed to her own helpless widowed condition as a reason for not entering into such matters of discussion, but, if there was any question about the kingdom, she was willing, she said, to let it go to the judgment of her father, the King of Poland. Salma saw quite enough to convince him that the real power lay in the hands of the Bishop of Warasdin; that the Bishop was determined to uphold the succession of the infant, and that the reference to the arbitrament of Sigismund was only a plea to gain time. Lascus fared even worse. He was detained by illness on the road; and, when he arrived at Constantinople, it was to find that the Queen-mother's agents had been before him, in much the same way that he himself had been beforehand with Ferdinand's ambassador when Zapolya's pretensions were first started. He did not, however, on that account the less urge his new master's cause, and indeed he urged it with so much warmth that he got himself into serious trouble, for, happening to speak too freely of the power of Charles V., he made Solyman so angry that he ordered him off to prison, the Pashas telling him he was fortunate to escape with his life. Such was the way in which, in those days, the Porte did not hesitate to treat even the persons of ambassadors, when they said disagreeable or inconvenient things.

Ferdinand

Ferdinand meanwhile, seeing the hopelessness of his appeal to the good faith of the Queen-mother, had proceeded to assert his cause in Hungary by force of arms. He took possession of Vice-Grad, Alba Regalis, and Pesth, and was laying siege to Buda, when the Turks took the field. Then quickly the fortunes of the day changed. Buda was relieved, Pesth was retaken. Ferdinand's troops were everywhere driven back. Solyman himself came to Buda in August, 1541. He had now to consider what he should do with the country. The doom of Hungary, as it has been called, was no doubt a hard one, but it was a doom brought on the country by the Hungarians themselves. They were now to feel the iron hand of the master whose assistance they had called in. The first thing Solyman did was to enter Buda in state, and, with a wanton disregard of the feelings of the population, he offered up prayers after the Mahometan rites in the Cathedral-church dedicated to the Virgin Mary. Hungary, till then a *tributary-kingdom*, he made a *province* of the Ottoman Empire. A Turkish garrison was installed in the royal city of Buda, and the Queen-mother and her son were removed to a distance, though shortly afterwards Transylvania was assigned to the infant King.

It has commonly been made a charge against Solyman, that in this disposal of Hungary he was guilty of treachery and of an act of violent usurpation. We confess that we are unable to see the justification of this charge. Solyman had conquered Hungary at Mohacz in 1526. He might then, if he had been so minded, have made it a subject province. But he either neglected or did not care to do so at the time, and, had the Hungarians been of one mind, and had they accepted Ferdinand, who was the rightful successor of Lewis, as their king, they might have kept the Turk out of their country. We can understand their reluctance to have another foreign prince over them, but they were not united on that point. They were as a house divided against itself, and the weaker party called in Solyman. Again and again did John have recourse to him, and after John's death, notwithstanding the solemn agreement he had entered into with Ferdinand, his party, with a remarkable breach of faith, again applied to Solyman. The Sultan had to fight their battles for them, and he might with justice say that he could not always be used in that way, that he could not always be sending large armies into a country, the best positions in which might be occupied by the enemy before his troops could arrive, and that, if it was necessary for him to oppose Ferdinand's pretensions to Hungary, he would best do so by the occupation of Buda, and by bringing the country more under

under his own control. Supposing that, instead of this, he had accepted Ferdinand's offer of tribute, and given up Hungary to him, what words would have been sufficient to condemn his treachery towards the Zapolya party? Or supposing that he had refused to interfere any more, and had left the Zapolya party to fight out their battles with Ferdinand—even assuming that the interests of the Ottoman Empire in that direction would allow him to do this—would not such conduct have been equally open to reproach? The course that he actually took was apparently almost the only alternative course left to him: it was the most logical one to take under the circumstances, and it was not otherwise than justified, so it seems to us, by the conditions of the country.

Ferdinand had now good reason to be alarmed. The Turks were in possession of Buda. In a few days they might once more be before Vienna, and he had no army with which to oppose them. He did not at the time know Solymán's intentions regarding Hungary, but he at once despatched special envoys to the Ottoman camp, with the object of excusing the action he had taken against Isabella, and, if possible, of inducing the Sultan to look favourably upon his claims, and to recognize him as rightful King of Hungary. He would pay tribute, he said, to Solymán, as John had hitherto done. He would pay the same amount, and in the same manner. He would enter into a league with Solymán, and the Emperor Charles, his brother, should be a party to the league; and in this way Solymán should be free from all danger in Europe, and so be able to turn his arms, with undivided attention, against the Persians.

The haughtiness of Solymán's answer is remarkable, and might have convinced Ferdinand that he had little to hope from such advances. 'If,' said Solymán, 'King Ferdinand wants peace and my friendship, let him depart out of Hungary altogether, and let him pay tribute upon Austria. Upon these conditions alone can there be any good understanding between us.' But the winter was approaching, and Solymán was obliged to return home. Ferdinand's fears were for the while relieved, and, before the next summer came round, he had succeeded in alarming Germany as to the proceedings of the Turks, and in persuading the princes of the Empire of how great importance it was that Hungary should be in Austrian hands. A German army was got together and sent into that country, for the express purpose of obtaining possession of Buda and other strong places; among those who were attracted to the enterprise, with the hope of seeing service against the Turks, being Duke Maurice

Maurice of Saxony, then a stripling of twenty years. But the expedition was ill-commanded, and worse managed; and though the army, marching by easy stages, did reach Pesth, it was there completely discomfited and driven back. The following year saw Solyman again in Hungary. He was led to go there partly by the instigation of Francis of France, who was engaged in his contest with Charles V., and partly, no doubt, by his own wish to make his new province more secure against Ferdinand. Fünfkirchen, Gran, and Alba Regalis—the last the crowning and burial-place of the kings of Hungary, and all three places of importance—fell into his hands. Ferdinand appeared powerless to resist him. In short, nearly the whole of Hungary was now in the hands of the Turks, and the outlook was serious enough for Austria.

All this while Charles had been seemingly forgetful of his duties as Emperor. Whilst Ferdinand was contending with the Turks, he was engaged in restoring the Medici to Florence. While Solyman was turning Buda into a Turkish garrison town, and Hungary into a Turkish province, he was busy with his preparations against Algiers. Neither the entreaties of the Pope, nor the counsels of his military commanders, could turn him from his purpose. There were not wanting people bold enough to say that he was betraying the interests of the Empire. The truth is that Charles had three enemies to contend with, and he could not deal with them all at the same time. These were—the King of France, his own Protestant subjects, and the Turks. It might, perhaps, be difficult to decide which of the three Charles hated worst, but we think we may safely say that it was not the Turks. He, however, made some excuse for himself by saying that a war against the King of France was really a war against the Sultan, in view of their alliance; and that, if he could only humble the power of France, it would serve the common cause against Solyman. In this way, and by concessions given, though always with a sparing and unwilling hand, to the Protestants, he managed somehow to keep the support of the German Empire. Then, when he made peace with France, he very cleverly inserted among the conditions of the treaty one which engaged, should it ever be required, the co-operation of the French king against the Turk. But he had to satisfy the Pope of Rome, and his own intolerant conscience, about the Protestants; whilst on the other hand, if he was to do anything against the Turks, he had to satisfy the Protestants. Full of expedients, he at last bethought himself of coming to terms with the Turks, as on the whole less detestable than Christian heretics, and eventually he succeeded in securing
a truce

a truce for five years with Solyman. In this truce Ferdinand was of course included. Solyman was certainly not the loser by the arrangement, which provided that each party should retain in Hungary what he was actually possessed of—and Solyman was possessed of nearly all—and that Ferdinand should pay a sum of 30,000 ducats a year to Solyman, this being in reality a tribute, although not expressly so specified, in respect of such remaining portions of Hungary as were still left to him.

Whilst the treaty which provided for this arrangement was still in force, the Queen-mother Isabella, induced, it is said, by the advice of Martinuzzi, the Bishop of Warasdin, who for his own purposes had entered into negotiations with Ferdinand, surrendered to the latter, in exchange for a principality in Silesia, Transylvania, together with such places as she still held in Hungary, as also her son's title to the kingdom. Martinuzzi took the oath of allegiance to Ferdinand, and was appointed Governor of Transylvania; though he did not long enjoy his authority, being assassinated, before the year was out, at Warasdin—there is every reason to believe—by the orders of Ferdinand, who distrusted his loyalty.

Solyman, who had been willing to enter into the treaty with Charles because he wished to proceed against the Persians, was filled with indignation when he heard of the transaction between Ferdinand and the Queen-mother, which he looked upon as an act of the basest perfidy, and as an open violation of the treaty by Ferdinand. He threw Malvezzi, Ferdinand's ambassador then resident at the Porte, into prison, and poured a hundred thousand men into Hungary. Temeswar and the whole of the Banat fell into their hands. The Austrian troops could nowhere withstand them. Ferdinand was in great straits. He sent Antony Wranczy, Bishop of Fünfkirchen, and Francis Zay, on a special mission to Constantinople, with the view of obtaining Malvezzi's release, and of coming, if possible, to some terms about Hungary and Transylvania. They were instructed to offer, on Ferdinand's part, the payment of an annual tribute of nearly 200,000 ducats for the two countries. But Solyman would not listen to the proposal. He insisted on the abandonment by Ferdinand of all claims upon Transylvania, and was not disposed to give up any portion of Hungarian territory actually in Turkish possession—not even that portion which had been so recently acquired. All that he expressed himself as prepared to do was, to consider the diminution of Ferdinand's possessions in Hungary as a reasonable ground for reducing the tribute money hitherto paid to the Porte from 30,000

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to 15,000 ducats a year. Upon these conditions Solymán was willing to enter into a peace with Ferdinand for five years. These were the Porte's terms, and Malvezzi was released and sent to Vienna, in order that he might place them before Ferdinand. Malvezzi, as we have seen, was on his way back to Constantinople with Ferdinand's reply, when he was taken seriously ill. He was unable to proceed, and it was this accidental circumstance which had led to De Busbecq's being sent in his place.

We left De Busbecq at Gran on his way to his post. The next day he came to Buda.

'I was conducted' (he writes) 'to the house of a Hungarian gentleman, where, I declare, my luggage, carriage, and horses, were better treated than their owner. The first thing the Turks attend to is to get carriages, horses, and luggage, into safe quarters; as for human beings, they think they have done quite enough for them if they are placed beyond the reach of wind and weather.'

He was detained at Buda some little time by the illness of the Pasha, with whom he had business to transact. When at length he got an interview with the great man, he laid before him, according to the instructions he had received from Ferdinand, the complaints of the Government of Vienna respecting several raids and robberies that had of late been committed by Turkish soldiers in Austrian territory. He also put in a formal demand for the restitution of certain places which had been taken by the Turks, in violation, it was alleged, of the truce, and which, it appeared, the Pasha had promised Ferdinand should be restored as soon as he sent an ambassador. The reply of the Pasha to these representations was characteristic. The charges of frontier marauding and outrage he met by counter-charges, and the list of injuries he had to complain of was quite as long as that presented by the Austrian Government. Then, with respect to the restitution of the places, he said that either he had not made the promise to restore them, or he had made it: if the former, there was no promise for him to keep; if the latter, then he had made a promise which he had neither the right nor the power to keep, inasmuch as it was his master's interest and not his own that was concerned. After so conclusive an argument, there was nothing left for De Busbecq but to proceed on his way. Embarking with his attendants on board some boats that were waiting for them, they went down the Danube to Belgrade. There they left the river behind them, and passing through Servia and Bulgaria, by way of
Nissa

Nissa and Sophia, crossed the Balkans to Adrianople,* and so came to Constantinople, where they arrived on the 20th of January, 1555.

At Constantinople De Busbecq found Zay and Wranczy awaiting him, these two having remained behind when Malvezzi went to Vienna. Solyman, however, was away at Amasia, in winter-quarters with the army which he had led against the Persians in the previous year; and thither accordingly De Busbecq and his colleagues proceeded, as soon as the Sultan's pleasure had been ascertained as to receiving the new ambassador and the letters he had brought from Ferdinand. They reached Amasia on the 7th of April, and a day or two afterwards were admitted to an audience.

Of all the great princes of that age—and it was the age of Charles V., of Francis I., of Leo X., of Akhbar, and of our own Tudor Sovereigns—the foremost place is, by the general consent of History, assigned to Solyman. To the world at large he has been chiefly known as a great conqueror, as the lord of a mighty empire, and by the power and splendour of his reign, which obtained for him the title of 'Solyman the Magnificent.' But he was a great deal more than this. In the Turkish annals he is distinguished, not by the surname of 'the Magnificent' but as 'Solyman Canuni'—'Solyman the Institutor of Rules;' and his chief title to fame is the great work which he did as a ruler and law-giver,—the canons which he laid down for the guidance of the commonwealth, the order and system which he introduced into the administration of the Empire, and the wisdom and judgment with which he governed. With all this, he was a great soldier, and so patient, it is said of him, of the hardships of war, that he seemed to be nourished by them.

The description left us by De Busbecq of his audience and of the Sultan himself is interesting:—

'The Sultan was seated on a very low ottoman, not more than a foot from the ground, which was covered with a quantity of costly rugs and cushions of exquisite workmanship; near him lay his bow and arrows. His air, as I have said, was by no means gracious, and his face wore a stern, though dignified expression. On entering,

* More than 150 years later almost the same route was taken by Mr. Wortley Montagu, the English ambassador to the Porte in 1717. Lady Mary W. Montagu, strange enough, seems to have been unacquainted with De Busbecq's journey, for she thus writes from Adrianople to the Princess of Wales:—'I have now, Madam, finished a journey that has not been undertaken by any Christian since the time of the Greek Emperors;' whereas from Belgrade to Adrianople her road must have been identical with that taken by De Busbecq.

we were separately conducted into the royal presence by the chamberlains, who grasped our arms. This has been the Turkish fashion of admitting people to the Sovereign ever since a Croat, in order to avenge the death of his master, Marcus, Despot of Servia, asked Amurath for an audience, and took advantage of it to slay him. After having gone through a pretence of kissing his hand, we were conducted backwards to the wall opposite his seat, care being taken that we should never turn our backs on him. The Sultan then listened to what I had to say; but the language I held was not at all to his taste, for the demands of his Majesty [Ferdinand] breathed a spirit of independence and dignity, which was by no means acceptable to one who deemed that his wish was law; and so he made no answer beyond saying, in a tetchy way, "Giusel, giusel," i.e. well, well. After this we were dismissed to our quarters.

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'You will probably wish me to give you my impressions of Solyman. His years are just beginning to tell on him, but his majestic bearing and, indeed, his whole demeanour, are such as besseem the lord of so vast an empire. . . . Considering his years (for he is now getting on for sixty) he enjoys good health, though it may be that his bad complexion arises from some lurking malady. There is a notion current that he has an incurable ulcer or cancer on his thigh. When he is anxious to impress an ambassador, who is leaving, with a favourable idea of the state of his health, he conceals the bad complexion under a coat of rouge, his notion being that foreign powers will fear him more if they think he is strong and well. I detected unmistakable signs of this practice of his; for I observed his face when he gave me a farewell audience, and found it was much altered from what it was when he received me on my arrival.'

The communication with which De Busbecq was charged by Ferdinand was not, indeed, of a nature likely to cause the bearer to be favourably received by Solyman. When Malvezzi was released from prison and sent to Vienna, he was told, it will be remembered, by the Porte, that the abandonment by Ferdinand of his claims to Transylvania must be a preliminary condition of peace. The proposal to pay a large tribute for Hungary had, at the same time, been summarily rejected. Notwithstanding this, Ferdinand, it would seem, still persisted in his endeavours to procure some arrangement of the kind he had suggested, and he did not withdraw his hold upon Transylvania. The cause, therefore, of the disagreement between him and the Porte remained unremoved, and a settlement of the dispute was as far off as ever. Nevertheless, though he was just concluding a peace with Persia, it did not suit Solyman at that time to break off all negotiations with Ferdinand, and he therefore sent him a reply to his communication. De
Busbecq

Busbecq had come to fill the post of ambassador in ordinary ; but, as peace was not concluded, he was sent back to Vienna with the Sultan's letter, a six months' truce meanwhile being arranged. He returned again to Constantinople at the commencement of 1556, but the answer that he brought with him in no way helped a termination of the difficulty, for Ferdinand, holding that he was justified in the arrangement he had made with Isabella, declined to retire from Transylvania. The anger of the Porte, when De Busbecq acquainted the Ministers with the nature of the answer of which he was the bearer, knew no bounds. 'A long career of success' (he writes) 'has made the Turks so arrogant, that they consider their pleasure to be the sole rule of what is right and what is wrong.'

But it seems to us, we confess, that the Porte had good reason to complain. The arrangement made with the Queen-mother, and the way in which he had got possession of Transylvania, were unquestionably violations on Ferdinand's part of the treaty which Charles had made with the Sultan. Consequently the Porte held that the arrangement ought to be cancelled ; and Ferdinand's evasions and refusals to do this naturally provoked great resentment at Constantinople. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that De Busbecq's reception on his return from Vienna was anything but friendly. It is not clear that he was able even to obtain an audience of the Sultan. The Pashas used strong and warning language. They represented to De Busbecq and his colleagues the imprudence, and even danger, of their entering the Sultan's presence with the answer Ferdinand had sent. They flatly declined to involve themselves in the danger by introducing them, saying, with a sort of grim humour, that they had none of them any heads to spare. Others hinted to De Busbecq that it was not improbable he would be sent back to his master without his nose and ears. The position of the members of the embassy was made as unpleasant as possible. The people as they passed their house scowled upon them. They were kept in a state almost of close confinement. No one was allowed to visit them. In short, although ambassadors, their lot, writes De Busbecq, was little better than that of prisoners.

In this way passed the whole of that, and some portion of the following, year, when De Busbecq's colleagues, despairing of coming to any settlement, left him and returned to Vienna. De Busbecq himself decided to remain, and the reasons which determined him are given in one of his letters. The fact is, it was not the object of the Porte at that time to break off all negotiations with Ferdinand, or to be involved in an open war
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in Hungary. The domestic troubles of Solyman, which had their origin in the unhappy influence exercised over him by his wife, the scheming and unscrupulous Roxalana, and in her endeavours, in which she was supported by the Grand Vizier Roostem, to secure the succession to the throne for one of her own sons, had resulted in the cruel murders of Mustapha and his infant child, and were now culminating in a contest for the succession between the only two remaining sons of Solyman, Selim and Bajazet. Both were his children by Roxalana. Selim, the elder of the two, was, after Mustapha's death, designed by Solyman to succeed him. But Bajazet had his pretensions, and was supported in them by his mother and the Grand Vizier. Already he had compromised himself by secretly instigating a revolutionary movement, which had, however, been discovered and arrested in time. Bajazet's participation in it had become known, and it was with difficulty that Solyman had been induced by Roxalana to spare his life. It was the wish of the Grand Vizier Roostem to avoid, if possible, a war in Hungary just then, because he foresaw that it would open the door to further domestic trouble. Bajazet, he felt sure, would take the opportunity of the Sultan's absence to attack Selim, and any such act of rashness would be fatal to him. Roostem, therefore, who was personally bound up in Bajazet's welfare, was using his influence to avert a war; and for this reason he was anxious, though he did not wish to appear so, that De Busbecq should not leave Constantinople. De Busbecq, on his side, was willing to stay, because he thought that by doing so he might possibly serve Ferdinand's interests. To break off negotiations altogether, which would be the case if he also left Constantinople, would too probably end in a war; whilst if he remained, and negotiations were still left open, the chapter of accidents might, somehow or other, improve the situation. Thus it was that, when Zay and Wranczy returned to Vienna, he remained behind.

Meanwhile the course of events in Transylvania was itself working out a practical solution of the question which was the chief cause of the present difference between Ferdinand and the Porte. The troops under Castaldo, which Ferdinand had sent into the country, ill-paid and ill-disciplined, had conducted themselves with such license towards the inhabitants, as to provoke a serious feeling of discontent against the new rule. This feeling was further fermented by the friends of Martinuzzi, who had not forgotten nor forgiven his murder. Isabella, also, had soon got tired of her principality in Silesia, and

and as she had no more scruple in breaking her own solemn engagements than she had in breaking those of her husband, she was anxious for an opportunity to recover for her son the inheritance she had in a weak moment surrendered. She found little difficulty in establishing communications with the malcontents, and she knew that, when the time came, she could count upon the support of the Turks in getting rid of Ferdinand. At length Castaldo's troops became so troublesome and so mutinous that he was forced to lead them out of the country, and, by the autumn of 1556, Isabella and her son were back in Transylvania, and Ferdinand's authority had ceased.

In Hungary, too, frequent encounters took place between the Turks and the Austrian party. The Turks took Babocsa and Tata. Ferdinand's troops regained possession of Gran, and one of the Archdukes completely defeated the Pasha of Buda before Szigeth. All along the border both parties carried on a petty warfare. It was a peculiar state of things, a sort of intermediate condition between a state of war and a state of peace; De Busbecq all the while remaining at the Porte, and negotiations being always more or less carried on. De Busbecq's position was very far from being a pleasant one. He was an ambassador, and yet he was not treated as an ambassador. He was kept under a strict surveillance, and was dependent for his comfort upon the personal dispositions and tempers of the casarves who were in attendance on him. He was lodged in a house which was large and roomy enough, besides being well situated, but which was otherwise in many respects an undesirable place of residence. Here he remained for the better part of six years in a state of quasi-imprisonment, broken only on rare occasions by his accompanying the Sultan to Adrianople; by a visit to the Turkish camp near Scutari; by permission, when the plague was in his house, to go for a while to Prinkipo. Meantime the negotiations were kept up after a fashion, affected by the actual events that outstripped them; now the Sultan insisting on this or that point, now Ferdinand proposing one thing and then another.

The truth is that neither party wanted war, but neither party wished to give up anything. At length, when, on the death of Roostem, Ali Pasha succeeded him as Grand Vizier, the prospect of their coming to some understanding improved. The new Grand Vizier was a man very much above the level of Roostem, and indeed he appears to have been one of those rare and gifted characters, such as every now and then light up the page of Turkish history with their genius and their virtues—such as, for instance, were the Kiuperlis, and such as was Topal Osman,
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in the days of Mahmoud I. Ali was a Dalmatian by birth, had had a long experience in the service of the Sultan, and as a statesman was distinguished by his sagacity and capabilities. He was a man of great courtesy of manners and of true kindness and gentleness of heart. He used to tell De Busbecq that riches and honours and dignities had fallen in abundance to his lot, and that now his only object in life was to show kindness to every one, and hand down to posterity a grateful recollection of his name. Between him and De Busbecq there was soon established a cordial understanding, which had much to do in bringing about a termination of these prolonged negotiations. Ali sincerely desired peace. He saw that Solymán, to whom he was deeply attached, was getting old and wanted rest. He was always urging upon De Busbecq moderate counsels, and no doubt he gave the same to his own master. Under such auspices it is not surprising that an agreement was arrived at; though Bajazet's death in Persia, releasing the Sultan, as it did, from all care in that direction, might, if Ali had been less sincere, have proved an obstacle to its conclusion. All the effect it had upon the Grand Vizier was to cause him to point out in a friendly way to De Busbecq the 'uselessness of his any longer relying on Bajazet's intrigues as likely to make a diversion in his favour. 'Take my word for it' (he said) 'it is not safe for you to go on shuffling any longer and raising unreal difficulties.' De Busbecq saw the necessity of abating some of the pretensions to which, either by Ferdinand's instructions or in Ferdinand's interest, he still clung; and so, at last, a settlement was arrived at, under the terms of which a truce or peace for eight years was concluded. A tribute of 30,000 ducats a year was to be paid to the Sultan, and the latter made himself responsible for the observance of the peace by John Sigismund, Isabella's son. Both parties retained what they stood actually possessed of; and it was agreed that if any disputes should arise between any of their respective subjects as to precise boundaries, they should be referred to arbitration.

Such were the main points of the treaty which De Busbecq obtained from the Porte in 1562, and carried away with him to Vienna. The essential feature of the treaty was that it secured peace, so far as any treaty can secure peace, for a certain number of years. It was, in fact, little more than a truce. It settled nothing. It determined no question. It secured only the cessation of the petty hostilities that were always going on along the border, and the avoidance for a time of open war between the two Governments. It suited the convenience of neither of them to be engaged just then in a war in

Hungary; and to both therefore the conclusion of a peace or a long truce was equally convenient. If, beyond this, there was any gain to either party, it seems to us it was all on the side of Solyman, who, being in actual possession and mastership of the best part of the country concerned, was naturally the most benefited by a condition which did not disturb his possession. Certainly the gain was not on Ferdinand's side. His object, we must remember, when he sent Wranczy and Francis Zay to the Porte, was to secure himself in the possession of Transylvania, which he then held, to obtain possession of Hungary, of which only a small part remained to him, to procure Solyman's recognition of his rights, and in return to pay to the Sultan a large annual tribute of nearly 200,000 ducats. Now, so far from attaining his purposes, he had actually lost Transylvania, he was no nearer possession of Hungary than he was before, and he still had to pay an annual tribute of 30,000 ducats for such parts of Hungary as he continued to hold. He had not advanced a single step nearer his object. The one substantial advantage that the treaty promised was the eight years' truce, and this, as we have said, was an advantage to both parties alike; and even with regard to this, it was only good for just so long as both parties chose to keep it good. As a matter of fact, the peace did not last two years, being broken on Ferdinand's death—not by Solyman, to whose good faith even his enemies have borne testimony—but by Maximilian, Ferdinand's son and successor.

But such was the treaty of 1562—a treaty which secured as well as it could a truce for a limited number of years, but which secured nothing else; and we are unable therefore to assign to it that degree of praise with which it is commended by De Busbecq's present biographers. Nor have they taken, as it seems to us, an accurate view of the object of De Busbecq's embassy. That object, they say, was 'to stay by the arts of diplomacy the advance of the Asiatic conqueror, to neutralize in the Cabinet the defeats of Essek and Mohacz;' and in attaining this they consider that De Busbecq was to a great extent successful. Now the advance of the Turkish conquest after the great disaster at Mohacz was stayed, not in the Cabinet, but before the walls of Vienna; not by diplomacy on the Bosphorus, but by the practical subjugation to the Ottoman rule of the greater part of Hungary; and the object of De Busbecq's mission was not to stay the course of conquest which was no longer running that way, but to make good, if he could, his master's claims, hereditary and otherwise, to Hungary and Transylvania, in which object, as we have seen, he did not at all succeed.

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In saying this, we have no intention of calling in question De Busbecq's abilities as a diplomatist, or the value of his services at Constantinople. Our object has been to place in its proper light the story of his embassy in its relation to the important events with which it is connected, and as part of the interesting chapter of history to which it belongs. The course of events had decided the situation, and had placed it beyond De Busbecq's power either to change or to control it. The destinies of Hungary and Transylvania had been decided at Mohacz and Buda, and for Ferdinand to expect that Solyman—the conqueror who had told the Grand Master of Rhodes, in releasing him, that he made war 'not to heap up wealth and riches, but for honour, fame, and immortality; not upon a greedy and covetous mind, but for the honourable desire of rule and sovereignty'—that this same Solyman would be moved to let go his hold upon the countries which he had acquired by the sword for the pecuniary consideration of an annual tribute of ducats, was wholly to misunderstand the character of the Sovereign with whom he was dealing and the genius of the Ottoman Empire in its proudest days. De Busbecq, in trying to give effect to Ferdinand's wishes, was contending for an impossible thing. But his stay at Constantinople, and the tact with which he conducted his mission, had the effect of diminishing the strain between the two Governments, and at length of bringing about a temporary accommodation. As a diplomatist, it is evident he acquitted himself with a rare skill. He was placed in an exceedingly delicate and disagreeable position, and in it he showed a tact, a temper, and a judgment, which enabled him, whilst never surrendering his master's interests, to smooth the relations with the Porte, and to secure for himself the esteem of Roostem and the friendship of Ali Pasha.

But the most valuable result of his embassy is, we repeat, in our judgment, to be found in the charming letters which record it. We cannot read these letters without feeling that we are listening to a very remarkable man—not only a diplomatist, not only a scholar and a man of letters, but a man of keen and cultivated intelligence, of broad sympathies, and of a liberality of mind which may have been due, as his biographers suggest, to his early association with the friends and disciples of Erasmus—but which is certainly about the last thing we would look for in an ambassador from a German Cæsar to a Turkish Sultan in the sixteenth century. The variety of his character is thus graphically described by his present biographers:—

'He was eminently what is called "a many-sided man;" nothing is above him, nothing is beneath him. His political information is important to the soberest of historians, his gossiping details would

gladden a Macaulay; the Imperial Library at Vienna is rich with manuscripts and coins of his collection. To him scholars owe the first copy of the famous "Monumentum Ancyranum." We cannot turn to our gardens without seeing the flowers of Busbecq around us—the lilac, the tulip, the syringa. So much was the first of these associated with the man who first introduced it to the West, that Bernardin de Saint-Pierre proposed to change its name from lilac to Busbequia. Throughout his letters will be found hints for the architect, the physician, the philologist, and the statesman; he has stories to charm a child, and tales to make a greybeard weep.

The historical interest and the literary merits that belong to the 'Turkish Letters' of De Busbecq are such as, in our opinion, to entitle them to a permanent place on the shelves of any library. The latter quality will be its own witness to every reader of the book; the former is enhanced by the marvellous contrast between *now* and *then*, the wonderful revolution, of which our own age has witnessed what appear to be almost the closing scenes. We are not about to re-open the well-worn theme—*infandum renovare dolorem*—but we are sure of this, that all who wish to comprehend the Eastern Question will gain much and lose nothing by viewing the Ottoman power in its full historical continuity, in the climax of its glory as well as the depth of its abasement. Not the least striking of the lessons thus brought home to us, is the tangled web of policy which has always been in process of weaving behind the screen of religious antagonism between the Crescent and the Cross. In the age when all Christendom was invoked to repulse the conquering Islamites from the walls of Vienna, when Protestant England prayed for deliverance from her two great spiritual foes in the noble strains of Luther's 'Pope and Turk Tune,' Christian powers were cringing to the Porte for their own purposes, and invoking its aid against each other. Centuries roll on, witnessing scene after scene in the same drama; the parts often shifting; but all gradually becoming subordinate to the one persistent policy bent, under the mask of the championship of Christendom, on fulfilling the prophecy inscribed nearly a thousand years ago on the equestrian statue in the square of Taurus. And still we see the long teaching of history neutralized by religious zeal and political sentimentalism, till the foremost of the free states of Europe joins hands in a course of which the one tendency is to gratify the ambition of the most despotic, and to imperil the true interests of all. Religious zeal is invoked as the motive principle of our conduct towards the power which has long been as harmless to Christendom as Bunyan's giant Pope; and statesmen turn a deaf ear to the one rule of policy, which bids a nation to have supreme regard for its own safety and honour.

ART.

ART. V.—*A History of England in the Eighteenth Century.*
By William Edward Hartpole Lecky. Volumes Third and Fourth. London, 1882.

BOSWELL relates that, in comparing Richardson and Fielding, Johnson said 'there is as great a difference between them as between a man who knew how a watch was made and a man who could tell the hour by looking on the dial-plate.' Johnson had a strong prejudice against Fielding, and the illustration might be more appositely employed to mark the difference between two schools of history, the narrative and the philosophical: between the writers who are mainly if not exclusively occupied with events, and those who penetrate or profess to penetrate below the surface, who undertake to trace and explain the causes and processes by which successive changes of government, institutions, laws, manners, or modes of thinking, have been brought about. Mr. Lecky belongs to the philosophical school. 'I have not attempted,' he says in his Preface, 'to write the history of the period I have chosen year by year, or to give a detailed account of military events or of the minor personal and party incidents which form so large a part of political annals. It has been my object to disengage from the mass of facts those which relate to the permanent forces of the nation, or which indicate the more enduring features of national life.' The growth or decline of the monarchy, the aristocracy and the democracy, with the increasing power of Parliament and the press, are specified amongst the principal subjects of his work; and it so happens that the period included in the two volumes of his continuation is precisely that in which the relative position of the monarchy towards the other estates of the realm was eventually fixed upon a well-understood basis,—in which the press, after an animated struggle, succeeded in letting in the dreaded light of publicity on the proceedings of both branches of the Legislature. The revolt of the North American colonies, their Declaration of Independence, and the Volunteer movement in Ireland, also fall within this section of the work.

Mr. Lecky's first and second volumes, covering sixty years, brought us down to the death of George II.* The third and fourth (now before us) comprise only twenty-four years, from 1760 to 1784; but it by no means follows that, considering the growing importance of the topics, they have been allowed to occupy an undue space. His mode of treatment implies fulness; and with formidable competitors in the field he could not afford

* They were reviewed in the 'Quarterly Review' of April 1878, No. 290.

to fall behind them in information or illustration, or to gloss over anything that was essential to the complete development of his views. It is highly to his praise that, fresh from the reperusal of Lord Stanhope and Mr. Massey,* who also have looked below the dial-plate, we were able to follow with unabated interest his comments and speculations on the same events, and to derive both pleasure and instruction from observing how minds of a widely different order are struck by them. The manner of introducing the subject of the new reign is strikingly characteristic of the writers. Lord Stanhope's opening paragraph runs thus :

'The young Prince of Wales—henceforth King George III.—was riding with Lord Bute in the neighbourhood of Kew, when a groom first brought him tidings of his grandfather's decease. Ere long, the groom was followed by Pitt, as Secretary of State. His Majesty, after returning to Kew, proceeded to Carlton House, the residence of the Princess Dowager, to meet the Privy Council, and according to ancient form to read them a short Address, which he had directed Bute to prepare. Next morning he was proclaimed in London with the usual solemnities. On this and the ensuing days the demeanour of the young monarch was generally and justly extolled. He seemed neither elated, nor yet abashed and perplexed, by his sudden accession: all he said or did was calm and equable, full of graciousness and goodness. The Address to his Council was well and feelingly delivered, and he dismissed the guards from himself to wait on his grandfather's body.'

Here the four principal actors in the coming scenes are appropriately brought upon the stage.

Mr. Lecky starts, somewhat heavily laden, with a dissertation on forms of government, gradually leading by carefully considered steps to the conclusion (which few will dispute) that the form we live under, as administered by our present gracious Sovereign, is the best.

'The problem of combining stability, capacity, and political freedom, has, in modern constitutional monarchies of the English type, been most fully met by a careful division of powers. The sovereignty is strictly hereditary, surrounded by a very large amount of reverence, and sheltered by constitutional forms from criticism or opposition, but at the same time it is so restricted in its province that it has, or ought to have, no real influence on legislation. The King, according to a fundamental maxim, "can do no wrong." The re-

* 'History of England from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles.' By Lord Mahon (Earl Stanhope). In seven volumes. Second edition. 1854. 'A History of England during the Reign of George the Third.' By William Massey, M.P. Four volumes. 1863. Adolphus is more of an annalist, but his continuation of Smollett is a valuable repository of facts.

sponsibility of every political act rests solely with the minister, and, as he has the whole responsibility, he has a right to claim the whole management. The credit of success and the stigma of failure belong alike to him.'

One marked advantage of this form of government is, that it provides a simple and efficacious machinery for effecting without convulsion the inevitable changes of men and policy. 'A Ministerial crisis has no affinity to a revolution. The permanence of the supreme authority, unchallenged and undisturbed amid all the conflicts of parties, calms the imaginations of men. The continuity of affairs is unbroken. The shock is deadened. The changes take place with regularity and in a restricted orbit, and the country is saved from an insecurity which long before it touches the limit of anarchy is disastrous to the prosperity of nations.' The probabilities are that the Sovereign is not a great statesman—

'and no statesman, though he possessed the ability and experience of a Walpole, a Chatham, or a Peel, could conduct the policy of the nation for the period of a long reign without occasionally incurring violent unpopularity and differing from the majority of the legislators. In a purely constitutional country this causes little disturbance, for the minister at once retires and is replaced by a statesman who shares the views of the majority. But in the case of a sovereign no such expedient is possible. He must remain at his post. He must eventually carry out the policy of his Parliament, and select advisers in whom it has confidence. If then he regards himself as personally responsible for the policy of the nation, and if he be a man of strong conscientious political convictions, his position will soon become intolerable. He cannot resist without danger, or yield without humiliation.'

We quote these passages because they form (so to speak) the keynote of the book. They are an appropriate introduction to a reign which, from the author's point of view, most forcibly exemplifies the dangerous and injurious position of a monarch of strong conscientious convictions, who would fain assume the personal direction of the national policy; for such undoubtedly was George III.; although the extent to which he wished to push his claim of paramount authority is a point which it has been found no easy matter to clear up. Some will have it that his deliberate intention from the first was to make himself absolute. Others contend that he aimed at nothing more than to shake off the humiliating control of the boroughmongering Whig aristocracy that threatened to reduce an English King to the condition of a Doge. It is certain that he refused, as persistently as the citizen King of the French, to accept the doctrine
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of 'Le roi règne et ne gouverne pas;' and that he collected round him a body of personal adherents, called the King's friends, to aid him in making or unmaking Ministries, and in otherwise imposing his individual irresponsible opinions on the responsible Ministers of the Crown. After an ample enumeration of his good qualities, and after laying stress on his possessing those domestic virtues which are most highly prized by the respectable portions of society, Mr. Lecky continues :

'All these things have contributed very naturally to throw a delusive veil over the political errors of a sovereign of whom it may be said without exaggeration, that he inflicted more profound and enduring injuries upon his country than any other modern English king. Ignorant, narrow-minded, and arbitrary, with an unbounded confidence in his own judgment and an extravagant estimate of his prerogative, resolved at all hazards to compel his ministers to adopt his own views, or to undermine them if they refused, he spent a long life in obstinately resisting measures which are now almost universally admitted to have been good, and in supporting measures which are as universally admitted to have been bad.'

Foremost amongst his imputed errors are, the quarrel with the American colonies, the conversion of Wilkes into a hero, the resistance to Catholic Emancipation, the lavish creation of Tory peers, the maintenance of the Test and Corporation Acts, and the prolongation of the revolutionary war with France. This cumulative charge is partially confirmed by Lord Stanhope, who states 'that the more the private papers of his reign come to light, the more it will appear how closely, during fifty years, he superintended all the movements of the political machine.' But is he therefore to be made personally answerable for all of them? 'The longer he lived, and the better he was understood,' adds Lord Stanhope, 'the more his subjects felt how closely his general views and principles, his tastes and habits, were in accordance with their own.' In a passage immediately preceding, Mr. Lecky admits that 'in his vehement anti-American, anti-Catholic, and anti-Gallican feelings, he (the King) represented the sentiments of large sections—*perhaps* of the majority—of his people.' We should say, *beyond all doubt* of the majority. Nor was the compulsion he put upon his Ministers of a nature to acquit them of responsibility. The lavish creation of Tory peers was begun by Pitt. The sum, therefore, of what can be fairly urged against George III., as regards views and principles, seems to be that he was not superior to his age, and that he took the Tory or Conservative side on most of the great questions of his day. If he had been an advanced Liberal, like Joseph II. of Austria, the chances are that he would

would have caused a greater amount of political disturbance, even if he had not precipitated a revolution. To outrun public opinion is often more dangerous than to lag behind it.

'The root, however, of his great errors lay in his determination to restore the royal power to a position wholly different from that which it occupied in the reign of his predecessor; and this design was in many respects more plausible than is now generally admitted. Every functionary has a natural tendency to magnify his office, and when George III. ascended the throne, he found his position as an hereditary constitutional sovereign almost unique in the world.'

If this design had been formed and acted upon at any time between the fall of Walpole in 1742 and the junction of Newcastle with Pitt in 1757,—during a succession of weak, short-lived administrations, filled by so-called statesmen engaged in a perpetual scramble for place,—it might have appeared to emanate from a sincere regard for the national honour and interest, rather than from a personal lust of power. But the period chosen for the direct intervention of royalty in the conduct of affairs was one of unbroken glory and prosperity, when the Ministry, inspired by genius and patriotism, had something better and broader than a combination of Whig magnates or the support of a given number of venal votes to rest upon. The star of the 'great commoner' was in the ascendant. He was in the full career of triumph, and at the culminating-point of his popularity. 'We left Pitt,' says Macaulay, referring to the close of 1760, 'in the zenith of prosperity and glory, the idol of England, the terror of France, the admiration of the whole civilized world. The wind, from whatever quarter it blew, carried to England tidings of battles won, fortresses taken, provinces added to the empire.*' 'Indeed,' writes Horace Walpole, in November 1799, 'one is forced to ask every morning what victory there is, for fear of missing one.'

To resolve on superseding such a rule, argued no common degree of boldness and self-confidence in the young sovereign and his advisers. But their projects had been duly matured. His mother, the Princess Dowager, had carefully imbued him from early youth with her own thoroughly German notions of monarchy: 'George, be a king,' was her constant exhortation; and his tutors had confirmed him in doctrines wholly alien from those which had placed his family on the throne. The very elevation of Pitt marked him out as the first obstacle to be removed at all hazards. He might almost have said at this time, 'The State, 'tis I:' and he is much belied if he was not

* Essays: 'The Earl of Chatham.'

very near saying it. He openly declared in council that he was there by the will of the people, and was responsible to them alone. There was practically no Prime Minister. The Cabinet, in his time, stood on a totally different footing from the Cabinet as it exists at present. The members were frequently seen speaking or voting on opposite sides, and acknowledged no binding tie of allegiance to their nominal chief. How seldom is it remembered that the Duke of Newcastle was First Lord of the Treasury during the entire series of successes, the fame of which has been monopolized by Pitt!* The conditions of their junction, dictated by Pitt, were that the entire direction of the war and foreign affairs should be left to him, and he insisted on their literal performance. More than once, says Mr. Lecky, when doubts were expressed whether the Treasury would be able to furnish with sufficient celerity or in sufficient quantity the necessary supplies for the expeditions that were prepared, Pitt cut short the debate by declaring that in case of the smallest failure he would at once impeach the Commissioners of the Treasury, or Newcastle himself, before Parliament. He compelled no less a man than Anson to sign orders as First Lord of the Admiralty which he was not allowed even to read, and he constantly gave orders relating to the war in different departments without even informing the responsible heads of those departments of his intentions. He was simultaneously preparing the ground for a class of opponents who had a strong show of reason on their side. Far from economizing the national resources, he made a merit of the prodigality with which he lavished them. 'To push expense,' he declared in a debate on the Army Estimates, 'is the best economy.'

On the next morning but one after the accession, Lord Bute was sworn of the Privy Council, and, putting what proved the right interpretation on this event, the Duke of Newcastle lost no time in tendering his resignation, and offering to serve either with or under the favourite. Even without this defection, Pitt's position was fatally undermined, and the precarious

* Was Sir Edward Bulwer (afterwards Lord) Lytton alive to this fact when (Jan. 29, 1855) he delivered the peroration of his speech on the conduct of the Crimean War? 'I know a case in point. Once in the last century there was a Duke of Newcastle who presided over the conduct of a war, and was supported by a league of aristocratic combinations. That was, indeed, a series of blunders and disasters. In vain, attempts were made to patch up that luckless Ministry. The people at last became aroused, indignant, irresistible. They applied one remedy: that remedy is now before ourselves. They dismissed their Government and saved their army.' The Seven Years' War had only just commenced at the dissolution of the Duke of Newcastle's first Ministry in 1756, when there was no English army to save, for the simple reason that there was none in the field. He had nothing to do with the conduct of the war at any time.

tenure of his power was sufficiently indicated by the jesting remark of a lady (recorded by Lord Stanhope) that it had now become the question what the King should burn in his chamber—Scotch-coal, Newcastle-coal, or *pit-coal*. His Majesty had already decided for Scotch coal, and lost no time in making his choice known in a manner that left no doubt of his intention to govern as well as reign. Mr. Massey states that Pitt was not even consulted in the preparation of the King's speech to the Council or to Parliament. According to Mr. Lecky, the first Royal Speech to the Council was composed by the King and Lord Bute without any communication with the responsible Ministers of the Crown:—

'The sentences in which it spoke of "a bloody and expensive war," and of "obtaining an honourable and lasting peace," were justly interpreted as a covert censure upon the great minister who was conducting the war; and it was only after an altercation which lasted for two or three hours that Pitt induced Bute to consent that in the printed copy the former sentence should be changed into "an expensive, but just and necessary war," and that the words "in concert with our allies" should be inserted after the latter.'

Macaulay states that, the same day on which the discussion took place on the speech, Bute was not only sworn of the Privy Council, but introduced into the Cabinet. Walpole is the authority, but Mr. Lecky deems it evident that he only meant the Privy Council; and Lord Stanhope says that Lord Bute was sworn of the Privy Council, along with the Duke of York, the next morning but one after the accession. He became Secretary of State some months later, March 25, 1761, on the retirement of Lord Holderness.

Nothing having yet occurred to awake popular apprehension, the general election, following on the demise of the Crown, turned more on persons than on principles, and was pre-eminent for corruption and venality. Lord Stanhope, following Hallam, states that the sale of boroughs to any wide extent may be dated from this epoch. One, Sudbury, went so far as to advertise publicly for a purchaser. Another startling innovation, mentioned by Mr. Lecky, was that large sums were issued by the Treasury, that the King took an active part in naming the candidates, and that the boroughs attached to the Duchy of Cornwall, which had hitherto been at the disposal of the Ministry, were now treated as solely at the disposal of the Crown.

Pitt remained unmoved so long as his own department was not invaded, although his temper was sorely tried by the negotiations for peace, which the Bute party were disposed to conduct on the peace-at-any-price principle. 'So long,' he emphatically

phatically declared, 'as he held the reins of power, no Peace of Utrecht should again stain the annals of England.' The Family Compact between France and Spain brought matters to a crisis, and when the French negociators, making common cause with their new ally, presented a memorial in support of the Spanish claims on England, the Secretary fired up. He saw that the Spaniards were only waiting till their preparations were complete and their treasure-ships safe in port. Referring proudly nine years afterwards to the part he played in this conjuncture of affairs, he said: 'On this principle I submitted my advice for an immediate declaration of war against Spain to a trembling Council.' He submitted it to three successive Councils, in which the wish to get rid of him had possibly as much to do with the rejection of his proposal as their scruples or their fears. The King was against him from the first: Bute declared the proposed step 'rash and unadvisable:' Temple alone stood firmly by his brother-in-law, who brought the third Cabinet to a close by declaring that he would not remain in a situation which made him responsible for measures he was no longer allowed to guide. He resigned on the 5th of October, 1761; and 'so far the policy of the secret counsellors of the young King had been brilliantly successful. In less than twelve months, and in the midst of the war, the greatest War Minister England had ever produced was overthrown, and the party with which the King personally sympathized had become the most powerful in the State.' This was not the light in which his apparently triumphant position was viewed by Bute himself. In reply to a congratulatory letter from Lord Melcombe, he writes:

'Whatever private motives of uneasiness I might have in the late Administration, I am far from thinking the dissolution of it favourable in the present minute to the King's affairs. . . . Indeed, my good Lord, my situation, at all times perilous, is become much more so, for I am no stranger to the language held in this great City: "our darling's resignation is owing to Lord Bute, who might have prevented it with the King, and he must answer for all its consequences."'

The voice of the great City was then regarded as the voice of the people, and the strongest Minister was compelled to reckon with it. We shall repeatedly find it making itself heard in loud, angry, and peremptory tones, during the constitutional struggles to which we are coming. It was adroitly hushed on this occasion for a brief interval by the liberality and consideration shown towards the fallen statesman, who, after refusing more munificent offers, accepted a pension of 3000*l.* a year for three lives,

lives, and the title of Baroness Chatham for his wife. 'Contrary to all custom, these rewards were announced in the very Gazette that announced his resignation, and they produced a sudden and most violent revulsion of feeling.' He had been wont to speak of pensioners in language resembling Johnson's famous definition,* and found himself in the lexicographer's predicament when he accepted one. He did not mend matters by advertising his seven coach-horses for sale; an ill-timed mode of playing poverty. 'What,' cried Walpole, 'to blast one's character for the sake of a paltry annuity and a long-necked peeress!' . . . 'Oh that foolishness of great men, that sold his inestimable diamond for a paltry peerage and pension! The very night it happened was I swearing it was a d—d lie and never would be; but it was for want of reading Thomas a Kempis, who knew mankind so much better than I.'

The Royal marriage also diverted public attention. 'Mr. Pitt himself,' wrote Walpole, shortly before the resignation, 'would be mobbed if he talked of anything but clothes and diamonds and bridesmaids.' It speedily appeared that his sun had lost none of its brightness by the eclipse. On Lord Mayor's Day, when the Royal family went in state to dine at Guildhall, the young King and the new Queen were only secondary objects of enthusiasm to the crowd, whose eyes and voices were turned from the gilded coach with its eight richly-caparisoned horses to Pitt's plain chariot and pair. The mob clustered round his carriage, hugged his footmen, and even kissed his horses.

The next step was to get rid of Newcastle, and we agree with Macaulay that Bute here committed a great error: that it is impossible to imagine a tool better suited to his purposes than that which he thus threw away, or rather put into the hands of his enemies. 'If Newcastle had been suffered to play at being First Minister, Bute might securely and quietly have enjoyed the substance of power.' By ostentatiously thrusting himself into the foreground, he simply drew attention to the glaring disproportion between his ambition and his capacity; of which Frederick Prince of Wales had taken measure by telling him that he would make a capital envoy to a little German Court where there was nothing to do. He was a marked exception to the maxim of George III., that a man in England was fit for any place that he could get. 'Seldom, indeed,' says Lord Stanhope, 'has any Minister, with so short

* 'Pensioner: a slave of State hired by a stipend to obey his master.

'Pension: an allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean money given to a State hireling for treason to his country.'—Johnson's Dictionary.

a tenure of power and, I may fairly add, with so little guilt in his intentions, been the cause of so great evils. Within a year and a half he had lost the King his popularity and the kingdom its allies.'

Independently of his incapacity, he was distrusted and disliked as a Court minion and a Scot. He had hardly appeared upon the scene when a handbill was affixed to the Royal Exchange, headed: 'No petticoat government; no Scotch favourite.' The petticoat allusion was to the Princess Dowager, to whom Bute was indebted for his rise. The recent disposition of historians has been to take a charitable view of their intimacy, but it was the clear game of contemporary ill-wishers to represent it in the worst possible light. Amongst Ben Jonson's works is the fragment of a play entitled 'The Fall of Mortimer'; the plot of which turned, or was intended to turn, on the illicit loves of Earl Mortimer and Queen Isabella, the mother of Edward III. Wilkes reprinted it with a dedication to Lord Bute, in which he drew the obvious parallel, rendered more complete by the circumstance that one of the alleged crimes for which Mortimer was executed was a disgraceful treaty with the Scotch.

Lord Bute's style of speaking was heavy and laboured. John Philip Kemble's peculiar mode of giving emphasis to his diction provoked the humorous proposal of Sheridan to have music played between the pauses. Charles Townshend, who was present during the delivery of one of Lord Bute's cut-and-dried orations, audibly exclaimed, 'Minute guns.' Oratorical powers, however, were not needed in the House of Lords, where the royal influence was supreme. The grand difficulty lay with the Commons, who could not entirely shake off all sense of responsibility, although, considering how the recent general election had been conducted, a more than ordinary number were able to reply to the remonstrances of constituents in the words of Henley to the electors of Southampton: 'I bought you, and by G—d I will sell you.' The management of the House was entrusted to Henry Fox, who undertook to procure a full parliamentary approval of the Peace, having just before written to Lord Shelburne: 'Does not your Lordship begin to fear that there are few left of any sort, of our friends even, who are for the Peace? I own I do.' He was admitted to the Cabinet, retaining his lucrative place as Paymaster with the addition of a sinecure for life, and he was to be rewarded with a peerage when the work was done. He set about it with a will, an energy, and a fearlessness, worthy of a better cause. He converted his Paymaster's office into a mart for the purchase of Members of Parliament, and it rests upon the authority of his subordinate,

subordinate, Martin, the Secretary of the Treasury, that 25,000*l.* was spent in such purchases in the course of a single morning; the lowest price of a vote for the Peace being 200*l.* Large sums were distributed amongst corporate functionaries to procure petitions. Lords-Lieutenant were peremptorily required to get up addresses. Ten or twelve peerages and ten additional Lordships of the Bedchamber were created to be employed as bribes.

Fox's bargain with Bute was made through Lord Shelburne, whose accomplished descendant, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, describes the measures to which Fox resorted for the fulfilment of his task as 'a judicious system of rewards and punishments,' framed for wider ends than the mere tiding over of an emergency. The Whig aristocracy were to be trampled underfoot, and the Minister eagerly awaited the moment when, after the signature of the Preliminaries of Peace, he would be able to assure the King that he was now at length his own master. Even before the meeting of Parliament a heavy blow had been struck. The King called for the Council-book, and with his own hand blotted out the names of the Duke of Devonshire and the Marquis of Rockingham.

'Strip the Duke of Newcastle of his three Lieutenancies immediately,' writes Fox to Bute, 'I'll answer for the good effect of it; and then go to the general rout, but let this beginning be made immediately.' On the 1st of December, Mr. Calvert's motion to defer the consideration of the Preliminaries was defeated by 213 to 74. 'Before another question comes,' writes Shelburne to Bute, 'let the 213 taste some of the plunder of the 74. Without you do somewhat of that kind, you'll find your cause want a necessary animation and your friends encouragement.'

The extent to which this 'judicious system' was pushed is happily without a parallel at any epoch of our political annals. It was no more than they had reason to expect, when placeholders who refused to vote for the Peace were dismissed. But permanent officials, inoffensive clerks, were dismissed from their employments, merely because they had been recommended to them by persons in opposition. A schoolboy was deprived of a reversionary interest because he was a nephew of Legge; and the widow of an admiral, of a housekeeper's place in one of the public offices, because she was by marriage a Cavendish.

The decisive debates on the Preliminaries came on in both Houses on the 9th of December, 1763. Bute had it all his own way in the Lords, and assumed a lofty defying tone. He treated the Duke of Grafton as a juvenile member, whose imputations

putations he despised, and, for the Peace, he desired to have written on his tomb: 'Here lies the Earl of Bute, who, in concert with the King's Ministers, made the Peace.' The vote of approval was carried without a division. The most remarkable incident in the Commons was the appearance of Pitt, which is graphically described by Walpole. 'The doors opened, and at the head of a large acclaiming concourse was seen Mr. Pitt, borne in the arms of his servants, who setting him down within the bars, he crawled by the help of his crutch and with the assistance of some few friends to his seat; not without the sneers of some of Fox's party. In truth, there was a mixture of the very solemn and the theatric in this exhibition. He was dressed in black velvet, his legs and thighs wrapped in flannel, his feet covered with buskins of black cloth, and his hands with thick gloves.' He spoke for three hours and a half, and at times in his best manner; but he was obliged to speak sitting, and at intervals his voice failed so completely as to be almost inaudible. On Fox rising to reply, he left the House, and drove off amidst the redoubled huzzas of the mob, shouting, 'Three hours and a half!'—'Three hours and a half!' The division was in favour of the Government by 319 to 65.

'Nothing,' remarks Walpole, 'can paint the importance of this victory to the Court so strongly as what the Princess of Wales said on the news of the Preliminaries being carried to her: "Now my son is King of England."' A king of England, who could only carry his measures by bribing his subjects, was hardly yet a king in her acceptance of the word, and she might have reflected that the fair hopes and flattering promises with which he started had been already falsified. It was to be a halcyon reign of purity; he was to be the true Patriot King: loyalty and public virtue were to ensure the willing compliance of both parliament and people in the measures for their good, which alone he, or his chosen Minister, could ever dream of submitting to them. 'Every one must remember that the Cabal set out with the most astonishing prudery, both moral and political. Those who in a few months after soused over head and ears into the deepest and dirtiest pits of corruption, cried out violently against the indirect practices in the electing and managing of Parliaments which had formerly prevailed. . . . Corruption was to be cast down from Court as Atê was from Heaven.'*

Corruption was not confined to Members of Parliament. Under cover of an ostentatious patronage of literature, Bute contrived to enlist the services of several writers who wrote up him and

* Burke, 'Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents.'

his policy and sedulously wrote down Pitt. If he pensioned Dr. Johnson, he also pensioned Dr. Shebbeare, who had stood in the pillory for a libel against the House of Hanover and thereby earned the distinction of figuring in the 'Heroic Epistle'—

'Witness ye Hills, ye Johnsons, Scots, Shebbeares,
List to my call, for some of you have ears.'

These two pensions gave rise to the punning remark that the King had pensioned a He-bear and a She-bear. The caricaturists were also actively employed on both sides, and Hogarth, who was serjeant-painter to the King with a small salary, produced his print of the 'Times' in illustration of 1762.

We find Walpole writing to Conway on October 4, 1762: 'Whether peace or war, I would not give Lord Bute much for the place he will have this day twelvemonth!' Before that day twelvemonth Lord Bute was out of place, and (in sporting language) almost out of the betting. The parliamentary approval of the Peace had no influence whatever in conciliating public opinion, and the Members who had been paid by the job were far from regarding themselves as pledged to a general support of the Ministry. Deserted by his majority and laughed at, Fox was provoked into crying out: 'Did you ever see a man in my situation so treated? But by G—d I will have an explanation and ample submission, or I will never set foot in this House again.' Sir Francis Dashwood, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, after blundering through an unpopular budget, was unable to suppress the uneasy consciousness of failure. 'What shall I do?' he asked of the friends near him when he sat down. 'People will point at me and cry, "There goes the worst Chancellor of the Exchequer that ever lived."' The appointment of this man, who had been President of the Medmenham Abbey club, shows how little weight was really attached to morals by the purists of the Court, who affected to be scandalized by Wilkes.

On arriving at this point, Mr. Lecky wavers between two conflicting estimates of the situation. At page 60 he says: 'The success which attended the measures of Bute was, for a time at least, very great.' In the next page we are told that the Ministers who made the Peace of Paris were scarcely more popular than those who had made the Peace of Utrecht. So strong was the animosity against Lord Bute, that when he ventured into the streets he had himself followed at a short distance by a hired gang of boxers. Lord Chesterfield, commenting on this degrading precaution, writes: 'Thus he who

had been deemed a presumptuous, now appeared to be a very timorous Minister,—characters by no means inconsistent.' In No. 44 of the 'North Briton,' published on the 3rd of April, the want of firmness is noted, and the meditated retreat inferred: 'The Minister himself seems conscious of his decline: his fears appear in spite of his pride.' When, therefore, pleading ill-health, he resigned on the 8th, we are at a loss to see why either friends or enemies were taken by surprise, or what reasonable doubts could exist touching the motives which actuated him. But Lord Stanhope states that, with rare exceptions, the public amazement knew no bounds at the announcement, and Macaulay echoes the remark: 'To the amazement of Parliament and the nation, it was suddenly announced that Bute had resigned. Twenty different explanations of this strange step were suggested.' The most obvious is the best. The cares, the dangers, the innumerable annoyances of his elevated position, were too much for him. He had found out his mistake in grasping at the outward show of power, instead of remaining satisfied with the reality; and he hoped to drop quietly back into his old place of secret and irresponsible adviser to the Crown. In this he was disappointed, and within a few months he was heard complaining of the inevitable fate of those who put their faith in princes.

Speaking of his successor, Macaulay says: 'We are inclined to think, on the whole, that the worst administration which has governed England since the Revolution was that of George Grenville. His public acts may be classed under two heads, outrages on the liberty of the people, and outrages on the dignity of the Crown.' Under which of these heads are we to class the Stamp Act? It was his ill-luck to begin by provoking the memorable conflict with Wilkes: a man in whom historians are reluctantly beginning to see something more than a profligate flung by circumstances upon a bad eminence, —to recognize the qualities of a martyr, however wanting in those of a saint. When a proposal was made to him to sit to Reynolds for a portrait to be placed in Guildhall, he replied: 'No, No! they shall never have a delineation of my face that will carry to posterity so damning a proof of what it was. Who knows but a time may come when some future Horace Walpole will treat the world with another quarto volume of "Historic Doubts," in which he may prove that the numerous squinting portraits on tobacco papers and half-penny ballads, inscribed with the name of John Wilkes, are a weak invention of the enemy, for that I was not only unlike them, but if any inference can be drawn from the partiality of the fair sex, the handsomest man

man of the age I lived in?' If any inference can be drawn from the partiality of the public who idolized him, his moral obliquities may, like his squint, be deemed a weak invention of the enemy, or be merged in the memory of the services he rendered to the cause of liberty, the cause for which Hampden died on the field, and Sidney on the scaffold. 'The name of Wilkes, whether we choose it or not, must be enrolled amongst the great champions of English freedom.*' The resistance to general warrants and the assertion of the rights of constituencies required more courage and firmness than the resistance to ship-money; for Hampden had half the kingdom at his back, whilst Wilkes, during a struggle which lasted seven years, had King, Lords, and Commons, to contend against.

Number 45 of the 'North Briton' appeared on the 23rd of April. The subject was the King's speech at the close of the Session on the 19th. The article is said to have been suggested by a conversation between Lord Temple and Pitt, at which Wilkes was accidentally present. It was especially directed against a sentence in which the Peace was described as concluded 'on terms so honourable to my Crown and so beneficial to my people.' This was pronounced to be 'the most abandoned instance of Ministerial effrontery ever attempted to be imposed upon mankind, and the writer continued:—

'Every friend of his country must lament that a prince of so many great and amiable qualities, whom England truly reveres, can be brought to give the sanction of his sacred name to the most odious measures, and to the most unjustifiable public declarations, from a throne ever renowned for truth, honour, and unsullied virtue.'

Although a King's Speech was even then conventionally regarded as the speech of the Ministers, it was not so regarded by the Sovereign on the throne, who was wont to interpolate sentences. He insisted that his personal veracity was impugned, and gave orders for the prosecution. This was commenced by the issue of a warrant, signed by Lord Halifax, which, without specifying names, directed the apprehension of the authors, printers, and publishers of the Number, and the seizure of their papers. Under this warrant, no less than forty-nine persons were arrested, besides Wilkes, who was committed to the Tower and denied all opportunity of consulting with a legal adviser or a friend. Lord Temple, on being refused admittance, exclaimed that he thought it was the Tower, but now found it was

* Mr. Gladstone, quoted by Mr. Trevelyan, in what Mr. Lecky calls his 'noble' work on the 'Early Days of Charles James Fox.' It is certainly a work which richly merits its popularity.

the Bastille. The case was brought before the Common Pleas by *habeas corpus*, and three constitutional points were decided in Wilkes's favour, namely: that parliamentary privilege covered all offences except treason, felony, and actual breach of the peace, which libel was not: and that warrants to search for and seize papers, as well as warrants not specifying persons, were illegal. He was released from imprisonment, and in an action against Wood, the Under-Secretary, tried before a special jury at Guildhall, he obtained 1000*l.* damages. But when the attention of the House of Commons was called to No. 45 by a Royal Message, they voted it a false, scandalous, and seditious libel, and ordered it to be burnt by the common hangman.

The attempt to execute this sentence led to a riot. The Number was torn from the hands of the executioner, and a jack-boot with a petticoat committed to the flames amidst loud acclamations and applause, encouraged by well-dressed people in balconies and windows. In the Lords, as soon as the House met, Lord Sandwich, the intimate associate of Wilkes in his loosest hours, started up to denounce him as the author of a scandalous, obscene, and impious libel, called the 'Essay on Woman:' a parody beginning (probably with the noble Lord's approval), 'Awake, my Sandwich,' instead of 'Awake, my St. John.' Twelve copies only had been struck off at a private press, and the Government had obtained possession of one of them by bribing a printer. 'This composition,' says Macaulay, 'was exceedingly profligate, but not more so, we think, than some of Pope's own works, the imitation of the second satire of the first book of Horace, for example.' This comparative estimate must be based on tradition or hearsay, for no genuine copy of the 'Essay on Woman' is known to exist.* But the degree of profligacy was immaterial. 'I will not believe,' said Burke, 'what no other man living believes, that Mr. Wilkes was punished for the indecency of his publications or the impiety of his ransacked closet. . . . I must conclude that he is the object of persecution, not on account of what he has done in common with others who are the objects of reward, but of that in which he differs from many of them: that he is pursued for the spirited dispositions which are blended with his vices: for his unconquerable firmness: for his resolute, indefatigable, strenuous resistance against oppression.'

* 'Of this parody, which not five but fifty times we have seen outrageously condemned, let us say that it was never our fortune to meet with a single man who had read it. We are not satisfied, indeed, that copies are now in existence.' (Dilke's 'Papers of a Critic.') The 'imitation' to which Macaulay alludes, is the 'Sober Advice from Horace.' It is omitted in the third volume (containing the Satires) of the edition of Pope's works now in progress.

The notes on the 'Essay on Woman' were a parody of Warburton's on the 'Essay on Man.' The bishop lost his temper, and along with it all sense of episcopal dignity. Following Lord Sandwich, he declared that the blackest fiends in hell would disdain to keep company with Wilkes (with whom Lord Sandwich had been keeping company within the fortnight), and then asked pardon of Satan for comparing him to such a reprobate. The House of Lords voted the poem a scandalous, obscene, and impious libel, and presented an address to the King to order a prosecution of Wilkes for blasphemy. His duel with Martin, an ex-secretary of the Treasury, has been variously represented. Lord Stanhope mentions it as a fair duel arising out of a provocation given in the 'North Briton.' Macaulay's version is that 'he picked a quarrel with one of Bute's dependants, fought a duel, was seriously wounded, and when half recovered fled to France.' Others (including Mr. Lecky) add that, during the eight months which intervened between the provocation and the challenge, Martin had been assiduously practising at a target.

Churchill's poem, 'The Duellist,' not one of his happiest efforts, was based upon this affair. Wilkes, still suffering from his wound, went to France in the Christmas vacation of 1763, and, when the time came at which he was summoned to appear before Parliament, he sent a certificate signed by two French doctors, stating that he was unable to travel. The House of Commons made no allowance for his state. On the 19th of January, 1764, he was expelled for having written 'a scandalous and seditious libel,' and on the 21st of February he was tried and found guilty in the Court of King's Bench for reprinting No. 45, and also for printing the 'Essay on Woman;' and as he did not appear to receive sentence, he was at once outlawed. The triumph of the Court was complete; but it was dearly bought, and the day of retribution was not far off—

'Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
Intactum Pallanta, et cum spolia ista diemque
Oderit.'

Every step which had been taken in the Wilkes controversy, remarks Mr. Lecky, was ill-advised, vindictive, and substantially unjust. The Executive and the Legislature were alike discredited, and a most alarming spirit had been raised. In 1764 no less than 200 informations were filed against printers, more than had been filed in the whole thirty-three years of the preceding reign, and the practice was introduced for the first time since the Revolution of including the printers in the prosecution when the authorship was avowed or known. The increasing
boldness

boldness of the press is indicated by another circumstance (mentioned by Lord Stanhope)—that the writers in the 'North Briton' set the example of discarding initials and printing the names of the persons whom they assailed at full length.

Grenville was ill-qualified to grapple with the accumulating embarrassments of his position. Lord Stanhope says that he was an excellent Speaker spoiled. It was his firm conviction, to which he steadily adhered, that the House of Commons was constitutionally the paramount power in the State; and the King was not long in discovering that he had secured an imperious master instead of a pliable instrument or a mere official drudge, which Bute expected him to prove when he recommended him. Macaulay says that, after an ineffectual attempt to get rid of him, he (Grenville) began to hold a language to which, since the days of Cornet Joyce and President Bradshaw, no English king had been compelled to listen. This sounds like exaggeration. But the King complained bitterly of his imperious tones, his tiresomeness and prolixity: 'When he has wearied me for two hours, he looks at his watch to see if he may not weary me for one hour more. . . . When he had anything to propose to me, it was no longer as counsel, but what I was to obey.' No wonder that His Majesty was not over-scrupulous in the means he took to throw off so galling a yoke. 'No,' said the King (Charles the Martyr), rising, and pacing the closet with unequal steps, 'there is no fear of John Inglesant, I believe you. There is no fear that any man will betray his friends and be false to his order and his plighted word, except the King—except the King.' George III. might have writhed under a similar pang of compunction when he was driven twice over to be false to his plighted word,—that he would break off all secret communication with Bute,—the condition on which Grenville first accepted and then consented to retain office. But large allowances must be made for a sovereign oppressed by the double weight of Ministerial arrogance and incapacity.

By the advice of Bute, and through his intervention, a communication was opened with Pitt, who had two successive audiences with His Majesty, but the negotiations broke off on Pitt's proposing Lord Temple for the Premiership and the Dukes of Newcastle and Devonshire for high office. Lord Temple was obnoxious as the warm supporter of Wilkes, and the two dukes were personally disagreeable to the King. 'Well, Mr. Pitt,' were his concluding words, 'I see this will not do. My honour is concerned: I must support my honour.' How His Majesty succeeded in supporting his honour, remarks

Macaulay,

Macaulay, we shall soon see. Mr. Lecky states that His Majesty at once made a skilful but most dishonourable use of the incautious frankness of Pitt in the closet to sow dissensions among the Whig nobles, reporting to each such expressions as were most likely to offend them, and especially instructing Lord Sandwich to inform Bedford that Pitt had made his exclusion from all offices an essential condition.

Another attempt to form a Ministry was made by the Duke of Cumberland in concert with Bute, and failed owing to the refusal of Lord Temple to take part in it, although warmly pressed by Pitt, who mournfully repeated at parting :

‘*Exstincti me, teque, soror, populumque, patresque
Sidonios, urbemque tuam.*’

The feelings of the King towards his First Lord of the Treasury were about as amicable as those of Sindbad towards the Old Man of the Sea. When once fairly relieved from the incubus, he was heard repeating : ‘I would sooner meet Mr. Grenville at the point of my sword than let him into my Cabinet ;’ and rising in emphasis, ‘I had rather see the devil in my closet than George Grenville.’ The extent of his desperation may be judged from the fact that, finding nothing practicable with Pitt, he authorized his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, to open a negotiation with the great Whig families, whose thralldom he had thrown off, vowing never to submit to it again. ‘A communication,’ says Mr. Lecky, ‘was made to the old Duke of Newcastle, and in July, 1765, after about seven weeks of almost complete administrative anarchy, the main body of the Whigs returned to office under their new leader, Lord Rockingham.’

The best that could be said of the new Premier, the Marquis of Rockingham, was that there was little or nothing to be said against him. He had no eminently good and no positively bad qualities. ‘He had the advantage of following one of the most unpopular of Ministers ; and the genius of Burke, who was his private secretary, and who was brought into Parliament by his influence, has cast a flood of light upon his administration and imparted a somewhat deceptive splendour to his memory.’

Burke’s maiden speech on the Address, January, 1766, was praised by Pitt, and when some one at the Club expressed wonder at his sudden rise into distinction, Dr. Johnson struck in : ‘Sir, there is no wonder at all. We who know Mr. Burke know that he will be one of the first men of the country.’ It was probably owing to his influence with his chief, that their brief tenure of office (one year and twenty days) was marked by so many measures of wise liberality ; such as the formal condemnation

demnation of general warrants, the repeal of the Stamp Act, and the relaxation of the restrictions on the trade of the Colonies. But Rockingham hardly ever opened his mouth in the Lords: Conway, a brave soldier, made an indifferent leader in the Commons; and Charles Townshend, instead of exerting his wit and extraordinary debating powers in favour of the Government of which he was a member, described it as a lute-string administration, fit only for summer wear. The King disliked it because it was forced upon him, and because it was running counter to the arbitrary policy which he was anxious to carry out. 'He had indeed two measures. When a Ministry represented his personal views, Walpole himself was not more strenuous in enforcing unanimity among its members. When it diverged from his views, Pelham was not more indulgent of dissent. In the same spirit the King refused to create a single peer at the desire of his Ministers. The King's friends, who filled the subordinate places in the Government, plotted incessantly and voted fearlessly against their chief.'

Another cause of weakness was the general call for Pitt. The Duke of Grafton resigned on this ground. 'He had no objection,' he wrote, 'to the persons or the measures of the Ministers, but he thought they wanted strength and efficiency to carry on proper measures with success, and that Pitt alone could give them solidity.' Northington, the Chancellor, told the King that the Ministry could not go on, and in July, 1766, the King once more sent for Pitt, who had now full powers for carrying out his favourite doctrine that the Government should be formed of the ablest men of all parties, in which the King (theoretically, at least) concurred. That his views would turn out more Utopian than practical was foreseen by Walpole (July 10): 'The plan will probably be to pick and cull from all quarters, and break all parties as much as possible. From this moment I date the wane of Mr. Pitt's glory; he will want the thorough-bass of drums and trumpets, and is not made for peace.'

The boasted product of patriotism and sagacity is described by Burke in his happiest manner: 'He (Pitt) made an administration so chequered and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a tessellated pavement without cement, here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers; King's friends and Republicans; Whigs and Tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand on.' Nothing could have given the semblance of consistency to such an Administration

tration but the constant presence and predominating influence of the 'great commoner ;' but he gave up that proud title at the most critical moment, and, when the pilot was most needed, his hand was hardly ever on the helm. 'If he fell into a fit of the gout,' says Burke, 'or if any other cause withdrew him from public cares, principles directly the contrary were sure to predominate. When he had executed his plan, he had not an inch of ground to stand upon. When he had accomplished his scheme of administration, he was no longer a Minister. When his face was hid but for a moment, his whole system was on a wide sea, without chart or compass.'

He made the Duke of Grafton First Lord of the Treasury, and reserved only the Privy Seal for himself, with the title of Earl of Chatham. His intention to take a peerage was kept secret from his new colleagues till their acceptance of office. 'Our conception,' writes the new First Lord, 'of the strength of the Administration had been till that moment derived from the great advantage he would have given to it by remaining with the Commons. On this there was but one voice among us, nor indeed throughout the kingdom.' The City refused to present an address, and the lamps which had been placed round the Monument for an illumination in honour of his return to office were at once removed. According to Macaulay, the clamour against him had a serious effect on the foreign relations of the country. 'Ceasing to be loved at home, he ceased to be feared abroad. The name of Pitt had been a charmed name. Our envoys tried in vain to conjure with the name of Chatham.'

Yet Macaulay contends that this outcry was raised against a step in which there was nothing to censure. 'Surely no peerage had ever been better earned, nor was there ever a statesman who more needed the repose of the Upper House.' Granting this, it is to be regretted that he did not enter it, like Walpole and Pulteney, as a real place of retirement and repose. During many months before he undertook the formation of a Ministry, his nerves had been in a morbid state of irritability. His horror of loud sounds was such that at times he could not bear the voices of his children. He laid out large sums at Hayes in buying houses contiguous to his own, in order that he might not be disturbed by neighbours. He then sold Hayes and removed to a villa at Hampstead, where he again began buying houses. At Burton Pynsent, he ordered more cedars and cypresses to be planted than the country could supply, and had many waggon-loads sent down from London by the road. As his appetite was uncertain, and the smallest delay in grati-
fying

fyng it exasperated him, a succession of chickens were constantly on the spit.*

Mr. Lecky mentions these symptoms of a disordered mind as having occurred subsequently to the formation of the Ministry. Macaulay dwells upon them as proofs that Pitt's mind was already in a morbid state when, in the midst of his planting in Somersetshire, he was summoned to Court by a Royal autograph. When he reached London he was in a fever. When he made his first appearance in the House of Lords it was as an irritable invalid, and his haughty defiant tone provoked the Duke of Richmond into exclaiming: 'I hope the nobility will not be browbeaten by an insolent Minister.' 'I challenge the noble Lord,' retorted Chatham, 'to give an instance in which I have treated any man with insolence: if the instance be not produced, the charge of insolence will be with his Grace.' This was in a debate on the Order of Council laying an embargo on corn, which Lord Camden, the Lord Chancellor, 'treated as at worst a forty days' tyranny:' an imprudent phrase which laid the Government open to the charge of being the supporters of prerogative against law. In the Commons, Lord Chatham gave grave offence by the selection of his personal friend, Alderman Beckford, to move the proposed enquiry into the affairs of the East India Company.

Still the Government managed to hold their own with some show of cohesion so long as their illustrious chief could keep the field, and Walpole (December 12, 1766) speaks of the Session as having ended 'very triumphantly for the Great Earl.' But before it was well over, the Great Earl had gone to Bath, proposing to return for the meeting of Parliament in January. He was detained by gout till the middle of February, when he started for London, but had a relapse upon the road, and was confined to his bed for some days at the Castle Inn at Marlborough. Lord Holland was wont to relate, and the story was adopted by the 'Edinburgh Review,'† that 'footmen and grooms dressed in his family livery filled the whole inn, one of the largest in England. The truth was, that the invalid had insisted

* He had this habit or caprice in common with the Great Napoleon, who, at whatever hour of the day or night he felt inclined to eat, expected a meal to be instantly served up. He was so well obeyed that once when, in a sudden fit of temper, he upset the table, the wreck was cleared away and a duplicate *déjeuner* placed before him as if by magic.

† No. 162, p. 586: Another of his oddities is mentioned by Burke: 'I ought to tell you that Lord Chatham passed by my door on Friday morning in a Jim Whiskey drawn by two horses, *one before the other*: he drove himself. His train was two coaches and six, with twenty servants, male and female. He was proceeding with his whole family to Stowe.'—Burke to Lord Rockingham, July 30, 1769.

that during his stay all the waiters and stableboys of the Castle should wear his livery.' Lord Stanhope was assured by Mr. Thomas Grenville that this story had no foundation in fact. Lord Chatham arrived in London at the beginning of March, where the first news that met him was that his Chancellor of the Exchequer, Charles Townshend, had been beaten in a division on the Budget: a motion for the reduction of the Land Tax having been carried against him by a majority of 18. 'This' (says Mr. Lecky) 'is said to be the first instance since the Revolution of a Minister being defeated on a money Bill, and it is a significant illustration of the declining popularity of Chatham, that on this occasion most of those who had county or popular elections were united against him.'

He was already irritated against Townshend for thwarting his Indian policy, and on the 4th of March the Duke of Grafton received a missive with these emphatic words: 'The writer here-of and the Chancellor of the Exchequer cannot remain in office together.' He was taking steps to remove this unmanageable colleague, when he broke down again. 'A gloomy and mysterious malady, affecting his nerves and his mind, rendered him incapable of any mental exertion, of any political intercourse, of enduring even the faintest noise, of transacting the most ordinary business, and in this state he continued with little intermission from March 1767 for more than two years.'

There was nothing mysterious about the malady, suppressed gout. The King behaved with the greatest kindness and consideration. 'If,' he wrote, 'you cannot come to me to-morrow, I am ready to call on you.' 'Such ends to be obtained,' were His Majesty's words in another urgent application, 'would almost awaken the great men of former ages, and therefore should oblige you to cast aside any remains of your late indisposition.' The answer, in Lady Chatham's hand, was that 'under health so broken as renders, at present, application of mind totally impossible, he must most humbly implore His Majesty's indulgence and compassion not to require of a most devoted unfortunate servant what in his state of weakness is beyond his power.' His resignation was more than once tendered and refused. At length (May 31) he consented to receive the Duke of Grafton, who states in his Memoirs that, although he expected to find Lord Chatham very ill indeed, the situation was worse than he had imagined. 'His nerves and spirits were affected to a dreadful degree, and the sight of his great mind bowed down and thus weakened by disorders would have filled me with grief and concern, even if I had not long borne a sincere attachment to his person and character.' The interview lasted

lasted two hours, and closed with an understanding that the Duke was to do his best to uphold and strengthen the Administration till its founder should be in a condition to resume the conduct of affairs.

The Duke immediately proceeded to make appointments and form alliances which induced Horace Walpole to ask him, 'What will Lord Chatham say?' The Duke's reply was to the point. 'If Lord Chatham will do nothing, and leaves us to do the best we can—why then we must do the best we can.' The changes of men involved that of measures; and on every important question the policy henceforth pursued by the Ministry was that to which Chatham was or would have been diametrically opposed. This was in a great measure owing to the substitution of Lord North, as Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons, for Charles Townshend, who died on the 7th of September, 1767.

'Partly through political principle, and partly through weakness of character, he continually subordinated his own judgment to that of the King, and carried out with greatly superior abilities a policy not very different from that of Bute. The growing power of North drew the King more closely to his ministers, and he cordially adopted their views on the two great questions on which English politics were now chiefly concentrated. These questions were the Middlesex election and the renewed taxation of America.'

The Middlesex election involved a great constitutional question: it forms a landmark in constitutional law: but what irresistibly attracts attention in the history of the struggle is the manner in which it displayed the indomitable spirit of the people, the firmness and fierceness of the race. Soon after the formation of the Government, Wilkes had secretly come to England in the hopes of a compromise. His advances were slightly received by the Duke of Grafton and contemptuously by Lord Chatham, and he returned to Paris vowing to make them repent of their insolence. In March, 1768, on the eve of the general election, he reappeared in London and announced himself as a candidate for the representation of the City. Failing here—left, indeed, at the bottom of the poll,—he at once stood for Middlesex, and to the consternation of the Ministry was triumphantly returned. They had refrained from causing him to be arrested as an outlaw, less it may be suspected from generosity or enlightened policy than from fear; and the inclination of the majority was to grant him a free pardon and allow him to take his seat in the House of Commons, where, judging from his former performances as a debater, there was little chance of his being formidable. *Dis aliter visum*: the King
spurned

spurned the notion of so humiliating an arrangement, nearly quarrelled with the Duke of Grafton for proposing it, and laid in writing a peremptory injunction on Lord North, that no stone should be left unturned to expel, disqualify, and disgrace the demagogue. The outlawry was declared illegal and nullified by the King's Bench. But on the 18th of June Wilkes came before the same court to receive sentence for the publication of No. 45 of the 'North Briton' and the 'Essay on Woman;' and the joint sentence, pronounced by Lord Mansfield, was that he be imprisoned for twenty-two months, fined 1000*l.*, and give security for good behaviour during seven years. This blew the popular feeling into a flame which was rapidly becoming a conflagration. During the election the whole metropolis was at the mercy of the mob. No one was suffered to pass towards the place of voting without a blue cockade and a ticket inscribed Wilkes and No. 45. The carriage windows of all who refused to huzza for 'Wilkes and Liberty' were broken. Ladies were taken out of their chairs and compelled to join in the cry. Count Seiler, the Austrian Ambassador, one of the most stately and ceremonious of diplomatists, was dragged from his coach and thrown on his back with his feet uppermost whilst No. 45 was chalked on the soles of his shoes.

Dr. Franklin writes (April 16, 1768): 'I went last week to Winchester, and observed that for fifteen miles out of town there was scarce a door or window-shutter next to the road unmarked (with Wilkes and Liberty, and No. 45), and this continued here and there quite to Winchester, which is 64 miles.' London, he states, was illuminated for two nights at the command of the mob, who made their rounds at intervals during the whole night, and obliged those who had extinguished their candles to light them again; their windows being smashed if they refused. When, after receiving judgment, Wilkes was on his way to the King's Bench prison, he was rescued on Westminster Bridge, but succeeded in escaping from his admirers and surrendering to the authorities. On the day when Parliament met the prison was surrounded by a shouting crowd, under the impression that he would be let out to take his seat. The Riot Act was read: the troops fired: five or six persons were killed and fifteen wounded, including two women, one of whom died soon afterwards. Amongst the killed was a respectable young man, named Allen, who had nothing to do with the riot. His only sister did not long survive the shock occasioned by his death: they were buried together in the churchyard of Newington, Surrey, and in the inscription on the tombstone he is described as 'an Englishman of unspotted life and amiable disposition,

disposition, who was inhumanly murdered by Scottish detachments from the army.' English soldiers had been heard to say that they would never fire upon their countrymen, and a Scotch detachment had consequently been employed.

Franklin goes the length of stating that 'if Wilkes had possessed a good private character, and the King a bad one, the former might have turned the latter out of the kingdom.' But these disturbers of the public peace cared little or nothing about character: they had no definite aim, no concerted plan of action, no subversive designs against the throne: they were not disloyal, except as all law-breakers may be called disloyal: they liked lawlessness for its own sake; and their nearest approximation to principle was a wild sense of justice and of right. What, however, made popular outbreaks exceptionally formidable at this time and for many years afterwards, was the weakness of the Executive, the growing habit of resistance to authority, and the numbers of the dangerous classes. Accumulated proofs are supplied by Mr. Lecky. Strikes were very numerous, and London was full of poor, idle, reckless men prepared for the most desperate enterprise. Six thousand weavers were the most active agents in the Wilkes riots. At Wapping and Stepney, the coalheavers, chiefly Irish, were for more than a year at war with the masters of the coal ships:—

'A man named Green, who was agent of one of the London aldermen, was especially obnoxious to them, and one evening at eight o'clock his house was besieged by a party provided with fire-arms. Green, having barricaded his door, defended himself, with the assistance of a sailor and of a maid-servant, for no less than nine hours. Eighteen of the assailants were shot; two hundred bullets were lodged in one of the rooms of the house. At last, when his ammunition was expended, Green succeeded in escaping, but it was not until five in the morning that the Guards appeared upon the scene. A few days later the sister of Green was attacked in her house, dragged into the street, and murdered.'

Two Spitalfields weavers were hanged for loom-breaking. A man who had been a witness against them fell into the hands of a mob, who stoned him to death in broad daylight in Bethnal Green: setting to work deliberately and occupying two hours in the execution, without any attempt at interruption by the guardians of the law. We learn from the Grenville Papers that it was rarely thought safe to hang a criminal at Tyburn without a military force. The English, regarded as a law-abiding people, were then as bad as the Irish are now. When the Princess Dowager died, her remains were carried to the grave amidst the shouts and execrations of the mob. During the riots arising
out

out of the contest between the House of Commons and the printers, in 1771, Lord North narrowly escaped with life, and Charles Fox was taken from his carriage and rolled in the gutter attired (as we learn from Mr. Trevelyan) in a gala suit fresh from Paris. A procession to burn the leading opponents of the printers in effigy was ominously headed by a hearse.

But it was during the Gordon riots of 1780 that the worst passions of the populace were let loose, and brutality, coupled with fanaticism and the love of plunder, indulged without restraint. In a letter of June 7, headed 'What was London,' Richard Burke writes: 'This is the fourth day that the metropolis of England (once of the world) is possessed by an enraged, furious, and numerous enemy. Their outrages are beyond description and meet with no resistance.' Four gaols and seventy-two private houses were destroyed. The remark of Johnson on a former occasion applied with added force to this: 'The characteristic of our Government at present is imbecility. The magistrates dare not call out the Guards, for fear of being hanged. The Guards will not come, for fear of being given up to the blinded rage of popular juries.' The King took his part with a courage and firmness which, in the judgment of history, should and will counterbalance a host of errors. He called a Privy Council, extorted the required order for the military to act, and declared that, if any more difficulties were raised, he would lead his Guards in person. Wednesday, June 7, was long known in London as 'Black Wednesday,' but on the night of this day (as recorded by Walpole) Lady Ailesbury was at the play in the Haymarket, and his four nieces were with the Duke of Gloucester at Ranelagh.

To return to Wilkes, his expulsion as a convicted libeller was carried by 219 to 137, and his re-election was at once declared void. He had lost his seat, and it was fortunate for his fame, haply fortunate in the long run for the country, that he did lose it.

'Few of the most illustrious English statesmen have enjoyed a greater or a more enduring popularity or have exercised a more commanding power. . . . He had also done more than any other single man to unite a divided and powerless Opposition, and to mark out the lines of political parties. The doctrine, that a resolution of the House of Commons can neither "make, alter, suspend, abrogate, nor annihilate the law of the land," became the rallying cry of the party.'

This cry was eagerly caught up by Lord Chatham who, relieved by a violent attack of the gout, suddenly reappeared in
the

the House of Lords and delivered some of his finest bursts of oratory in support of the popular doctrine. But it would seem that there was no longer a responsive chord to strike, or that he had lost the art of striking it, for in January 1771 he writes: 'England is no more like Old England forty years ago than the Monsignori of modern Rome are like the Decii, the Gracchi, or the Catos. . . . The public has slept quietly upon the violation of electors' rights and the tyranny of the House of Commons. *Fuit Ilum!* the whole Constitution is a shadow.' Burke writes in the same strain: 'After a violent ferment in the nation, as remarkable a deadness and vapidness has succeeded. The people have fallen into a total indifference to any matters of public concern. I do not suppose that there was ever anything like this stupor in any period of our history.' The same complaint is made by 'Junius.'

The feeling of lassitude that had come over these eminent men from the comparative failure of their efforts must have induced them to exaggerate the national apathy, which was by no means so deep or so unbroken as they represent. Mr. Lecky speaks of the year 1769 as memorable in political history for having witnessed the birth of English Radicalism and the first serious attempts to reform and control Parliament. 'It was only in the agitation of 1769 and 1770 that open popular meetings, for the purpose of giving expression to public opinion on great political questions, became a normal and important element in English public life. The innovation rapidly spread.' It was about this time, also, that the daily press acquired the power which has been absurdly described as a Fourth Estate; and the 'Letters of Junius' (the first of which was published in January 1769) must alone have sufficed to ruffle the surface of the political world, if indeed they did not stir it to its depths.* Again, it was in February 1771 that the struggle began between the two Houses and the newspapers, which ended in practically authorizing the publication of reports of parliamentary proceedings and debates, truly described by Mr. Lecky as 'another gigantic stride in political importance by the press.' But perhaps the greatest advance of all was the judicial decision, confirmed

* Mr. Lecky has devoted twenty-two pages to the 'Letters of Junius,' the authorship of which he confidently assigns to Sir Philip Francis, without throwing any fresh light on the question of identity. He has done no more than re-state and (anti-Franciscans will say) over-state the familiar arguments of Macaulay and Merivale; as when he describes the style of Francis's acknowledged writings as 'full of energy and brilliancy,' or when he speaks of 'the great and evident knowledge shown by the anonymous writer of the business and of the officials of the War Office,' which, had the fact been so, could hardly have escaped the notice of contemporaries.

by statute, enabling juries to give a general verdict of 'guilty' or 'not guilty' in cases of libel.

The patriotic complaint of the national apathy, about 1770, is partly confirmed by Mr. Lecky:—

'The Opposition was broken, divided, defeated. The King and the King's friends had succeeded in disintegrating the old parties in the State, in sapping the aristocratical power which was once the most formidable barrier to their designs, in disposing for their own objects of the vast fields of Government patronage, in forming a great permanent interest and acquiring an overwhelming majority in both Houses of Parliament. The Scotch, the bishops, the numerous members of both Houses who held Court offices, steadily voted together, and the ranks of the King's friends were speedily recruited by place-hunters drawn from the different connections. The elective system was so corrupt, the influence of the Treasury on the boroughs was so great, the Government patronage was so vast and so redundant, that there seemed every prospect of the continuance of their power. The immediate causes of their defeat are to be found chiefly in the growth of a free Press, which gave a new strength and energy to the popular movement for reform, and in the overwhelming discredit which the disastrous termination of the American War threw upon the ministry which had conducted it!'

What still astonishes us, and seems almost unaccountable, on a calm retrospect of the American war, is the fatuity with which the project of taxing the colonies was conceived and carried out, in entire ignorance or unconsciousness of the momentous issues involved. The Stamp Act was introduced in a nearly empty House and met with no serious opposition. Burke, who was present in the gallery, declared that not more than two or three Members spoke against the Bill, and that he had never heard a more languid debate. The Act received the Royal assent on March 22, 1765, and was to come into operation on the 1st of November following. When the news reached America, the bells of Boston were tolled as for the funeral of a nation. The flags were hung half-mast high. The shops were shut, and the Stamp Act was hawked about with the inscription, 'The folly of England and the ruin of America.' The alternative placed before the King was stated by him to Lord Strange in the presence of Lord Rockingham: 'My Lord, the question asked me by my Ministers was whether I was for enforcing the Act by the sword or for the repeal? Of the two extremes I was for the repeal, but most certainly preferred modification.' There was no safe middle course; and Conway, speaking for the Ministers, moved the repeal of the Act on the distinct ground of the impossibility of enforcing it. 'We,' he urged prophetically, 'have but

five thousand fighting men in three thousand miles of territory : the Colonists have a hundred and fifty thousand. If we do not give way, both France and Spain will declare war and protect the malcontents.' Yet the very next year, Charles Townshend, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, having boasted with characteristic recklessness that he would find means free from offence to raise a revenue from America, brought in and carried a Bill for imposing taxes on glass, paper, painters' colours, and tea, to be paid by the Colonists as import duties. This Bill met with the same organized resistance as the Stamp Act. The leaders of the non-importation movement set on foot a system of terrorism, resembling that which the Land Leaguers are carrying out in Ireland. Merchants and shopkeepers were forbidden to sell the taxed articles or even to keep any of them in store. One of the penalties of disobedience was tarring and feathering.* Another mode of dealing with an obnoxious person was to smear over his whole house with pitch or heap filth before his door. In May 1769 a Cabinet Council was held, at which the Duke of Grafton, the Premier, proposed a total repeal, which was opposed by Lord North as a confession of weakness, and the reservation of the duty on tea was carried by the casting vote of one. 'But for that unhappy event,' remarks the Duke in his Memoirs, 'I think that the separation from America might have been avoided.' The probable amount of the duty on tea was estimated at less than twelve thousand a year. It was never levied. Most of the ships laden with tea which arrived in American ports were compelled to sail back with their cargoes to the Thames. Three, which had anchored in Boston harbour, were boarded by men disguised as Mohawk Indians, who flung the entire cargoes, 342 chests, into the sea. This was in December 1773.

'It is usually,' remarks Lord Shelburne, 'some small event which precipitates a crisis. The discovery of the letters of Hutchinson to Whateley—how obtained by Franklin it is now immaterial to inquire—and the facilities given to the East India Company for exporting tea to America, acted as the match to fire the accumulated stores of ill-will.' Some letters from Hutchinson, the Governor-General of Massachusetts, and Oliver, the Lieutenant-Governor, dilating on the turbulent disposition of the Colonists and the pressing need of coercive measures, had been entrusted to Franklin, then Agent for Massachusetts, to be shown to the leaders of the

* Professor Wilson maintains in one of the '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*,' that tarring and feathering is the only original invention to which the Americans can lay claim.

provincial assembly, on an express understanding that they were not to be printed or copied. They were printed without his privity, and the assembly, after passing resolutions of censure, forwarded a petition to the Privy Council praying for the recal of both the writers. Dunning and Arthur Lee appeared for the petitioners, Wedderburne (then Solicitor-General) for Hutchinson and Oliver. William Whateley, the person to whom the letters were addressed, was dead; and his brother had been wounded in a duel with a gentleman suspected of purloining the letters, which were clearly transmitted to Franklin to be shown. After arguing that they could not have come into his possession by fair means, Wedderburne concluded a torrent of invective with these words:—

‘I hope, my lords, you will mark and brand the man, for the honour of this country, of Europe, and of mankind. Private correspondence has hitherto been held sacred in times of the greatest party rage, not only in politics, but in religion. The betrayer of it has forfeited all the respect of society, and of fellow-men. Into what companies will he hereafter go with an unembarrassed face, or the honest intrepidity of virtue? Men will watch him with a jealous eye, they will hide their papers from him, and lock up their escritaires. He will henceforth esteem it a libel to be called “*a man of letters*,” homo trium literarum. But he not only took away the letters from one brother, but kept himself concealed till he nearly occasioned the murder of the other. It is impossible to read his account, expressive of the coolest and most deliberate malice, without horror.

‘Amidst these tragical events, of one person nearly murdered, of another answerable for the issue—of a worthy governor hurt in his dearest interests—the fate of America in suspense—here is a man who, with the utmost insensibility of remorse, stands up and avows himself the author of all. I can compare it only to Zanga in Dr. Young’s “*Revenge*”:

“Know then ’twas I—

I forged the letter; I disposed the picture.—

I hated; I despised; and I destroy.”

‘I ask, my lords, whether the revengeful temper, attributed by poetic fiction only to the bloody African, is not surpassed by the coolness and apathy of the wily American?’

The object of this diatribe was then in the height of his fame, although he had as yet accomplished only the first of the feats attributed to him in the well-known line,

‘Eripuit cœlo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis.’*

* This line is by Turgot, who, according to his biographer, Condorcet, originally wrote ‘Eripuit cœlo fulmen, mox sceptrum tyrannis.’

It was written in 1778.

He is described by Bentham, who was present, as 'remaining the whole time like a rock in the same posture, his head resting on his left hand, and in that attitude abiding the pelting of the pitiless storm.' There were thirty-five members of the Privy Council in attendance, the most distinguished of living Englishmen, 'the indecency of whose behaviour (wrote Lord Shelburne) exceeded, as is agreed on all hands, that of any committee of election.' They laughed aloud at each insulting sally of Wedderburne, and immediately voted the petition groundless, vexatious, and scandalous. Franklin affected in conversation a philosophical indifference to this attack, but he harped upon it in his correspondence, and seven years afterwards he signed the peace as plenipotentiary in the identical dress which he had worn upon that day of trial. This singular circumstance is recorded by Priestley, who also was amongst the audience:—'He had stood conspicuously erect during the harangue, and kept his countenance as immovable as if his features had been made of iron. But the suit of Manchester velvet which he then wore was again put on at the Treaty of Paris. These clothes had never been worn since or afterwards. I once intimated to Dr. Franklin the suspicion which his wearing these clothes on that occasion had excited in my mind, when he smiled without telling me whether it was well or ill founded.'

It was finely said by Junius, 'Injuries may be atoned for and forgotten: insults never. They degrade the mind in its own esteem, and force it to recover its level by revenge.' Insulting language did even more to alienate the Americans than the severe measures like the Boston Port Bill, to which the Government resorted to enforce submission. It was not only military men, like Generals Gage and Burgoyne, who spoke contemptuously of the soldierlike qualities of the Americans. Lord Sandwich, in the House of Lords, described them as raw, undisciplined, cowardly men, who would take to flight at the very sound of a cannon. It was with especial reference to this speech that Washington, after the affair of Lexington, writes: 'This may serve to convince Lord Sandwich and others that the Americans will fight for their liberties and property, however pusillanimous in his Lordship's eyes they may appear in other respects.' That they were forced into fighting for their liberties and property, and at the commencement of the war were fighting for nothing else, is now placed beyond a reasonable doubt. 'The truth seems to be,' says Mr. Lecky, 'the more distinguished Americans were quite resolved to appeal to the sword rather than submit to parliamentary taxation

tion and to the other oppressive laws that were complained of, but if they could restore the relations to the mother-country which subsisted before the Stamp Act, they had no desire whatever to sever the connection.' Franklin assured Chatham, in August 1774, that there was no desire for separation in the colonies. In October of the same year, Washington denied in the strongest terms that they were aiming at independence. Adams tells how, when a letter which he had written advocating independence in 1775 was intercepted and published, he was avoided in Philadelphia 'like a man stricken with the leprosy.'

To the question whether Lord Chatham's conciliatory Bill, brought forward and rejected in February 1775, would have closed the breach, Lord Stanhope replies: 'From all the facts and testimonies then or since made public, I answer without hesitation that it would. The sword was then slumbering in its scabbard. On both sides there were injuries to redress, but not as yet bloodshed to avenge. It was only a quarrel: it was not yet a war.' The final result of that war was as much owing to one man, to Washington, as the result of the Peninsular war to Wellington, of the Franco-German war to Moltke, of the Blenheim campaign to Marlborough, or of the Marengo and Austerlitz campaigns to Napoleon. Yet Washington was not a military genius of the first order, and his success was due more to his moral courage, his fine temper, his imperturbable equanimity, and his firmness and integrity of purpose, than to his tactics or his strategy. It was at once his highest praise, his merit, and his strength, that he never despaired of the Republic. Like the Iron Duke, he took duty for his inseparable guide, and never deviated a hairbreadth from the straight path marked out by it. He was seen at his best when the fortunes of the colonists were at the lowest, when to any man of inferior determination and resource they would have seemed absolutely desperate. In the latter months of 1776 his army had dwindled to less than 3000 men. 'Had the Americans,' says Mr. Lecky, 'as a whole, ever looked upon the English as the Dutch looked upon the Spaniards, and as the Poles look upon the Russians, had they manifested in the struggle of the revolution but a tenth part of the earnestness, the self-sacrifice, the enthusiasm, which they displayed on both sides in the war of Secession, Howe would at least have been enormously outnumbered.'

But whatever enthusiasm was kindled at the outset, had died away, and, so long as he was left dependent on volunteers, Washington experienced the greatest difficulty in keeping up the semblance of an army, or in showing a front bold enough to keep

keep even an irresolute enemy in check. He was saved by what Mr. Lecky terms the amazing incapacity of the English commanders opposed to him, especially of Sir William Howe, who not only missed more than one palpable opportunity of striking a decisive blow, but suffered a division of his troops to be surprised and cut off at Trenton: a dashing *coup de main* planned and executed by Washington, which had an immense effect in raising the drooping spirits of the Americans. Mr. Lecky gives it as his opinion, that with the most ordinary vigilance and enterprise, Howe could have compelled the chief American army to surrender in Long Island, and that if he had at once pursued Washington across the Delaware, Philadelphia would have immediately fallen into his hands. 'In either of these cases the American Revolution would probably have ended in 1766.'

Lord Stanhope, alluding to the same slackness and want of enterprise in the English generals, exclaims, 'Oh, for one hour of Clive!' But there was no Clive, either then or at any other period of the war, and within little more than a year after Washington had been almost at the mercy of Howe, an entire British army was compelled to surrender at discretion. The Convention of Saratoga between Arnold and Burgoyne was signed on the 17th of October, 1777. Prior to this event, the French Government had refrained from active intervention, although the American cause was so popular in France, that the American commissioners in Paris complained of being teased to death with applications from military men of all ranks, anxious to enter the service of the States. 'Had I ten ships,' wrote Deane, 'I could fill them all.' One of the first volunteers was Lafayette, who was strictly enjoined by Marie Antoinette to give her good news 'of our good Americans, of our dear Republicans.' That the doctrines of our 'dear Republicans' might cross the Atlantic and militate against monarchy, does not appear to have struck any one except Mirabeau, then a prisoner at Vincennes, who, when the Declaration of Independence was translated and scattered broadcast by the permission of the French Ministers, asked whether those who were so anxious to ally themselves with the revolted colonies had really read or understood this Declaration, and had considered whether on its principles any European governments, except those of England, Holland, and Switzerland, could be deemed legitimate.

The opportunity of humbling England was too tempting to be foregone. After the surrender of Saratoga all hesitation ceased. The alliance, offensive and defensive, between France and the
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United States, was signed at Paris in February 1778, and formally communicated by the French ambassador at London in March. Directly afterwards, France and England were at war. 'The moment,' says Mr. Lecky, 'was one of the most terrible in English history. England had not an ally in the world.' One army was a prisoner, and the great bulk of our remaining troops were shut up in Philadelphia and New York. The Secretary at War formally reported that we had no general fit to take the command in case of invasion, and proposed sending for Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. The Ministers were equally discredited with the generals. There was a loud, almost unanimous, call for Chatham. Lord North strongly recommended the King to send for him and offer him *carte blanche*, but the utmost His Majesty could be brought to concede was, that Chatham should be addressed 'on a clear explanation that he is to step forth to support an Administration where you (North) are First Lord of the Treasury.' No change, he emphatically repeated, should be made in the Government, which did not leave Lord North at its head, and Thurlow, Suffolk, Sandwich, Gower, Weymouth, and Wedderburne, in high office.

'This episode appears to me the most criminal in the whole reign of George III., and in my own judgment it is as criminal as any of those acts which led Charles I. to the scaffold. It is remarkable how nearly, many years later, it was reproduced. Terrible as was the condition of England in 1778, the dangers that menaced it in 1804 were probably still greater. The short peace of Amiens had ended; Napoleon, in the zenith of his power and glory, was preparing the invasion of England, and the very existence of the country as a free and independent State was menaced by the most extraordinary military genius of modern times, disposing of the resources of the greatest and most warlike of Continental nations. Under these circumstances, Pitt strenuously urged upon the King the necessity of a coalition of parties, and especially of the introduction of Fox into the Ministry. . . . But the obstinacy of the King proved indomitable.'

This is strong language and hardly, we think, justified by the circumstances. Neither Chatham nor Fox was so imperatively demanded by the emergency as to constitute the alleged case or cases of criminality. Each was fairly open to objections created by himself. How could Chatham have set about the work of conciliation? 'We have tried,' he exclaimed, 'for unconditional submission: try what can be gained by unconditional redress.' But would the Americans have given up their famous Declaration of Independence at his bidding? Or
would

would he have receded from the ground he had all along occupied? 'I will never,' were his words in the last speech he ever uttered, 'no, never consent to deprive the Royal offspring of the House of Brunswick, the heirs of the Princess Sophia of their fairest inheritance. My lords, His Majesty succeeded to an empire as great in extent as its reputation was unsullied. Shall we tarnish the lustre of that empire by an ignominious surrender of its rights?'

How, in the opposite alternative, could he have continued a war which he had pronounced fratricidal as well as hopeless? 'You may ravage, you cannot conquer: it is impossible: you cannot conquer the Americans. You talk of your numerous friends to annihilate the Congress, and of your powerful forces to disperse their army. I might as well talk of driving them before me with this crutch.' Besides, he was no longer the Pitt of 1757, when it was his proud boast that *he* could save the empire, and no other man could. Within a few weeks after the King had refused to recognize him as the sole hope of the country, he broke down from sheer exhaustion and died.

With regard to Fox, the King's ample justification is suggested by Mr. Lecky when he says that it was one of his (Fox's) peculiarities, which he showed both during the American war and the war of the French Revolution, that, whenever he differed from the policy of the Government, he never appeared to have the smallest leaning or bias in favour of his country: 'More than any other man he gave the Whig party that cosmopolitan and unnational character which was one of the chief sources of its weakness, and which it only lost at the Reform Bill of 1832.' Surely when an extraordinary appeal was to be made to loyalty and patriotism, the Sovereign might reasonably refuse to take counsel with one who was glaringly deficient in these qualities. Would Fox's admission to the Cabinet have materially improved the position of affairs in 1804, or did he effect any beneficial change in our foreign policy when he became Secretary for Foreign Affairs in 1806?

Whilst, however, we cannot agree that, in these particular instances, George III. was as culpable or as indiscreet as Charles I. when he tried to govern without a Parliament, we are not disposed to deny that Lord North was, if anything, more culpable than Strafford, who did believe in the system he was pursuing, which Lord North did not. When Lord Gower resigned from disapproval of the war, Lord North concludes a letter to the King, notifying the fact, with these words: 'In the argument Lord North had certainly one disadvantage, which is that he holds in his heart, and has held for three years past, the

same

same opinion with Lord Gower.' This was towards the end of 1779. The intelligence of Cornwallis's capitulation at York Town reached London on the 25th of November, 1781, and was carried by Lord George Germaine to Lord North. When asked how he received it, Lord George replied, 'As he would a cannon-ball in his breast. He opened his arms, exclaiming wildly as he paced up and down the room, "Oh, God, it is all over!"'

There are two points, made perfectly clear by Mr. Lecky, which may be adduced in the King's favour, although they cannot be made available for his Minister. The one is the reluctance with which the nation, like the Sovereign, yielded to the stern logic of events; the other, the opinion prevalent in the best informed quarters, both at home and abroad, up to the surrender of York Town, that the subjugation, or at least qualified submission, of the Colonies was always upon the cards. The general election of September 1780 was on the whole favourable to the Government, and Burke lost his seat for Bristol. 'We look on America as at our feet,' wrote Walpole on the 24th of July, 1780, when the news arrived of the reduction of Charlestown. 'The present situation of the army,' wrote Washington in January, 1780, 'is the most distressing of any we have experienced since the beginning of the war.' Shortly afterwards: 'What are we to expect if there should be another campaign? In all probability the advantage will be on the side of the English, and then what will become of America? We must not deceive ourselves.' . . . 'Indeed, I have almost ceased to hope. The country is, in general, in such a state of insensibility and indifference to its interests, that I dare not flatter myself with any change for the better.' In the summer of the same year, the French admiral reported to the French Minister: 'The fate of North America is yet very uncertain, and the Revolution is not so far advanced as is believed in Europe.' Proofs abound that without effective French aid in both men and money it would have collapsed.

Since what Mr. Lecky calls a terrible moment, the dangers and difficulties of the situation had gone on accumulating. When Parliament met after the Christmas recess, in January 1782, England was engaged in four wars,—with France, Spain, Holland, and the United States: whilst Ireland, armed Ireland, was demanding legislative equality in a tone admitting neither of denial nor delay. Two resolutions, moved by General Conway, condemning any further attempt to reduce the insurgent colonies, had been carried in the House of Commons, and a vote of want of confidence (defeated by a majority of nine)

of nine) was about to be repeated, when (March 20) Lord North, who had gone through the form of resignation three or four times already, at length resigned in right earnest, and the King was absolutely compelled to part with him. His Majesty, anticipating that uncongenial advisers, including some of his former Whig taskmasters, might be forced upon him, threatened to retire to Hanover if they did not moderate their language and their terms; and it is certain, if we may believe Walpole, that the Royal yacht was got ready for a start. Everything the King did was done with the worst possible grace. He refused to see Lord Rockingham, whom he had authorized to form a Ministry, till the Ministry was formed, and would only communicate with him through Lord Shelburne. He also insisted that Thurlow, from whom he could exact implicit obedience, should continue Lord Chancellor.

The Administration was composed of two parties, or sections of parties, headed by Fox and Shelburne, who were constantly at variance. It was on the point of being broken up by their divisions when it came to an untimely end by the sudden death of its chief (July 1, 1782); having lasted only fifteen weeks. Short-lived and disunited as it was, it did some good work, especially in the way of economical reform and in the adoption of a conciliatory policy towards Ireland.

The history of the Irish Volunteer movement is well known. It was encouraged by the English Government when the country was drained of regular troops, and is a striking exemplification of the maxim, that England's trouble is Ireland's opportunity. Then or never was the time to strike for independence, to shake off a degrading yoke, and free Irish commerce from the trammels which an illiberal and shortsighted policy had fastened on it. The popular feeling may be inferred from the language of Burgh, the Prime Serjeant, in 1779: 'Talk not to me of peace. Ireland is not in a state of peace. It is smothered war. England has sown her laws like dragons' teeth, and they have sprung up in armed men.' Grattan was the soul of the movement, and its success was heralded by the opening sentences of his speech.

'I am now to address a free people. Ages have passed away, and this is the first moment in which you could be distinguished by that appellation. . . . I found Ireland on her knees: I watched over her with an eternal solicitude: I have traced her progress from injuries to arms, and from arms to liberty. Spirit of Swift! Spirit of Molyneux! your genius has prevailed! Ireland is now a nation. In the new character I hail her, and bowing to her august presence, I say, *Est o perpetua*.'

This

This was spoken on the 16th of April, 1782, before the claim of independence was recognized by England; but in the emphatic words of Tocqueville, 'pour qu'un peuple soit libre, il faut le vouloir'—a people has only to will it to be free; the Irish people had willed it, and willed it with an unanimity which made opposition vain. On the 17th of May, 1782, Fox moved the repeal of the Act (6 George I.) which asserted the right of the British Parliament to legislate for Ireland.

The Royal Message, recommending an effectual plan of retrenchment in all branches of the public expenditure, so delighted Burke, that he pronounced it 'the best of messages to the best of people from the best of kings.' Referring long afterwards to the actual measures founded on it, he writes: 'I was loaded with hatred for everything that was withheld, and with obloquy for everything that was given.' It was during this Administration, and with its full sanction, that Wilkes carried a motion which had become an annual one, for expunging from the journals of the House of Commons the Resolution of 1769 declaring his incapacity to sit after re-election in the Parliament from which he had been expelled. It was carried by 115 to 47: Fox being the only member of the Government who voted in the minority.

It was the pointed remark of Walpole, that the Crown devolved on the King of England on the death of Lord Rockingham. The Whig cabal that had forced him on the Crown were now without a competent leader, and on their suggesting the Duke of Portland as his successor, they were curtly informed that the King had named Shelburne First Lord of the Treasury; upon which Fox, Lord John Cavendish, Burke, Sheridan, and others, immediately resigned. 'It is very entertaining,' remarks Walpole (July 10, 1782), 'that two or three great families should persuade themselves that they have an hereditary and exclusive right of giving us a head without a tongue.' The most important of the new appointments was that of Pitt to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. The negotiations for peace, the main ground of difference between Shelburne and Fox, were now pushed on to completion with comparative smoothness, and with a loftier tone on the part of England owing to Rodney's victory of the 12th of April, which had produced a decisive change in the relative position of the belligerents. The terms were as good as could be expected under the circumstances, but they did not satisfy the nation, and became the chief object of vehement attack in both Houses. It was on a Resolution censuring the Peace that the Coalition broke ground, and it

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was in reply to Fox that Pitt, in exposure of their real motives, spoke the celebrated passage : *

'I repeat then, sir, that it is not this treaty, it is the Earl of Shelburne alone, whom the movers of this question are desirous to wound. This is the object which has raised this storm of faction ; this is the aim of the unnatural coalition to which I have alluded. If, however, the baneful alliance is not already formed, if this ill-omened marriage is not already solemnized, I know a just and lawful impediment, and, in the name of the public safety, *I here forbid the bans.*'

The vote of censure was carried (February 22, 1783) by 207 to 190, and Lord Shelburne resigned on the 24th, but there was no First Minister, hardly anything that could be called a fixed Government, till April 2nd, when the King at last consented to accept the Duke of Portland, the figure-head nominee he had formerly rejected, as First Lord, with Fox and Lord North as joint Secretaries of State. It has grown into a proverb that England does not love coalitions, but the dislike of them was not displayed in any palpable shape on this occasion till it had gained force from other causes. Fox and Lord John Cavendish, who vacated their seats by acceptance of office, were re-elected unopposed by the large and important constituencies of Westminster and Yorkshire. The Coalition of 1783 were discredited by their conduct and language, by the indiscretion of Fox and the intemperance of Burke. They were finally wrecked on their India Bill. The part Pitt took in crushing this unprincipled combination is well known. With admirable judgment and temper he postponed the appeal to the country till the flood-tide of public opinion was at the full, and the dissolution fell amongst his opponents with the destructive force of a thunderbolt :

'No fewer than 160 members, nearly all of them belonging to the Opposition, were driven from Parliament. Fox himself barely succeeded in retaining his seat for Westminster. The united Opposition was utterly shattered. The old lines of party division were, for a time at least, submerged or effaced, and Pitt met the Parliament of 1784 at the head of a majority which made him the most powerful minister ever known in the parliamentary history of England.'

The rest of the book is occupied with the history of Ireland,

* 'Pitt's famous speech. . . Stomach disordered and actually holding Solomon's porch door open with one hand whilst vomiting during Fox's speech, to which he was to reply'—('Wilberforce's Diary'). Solomon's porch was the portico behind the old House of Commons. The history of Lord Shelburne's Administration is clearly and fully given by Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice in the third volume of his 'Life of William Earl of Shelburne.'

which

which is distinct from that of England, except at brief intervals where they cross and clash, as in 1783. In the Preface to his first volume, Mr. Lecky announced that he should include art, manners, and social changes, but he has kept to the broad current of general events, although subjects like the Johnsonian age of Literature and the rise of the English School of Art under Reynolds, fell strictly within his province and lay temptingly within his reach.* This is to be regretted on more accounts than one, but most especially because the impression left by our political annals, foreign and domestic, during the period we have been reviewing, is very far from favourable. There were bright points. The national character for bravery was sustained in the midst of disaster by some gallant feats of arms on both sea and land: by the defence of Gibraltar and the defeat of De Grasse by Rodney. The Houses of Parliament never shone more brightly, as regards oratory, than when they were lighted up and illustrated by the fervid, thoughtful, imaginative eloquence of Burke, the sparkling wit of Lord North and Charles Townshend, the debating brilliancy of Fox, the setting glories of Chatham and the rising splendour of his son. But those same Houses were distracted by faction and degraded by venality. The Monarchy presented the lamentable picture of a constitutional king vainly striving to become an absolute one—dismembering the empire by his obstinacy—authorizing instead of suppressing or reprovng bribery—encouraging instead of discountenancing intrigue—descending to and getting worsted in a personal contest with a demagogue. The highest class (with rare exceptions) was notorious for immorality: the lowest for brutality and lawlessness. Consistency and principle were contemptuously flung aside by statesmen; and public virtue was a laughing-stock. On a calm retrospect, therefore, we cannot help coming to the melancholy conclusion that there is no period of our history of which the nation has less reason to be proud: none where it was so near fulfilling the prophecy of Montesquieu: ‘That as Rome, Sparta, and Carthage, lost their liberty and perished, so the Constitution of England will in time lose its liberty, will perish: it will perish whenever the legislative power shall become more corrupt than the executive.’

* In one incidental reference to a legal difficulty (vol. i. p. 535), Mr. Lecky has fallen into the popular error of supposing that the writ of *Habeas Corpus* dates from the Habeas Corpus Act, 31 Car. 2. It is a common law writ, confirmed by the Petition of Right, and the Act, absurdly called the Palladium of our Liberties and a second Magna Charta, only applied to cases of committal for crime; leaving all other cases of arbitrary imprisonment and illegal detention untouched. It was extended in 1816 by 56 George 3, c. 100.

ART. VI.—*Memories of Old Friends; being Extracts from the Journals and Letters of Caroline Fox, of Penjerrick, Cornwall; from 1835 to 1871.* Edited by Horace M. Pym. Third Edition, with Fourteen Original Letters from J. S. Mill. London, 1882.

IT is not surprising that this book, though only published at the commencement of this year, and that first of all in an expensive form, should already have reached a third edition; for it is a peculiarly charming example of one of the most attractive classes of books. Few subjects command so wide an interest as the personal characteristics of men and women who have played a distinguished part in life. When skilfully noticed and described, such particulars of habits, conversation, manners, and features, have at all times fascinated public attention. It is by details of this kind that we are best enabled to individualize the persons, by whose actions or writings we are attracted; and to most people, and especially to English people, individuals in all the distinctness of such peculiarities are much more interesting than the work they have done, or the imperfect ideas they have developed. In one of the many conversations with the late Mr. Mill recorded in these volumes, he makes the curious and characteristic mistake of saying that 'the French care most for persons, the English for things.' It is just the reverse. The French, for instance, will at any time desert their leaders for the sake of an idea; but English history is made up of the history of individuals, and of the attachment of the followers who have gathered around them. 'Boswell's Life of Johnson' is a typically English book, and the best literature of our country is animated by personal feeling, and breathes in a personal atmosphere. It is this characteristic which is the real source of our practical capacity; for the chief work of life consists in dealing with persons, not with things, and those who care most for persons know them best. It is no wonder, therefore, that a book has proved fascinating which brings us in every page into vivid and pleasant intercourse with a variety of the most brilliant and interesting personalities of the last half-century. One or two sections, indeed, of society predominate over the rest—those of science, of literature, and of the liberal school of theology of our time. But the writer comes into contact more or less with most classes at some point or other, and the Index to the book, which enumerates the persons referred to, includes a surprising number of the familiar names of our century. In the Journals of a single year, for instance,

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we pass rapidly from Thomas Carlyle to Mr. J. A. Froude, Frederick Maurice, Chevalier Bunsen, Lady Franklin, Guizot, Sir Robert Peel, Cobden and Palmerston in the House of Commons, Mr. Forster, Elihu Burritt, Derwent Coleridge, Professor Owen, Francis Newman, Hallam the historian, Louis Blanc, and Wordsworth, besides minor celebrities; and of each some vivid and characteristic touch is recorded. We move with the author from one scene to another, and see with her eyes and hear with her ears. Sometimes, indeed, it is only gossip she relates; but it is always thoughtful gossip, and carries the interest of real experience and observation. More generally she records the cream of her conversations with such people as we have named, and we have the pleasure of being silent listeners in some charming and instructive circle.

The idea of such a book is delightful in itself; but the peculiar capacity of the author gives these volumes a rare and singular charm. It would have been interesting enough if a person of ordinary intelligence, with her opportunities, had simply recorded, day by day, reminiscences of the people she had met, and the conversations she had heard. But Miss Fox had evidently, in a remarkable degree, the gift of eliciting the best thoughts of those with whom she conversed, and was gifted also with an unusual power of easy narration and vivid description. It is rare, in the present day, to meet a book so beautifully written. The style is perfectly simple and direct; the language is the easy talk of cultured English life; there is never the least sign of effort, strain, or affectation; and yet every character and every scene is depicted with lifelike vividness. Carlyle, in one of his letters to her, speaks of her 'swift neat pen,' and desires her 'to draw up, on half a sheet of paper, an exact narrative' of a certain miner's act of heroism, 'authentic, exact in every detail of it;' and the book is like a collection of these swift, neat outlines, on half-sheets of paper. They are not laboured descriptions, but sudden sketches, as easily taken as photographs. Every characteristic of interest in the people whom Miss Fox met seemed to print itself instantaneously on her sympathetic mind, and to be as rapidly and correctly reproduced. From a pathetic entry after her brother's death, in which she exclaims,—'For whom should I now record these entries of my life?'—it appears that, though she had no idea of the publication of her journals, she wrote them in the hope of their being of interest to her family; and they are thus marked by a happy combination of the frankness of confidential intercourse and of the care bestowed on writings which are intended for perusal by others. We do not think there is an artificial
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remark throughout the book. All is transparently fresh, natural, and true. We see the exact reflection which all these people and scenes produced in the mind and heart of Caroline Fox; and if the brightness and beauty of the mirror throws sometimes a more graceful light over them than we should ourselves have seen, yet it never distorts them or disguises their real characters. The portrait prefixed to the book corresponds closely to the impression which the Journals convey. Large, quiet, and kindly eyes, are combined with a delicate and expressive mouth; and the whole countenance bespeaks a sweet union of seriousness, humour, and kindliness of disposition. A few hours can hardly be passed more pleasantly and more instructively than with such a companion in such society.

A brief—a too brief—memoir, prefixed to the book, gives the main facts of Caroline Fox's life. She was born on the 24th of May, 1819, and was one of the three children of parents who were distinguished 'not only by their fine old Quaker lineage,' but by great qualities of mind and character. Her father, Robert Were Fox, held a considerable place among the men of science of his day. After his death in 1877, Sir Joseph Hooker, in his annual address to the Royal Society, said that they had sustained a severe loss in Mr. Fox, 'eminent for his researches on the temperature and the magnetic and electrical condition of the interior of the earth, especially in connection with the formation of mineral veins, and who was further the inventor of some, and the improver of other instruments, now everywhere employed in ascertaining the properties of terrestrial magnetism.' Both he and his wife were earnest members of the Society of Friends; and Caroline Fox, notwithstanding her sympathy with other forms of Christian belief and practice, remained firmly attached to the same community. Her quick and receptive nature seized the numerous opportunities for instruction, which were afforded by her father's large and interesting circle of friends; and, as the Editor says, 'it makes a tender and striking picture—this young girl, with her deep reverence and vivid appreciation of all the magic world of thought in which she was permitted to roam, listening with delight to the utterances of wise men, and storing up their words in her heart.' She possessed, however, plenty of originality and capacity for amusement; and to the last, there is a good deal of fun in her nature. Every two years the family visited London, and the journey, in the early part of her life, consumed three days, for her home was at Falmouth, and in a country residence in its neighbourhood called Penjerrick. It was, of course, mostly in London that she met the numerous
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men of distinction of whom we have spoken; but her father frequently took her to meetings of the British Association; and Falmouth itself, and its neighbourhood, were very fortunate in the visitors who were attracted there. Though always delicate, she seems to have enjoyed fair health till about forty-four years old; but after 1863 she had frequent attacks of illness and weakness, and she was carried off by a sharp attack of bronchitis on the 12th of January 1871, when only fifty-two years of age. Though her life was, on the whole, a very bright one, she suffered some sharp sorrows. Her only brother, Robert Barclay Fox, to whom Mill's letters are addressed, died of consumption in 1854, and her mother in 1858; and the Editor speaks of another period of severe sorrow and suffering, during which her journals are comparatively destitute of matters of general interest. But personal feelings and experiences are very sparingly revealed in the extracts from these journals which have been given to the public; and though the motive which has prompted this reserve commands all respect, we cannot but indulge sometimes a feeling which she herself expresses towards another writer: 'One has a vicious desire to know Miss Martineau's private history.' We own to a very vicious desire indeed to know more of Miss Fox's private history. Unless we are much mistaken, it would not only be very interesting in itself, but would throw an interesting light upon some other private history. But we can well believe that the time has not come, if it ever can come, for such revelations.

As is natural with the daughter of such a father, we start amidst scientific associations. The journals begin with a few entries for the year 1835; but in 1836 the eminent geologist, Sir Henry de la Beche, is vividly introduced to us, and we have an amusing account of the meeting of the British Association at Bristol that year. It seems to have been as popular a gathering then as now, for it was doubtful at first whether the party would not have to go back disappointed. However, says Miss Fox, 'the ladies, dear creatures, would not hear of that, so by most extraordinary muscular exertions, we succeeded in gaining admittance.' That there was a similar mixture of social and scientific attractions to that which still prevails at these meetings is amusingly illustrated by the presence of Tom Moore, and his enthusiastic reception. 'We saw him,' Miss Fox writes, 'in all his glory, looking, as Barclay' (her brother) 'said, "like a little Cupid, with a quizzing glass in constant motion." He seemed as gay and happy as a lark, and it was pleasant to spend a whole evening in his immediate presence.'

At the concluding meeting his appearance is struck off with one of the writer's happy touches:—

‘When Tom Moore arose with a little paper in his little hand, the theatre was almost knocked down with reverberations of applause. . . . He proceeded to wonder why such a person as he was, a humble representative of literature, was chosen to address them on this scientific occasion. He supposed that in this intellectual banquet he was called for as one of the light dishes to succeed the *gros morceaux* of which we had been partaking, and he declared Science to be the handmaid, or rather the torchbearer, of Religion.’

‘Little Tom Moore,’ with metaphors drawn from his experience of good living, celebrating the harmony of science and religion, forms an amusing and dainty picture. It is curious to go back with our author to the infancy of discoveries which have now grown to manhood; and, in her own phrase, she gives us ‘a very interesting insight into the birth of many ideas which have now got into jackets and trousers.’ Geology at that date is in the stage when Dr. Buckland was its boldest representative among the clergy, and was concerning himself with its reconciliation with the Book of Genesis. In a lecture at Exeter after the meeting of the Association, he ‘gave very clear details of the gradual formation of our earth, which, he is thoroughly convinced, took its rise ages before the Mosaic record. He says that Luther must have taken a similar view, as in his translation of the Bible he puts “1st” at the third verse of the first chapter of Genesis, which showed his belief that the two first verses relate to something anterior. He explains the formation of hills with valleys between them by eruptions under ground.’ How startled even Dr. Buckland would have been could he have been told of the millions of years which modern geologists demand, or of Mr. Darwin’s hypothesis of the formation of valleys by denudation with the aid of earthworms! Mr. Darwin, at this date, is only described as the ‘fly-catcher’ and ‘stone-pounder,’ who has decided that ‘the coral insects do not work up from the bottom of the sea against wind and tide, but that the reef is first thrown up by a volcano, and they then surmount it, after which it gradually sinks.’ This mention of the great naturalist is occasioned by a visit from Captain FitzRoy, the commander of the ‘Beagle,’ who had landed at Falmouth the day before from his five years’ voyage round the world, and who is astonished at the wonderful strides everything had made during those five years. Distinguished naval officers were frequent visitors at Mr. Fox’s house, being interested in his valuable magnetic inventions, and highly
appreciating

appreciating his dipping needle deflector. Captain Belcher, afterwards Sir Edward Belcher, dined there in November of the same year, and Miss Fox preserves a good story from his conversation :—

‘ In 1827, when among the Esquimaux with Captain James Ross, they were treated in a very unfriendly manner; he and five men were wrecked and their boat sunk, and they were obliged to betake themselves to the land of their enemies, twenty-four of whom, well armed with clubs, came down to dispute their proceedings. They had only one brace of percussion pistols amongst them and one load of powder and ball. The natives were aware of the terrible effect of these instruments but not of their scarcity, so Captain Belcher went out of his tent just before their faces, as if looking for something, put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a pistol as if by accident and hurried it back again. The other sailors, by slightly varying the ruse, led the natives to imagine the presence of six pairs of pistols, and so they did not venture on an attack. Shortly after this, having been repeatedly harassed, they were thankful to see their ship approaching; the Esquimaux now prepared for a final assault, and came in great numbers demanding their flag. Seeing the helplessness of his party, Captain Belcher said, “ Well, you shall have the flag, but you must immediately erect it on the top of that hill.” They gladly consented, and Captain Belcher fastened it for them on a flagstaff, but put it Union downwards. The consequence was that the ship’s boats immediately put off and pulled with all their might, the natives scampered off, the flag was rescued, and the little party safely restored to their beloved ship. I should like to hear the Esquimaux’s history of the same period. Captain Belcher has invented a very ingenious instrument for measuring the temperature of the water down to “bottom soundings.” He is a great disciplinarian, and certainly not popular in the navy, but very clever and intensely methodical.’

At the next meeting of the British Association, at Liverpool, in 1837, we find ourselves at the birth of the electric telegraph. They meet Wheatstone, and he tells them ‘ of his electric conversations, which are conducted by subterranean wires between here and London in a second or two;’ and he then takes them to the Physical Section, where Sir David Brewster and Whewell were discussing some questions about spectrum light. In June of the next year they visit Wheatstone at King’s College, where they see his electric telegraph, and learn that it is really being brought into active service, as the last week they began laying it down between London and Bristol, to cost 250*l.* a mile. They see another invention, which, as the editor suggests, looks very like an anticipation of the telephone in another shape. Wheatstone exhibited a ‘harp, or rather

sounding board, with additaments, which communicates with a piano two stories higher, and receives the sound from it quite perfectly through a conductive wire.' A strange instance is recorded of the dread with which these scientific discoveries were viewed at that day. Wheatstone was in the middle of a course of lectures, but, to Miss Fox's disappointment, no ladies were admitted. 'The Bishop of London forbade it, seeing how they congregated to Lyell's, which prohibition so offended that gentleman that he resigned his Professorship.' Ladies attend much more startling lectures nowadays at the Royal Institution; and King's College, which was thus prohibited in 1838 from admitting them to the dangers of a little scientific knowledge, has lately set on foot a scheme for establishing a branch institution at Kensington, at which young ladies will enjoy all the opportunities for study which the original college in the Strand affords to young men. However, the controversy on the subject of women's education was opened at an early period of Caroline Fox's experiences. In 1840 she records John Sterling as saying that he would always trust to the practical judgments of women, and thought it the greatest mistake and perversion to educate them in the same manner as men. 'They have a duty equally clear and equally important to perform, but quite distinct.'

Nine years afterwards, she gives a summary of some lectures by Clara Balfour, which contain excellent sense on the same subject. She says,

'We attended a very good lecture on Female Influence, by Clara Balfour, at the Polytechnic Hall. There was nothing to annoy by its assumptions for our sex; and even in the perilous art of lecturing the lady did not unsex herself. She started with a critique on the Idea of Education, as applied to women—a culture of the surface rather than a sowing and nourishing of principles. Women especially not having such imperative calls into the outward world, and having more leisure than men, should be taught to use that leisure well and wisely, and should be stored with subjects of interest for their many lonely hours. A really good and solid education does but enable a woman to perform the most trifling duties of domestic life more thoroughly well, and why should it make her more vain and pedantic than an equally educated man? If it be because it is so much rarer, surely that is but a strong argument for making it as general as possible. It is curious that men expect from women a higher standard of morals and manners than they think necessary for themselves, and yet almost deny them the faculty of taking cognizance of moral questions.

'She spoke well on the responsibility women have, of giving the tone of the morals and manners of the circles they live in, and
remarked

remarked that almost as much harm resulted from the supineness of the virtuous, as from the downright wickedness of the vicious. She showed how women had influenced national character. In the times of Charles II., for instance, the very literature of the age is corrupt; that in Turkey and the East, men are the dreary, indolent creatures which one might expect from the condition of their wives and mothers; how, in fact, whenever woman is made either the Idol or the Slave, instead of the Helpmeet of man, the sin and the shame react abundantly on himself. . . . She dwelt, of course, on the laws of Nature having ordained that woman should be the early educator of man; should she not, therefore, be by all means assisted and encouraged to do her work as well and wisely as possible? What constitutes national prosperity? Not wealth or commerce simply, or military achievements, but the greatest possible number of happy, noble, and graceful homes, where the purest flame burns brightest on the altar of Family Love, and Woman, with her piety, forbearance, and kindliness of soul, is permitted to officiate as High Priestess. She concluded with Wordsworth's beautiful little epitome of Woman, and was immensely applauded by her audience, from which she had the good sense to escape at once by disappearing from the platform.'

This is one of the ideas which were then in their infancy, but have now grown beyond jackets and trousers. If the course of women's education had been always advocated with similar good sense and moderation, it would probably have reached its present maturity much sooner. Clara Balfour's Lectures, as here reported, are singularly good. Take for instance the following excellent piece of criticism on the difference between Shakspeare and Scott in their representation of female characters:—'She observed that in Shakspeare the character is everything, often the circumstances in the different plays being very similar, but all turning, for instance, on the difference of character between Desdemona, Imogen, and Helena, though all alike suffering under their husbands' unjust suspicions. In Scott the characters are generally similar, but the circumstances everything.' She gave Scott, however, credit for four really original characters; Flora MacIvor, Rebecca, Diana Vernon, and Jeannie Deans.

But to return to the regular course of the journals and their changing topics of interest. Science and scientific men continue for a few years to hold the foremost place, though Mr. Derwent Coleridge at Helston, and Hartley Coleridge during a visit at Grasmere, make a partial diversion. Mr. Derwent Coleridge is a strong contrast to the practical character of Miss Fox's father, and in one conversation he anticipates an idea which has since become familiar. Like all the philosophical spirits whom we come across in these pages, he finds the world in a somewhat retrograding state, as no such master spirits as Bacon's are to be found

found for the seeking, and 'he has not yet recognized the supreme importance of the invention of a new gas, or the best mode of using an old one.' From this they pass on to discuss popular representation, and Mr. Derwent Coleridge defines the 'People' as 'the Remainder, when the noblemen, gentlemen, clergy, and men of superior minds, had been taken out of the mass. What remains is the People, who are to be represented, and who are to select and elect.' 'Very characteristic,' says Miss Fox. Was it equally characteristic when Mr. Bright designated a certain portion of our present electoral body 'the Residuum'?

Of course, from her Quaker connections, Miss Fox was interested in the Anti-Slavery movement of those days, and among the most amusing sketches in the book is the following account of a meeting in 1838 under Lord Brougham's presidency at Exeter Hall, in which his characteristic temper was called out. O'Connell, too, is capitally hit off:—

'*London, May 25.*—Went to Exeter Hall, and, thanks to my dear brother's platform-ticket and the good-nature of the police, we got a place on the platform close to the speakers. Lord Brougham was in the chair, and the subject of the meeting was Anti-Slavery. We came in near the conclusion of Lord Brougham's speech, which was received with immense applause, so much so that very little could we hear, but I mean to get a printed paper. Sir G. Strickland succeeded him, then G. Thompson, who was followed by a Lincolnshire M.P., a Mr. Eardley, who entreated the meeting's attention for a few minutes while he avowed himself a warm supporter of the Anti-Slavery cause, but opposed Lord Brougham's speech, which was evidently against Ministers, particularly Lord John Russell, and was dictated by private pique and disappointed ambition. Here he was burst upon by a thunder of abuse: "Hiss, hiss, hiss!" "Down with him!" "Take him off!" "Stop him!" "Hiss, 'iss, 'ss!" he standing calm and erect till Thompson rose and begged for a little peace and quietness, assuring them that they need not be anxious about their chairman, as he was perfectly able to defend himself. This caused great clapping, and at Thompson's request the speaker was permitted to proceed. He went on to say that he expected opposition, but not that the avalanche would so quickly descend and overwhelm the expression of his sentiments. He believed that he rose with a conscientious motive (hear! hear!), it was to vindicate in some degree the character of a really upright man (hear!) who had fallen under the Brougham-stick, Lord John Russell (agonies of abusive manifestations!), with whose vote he could by no means agree (hear! hear!), but he viewed him as one on whom the Light had not yet shined, but who would embrace it as soon as he was fortunate enough to perceive it. Lord Brougham arose to declare, from what he could gather of the honourable gentleman—"Mr. What is the gentleman's

gentleman's name? really it is one with which I am quite unacquainted"—he supposed that he wished to supplant him in the chair, which he thought a little unfair, as he had come in at the eleventh hour, whereas his (Lord Brougham's) opinions and efforts had been acknowledged ever since the first agitation of the subject. He dwelt eloquently for some time upon this point, and seated himself amidst deafening applause. Mr. Eardley arose and replied in the teeth of the multitude, and then Lord Brougham, with his usual nasal contortions, was very witty for some time, and proposed the election of another chairman that he might legitimately engage in self-defence. This was seconded and loudly applauded, till some one assured them that a personal quarrel between Lord Brougham and Mr. Eardley was not at all relevant to the business of the meeting. The cheerful audience cheered still louder, and hissed the idea of Lord Brougham quitting his imperial seat for an instant. After much more discussion, Lord Brougham just rose to declare that so personal a dispute should trespass no longer on the time of the meeting, and therefore he would sum up and give a verdict in favour of the "counsel for the attack," and the people laughed very heartily. Sir George Murray then spoke in an agreeable, sensible, modest manner, his statements of the supineness of the legislature being very striking. But I must get a paper, particularly for a report of the speech of the "Member for Ireland" (O'Connell), which we could not distinctly hear from his turning his head the other way and emphatically dropping his voice. He began with a burst: "I was one of the ninety-six who voted for the motion the other night, and this I desire may be set forth on my tombstone!" He spoke with energy, pathos, and eloquence. His mouth is beautifully chiselled and his nose retroussé; he is an uncommonly strong-looking, stout-built man, who looks as if he could easily bear the weight of the whole House upon his shoulders. He gave a grievous account of the Coolie importation—but I absolutely must have a paper.'

But from the year 1840 the main interest of Miss Fox's journals is found in another direction. In February of that year, John Sterling was at Falmouth and made the acquaintance of Miss Fox through her brother Barclay; and henceforth for several years her daily records are full of conversations with him and his friends. Few men of our time have had such a singular fate, during life and after it, as this clergyman. Though he died in 1844, at the early age of 38, he has been the subject of two biographies, one of them a book of great power and influence; and now he is again depicted in these journals with a vividness and a sympathy which will effectually contribute to preserve his memory. He was the prize for which, after his death, two schools of thought contended. He embodies in himself a vivid type of the unsettled movement of theological and philosophical thought, which prevailed

prevailed in this country after the time of the Reform Bill. The new departure in politics at that date corresponded to an equally new departure in religion and philosophy. The old orthodoxy of the Church of England in both its forms, High and Low, was being broken up by the Tractarian movement at Oxford, while at Cambridge the influence of Coleridge, and of the German speculations to which he gave currency, was producing a similar effect by an opposite method. German thought and German criticism were breaking upon the ordinary English mind for the first time, and were regarded with all the dread which new and strange influences on such subjects always produce. John Sterling was familiar, as few men were in those days, with the writings of the chief leaders of German theology and philosophy, and his mind was certainly unsettled. He had entered the ministry as curate to Archdeacon Hare, a generous and devout spirit, who was a master of all German learning. But while he ever maintained an intimate friendship with Sterling, he was not strong enough to control and guide him; and although Sterling's health was the immediate occasion of his resigning his curacy after the first few months, it is evident that mental unrest had much to do with his practical withdrawal at that time from all work in the ministry. On Sterling's death, a few years after, Archdeacon Hare wrote his life—too much, as was said, from a clergyman's point of view. Carlyle, who had been Sterling's other most intimate friend, was dissatisfied with it as a onesided representation, and wrote his famous 'Life of Sterling' to exhibit him in the character, which is with some felicity attributed to Carlyle himself in these pages, of a man who has a large capital of faith uninvested. As to the comparative truth of these two representations, we are disposed to consider Miss Fox's verdict decisive, and it appears clearly given at least against Carlyle. In sending the 'Life of Sterling' to her aunt, she says, 'it is painful enough to see the memorial of his friend made the text for utterances and innuendoes from which one *knows* that he would now shrink even more than ever.' In another place, on receipt of Archdeacon Hare's life, she observes that 'Julius Hare has, I believe, done his part admirably well.' It is evident that she was in sympathy with Sterling himself, if not with all his views, that his conversation had a great charm for her, and that she was deeply influenced by him. Her picture of the man must henceforth be taken into account as much as that by Archdeacon Hare or by Carlyle. She says, indeed, that the letters of F. D. Maurice, who was Sterling's brother-in-law, had spoiled her and her friends for any other handling of such a subject; and it is probable, therefore, that when the life and letters

letters of Mr. Maurice are published—and we suppose that Mr. Maurice's relations intend some day or other to do that justice to his memory*—we shall possess another source of valuable information on the theological movement which Sterling represented. Judging from Miss Fox's records of Sterling's conversations, we should gather that Carlyle has greatly underrated the Christian faith of his friend. Schleiermacher seems to have been his favourite among German theologians, and the earnest though vague piety of that author seems to have marked him in his latter days. At the last, to judge from the letters which Carlyle published as addressed to himself, he seems to have drifted still further from the anchorage of Christian faith; but of this there is no definite sign in these pages. Had this, indeed, been a distinct characteristic of his thought, he would not have been so welcome a friend to the devout spirit of Caroline Fox. As it is, his friendship with her and her family is a strange illustration of that mingling of principles and ideas, which was perhaps the chief characteristic of the generation to which these journals belong. The hard lines which had divided schools of thought were passing away, notwithstanding their apparent sharpening in passing struggles, and all but a few extreme spirits were learning to understand each other better, and approximating to one another more and more.

On the 4th of January, 1846, when the Sterling episode is over, Miss Fox says she has that day assumed a name for her religious principles—Quaker Catholicism—‘having direct spiritual teaching for its distinctive dogma, yet recognizing the high worth of all other forms of Faith; a system, in the sense of inclusion, not exclusion; an appreciation of the universal and various teachings of the Spirit, through the faculties given us, or independent of them.’ But what a strange combination is this ‘Quaker Catholicism!’ The old Quakerism is best exemplified in the following description of a representative character among them:—

‘Old Samuel Rundall has ended his weary pilgrimage, with his old wife sitting by his side: “he departed as one who was glad of the opportunity.” He, far more than any I have seen, carries one back centuries in the history of opinion and feeling. He was a

* We cannot refrain from taking this opportunity to express an indignant remonstrance against the neglect or mismanagement which has for ten years withheld a life of Mr. Maurice from the public. He was among the most eminent names in the theological and social life of a generation which is now passing away, but it would seem as if his friends had no care to publish a record of him while his memory and his influence are still fresh among us. We do not know what is the ostensible cause of such a delay, and we do not care. It is inexcusable under any circumstances.

perfect Quaker of the old George Fox stamp, ponderous, uncompromising, slow, uninfluenced by the views of others, intensely one-sided, with all the strength and weakness of that characteristic; a man to excite universal esteem, but no enthusiasm: simple and childlike in his daily habits, solemn and massive in his ministry; that large voice seemed retained to cry with ceaseless iteration, "The Kingdom of God is within you." Last of the Puritans, fare thee well! There was a certain Johnsonian grandeur about him, and one would have lost much insight into a bygone time and an obsolete generation by not having known him.'

Yet this stern and one-sided character is thus celebrated by a member of the same community, who is an ardent admirer of Schleiermacher, and exclaims in enthusiasm over the 'thrice-noble Fichte.' Sterling would seem to have done much to produce this generous and genuine sympathy with other forms of religious thought; and, though there is something very unsatisfactory in the tentativeness of many of his views, it may have been this very tentativeness, this effort to find truth everywhere, amidst all the confusions of his time, which rendered him so attractive, and perhaps to many minds so useful. A similar mediating function was exerted, with a far deeper force and originality, by Mr. Maurice, and to him, as years went on, Caroline Fox's confidence seems to have been chiefly attached. He delighted in persuading opponents that they were really agreed even when they seemed to be most divided; and though he exaggerated the principle, and sometimes seemed to go counter to it in his own vehemence in defence of particular views, it exerted in his hands a far-reaching and beneficial influence.

Another eminent character, who was also closely associated with Sterling, appears in a very interesting light in these pages. John Stuart Mill had a warm friendship with Mr. Barclay Fox, and his conversations, or rather his lectures, are recorded with an admiration only second to those of Sterling. We must venture, indeed, to say in passing that we think it is much more agreeable to read these conversations as condensed by Miss Fox than it must have been to listen to them. It would be very exhausting if clever people in general inflicted upon their friends such incessant disquisitions on all things divine and human, as Sterling and Mill are described as doing. For instance, five days after Miss Fox's first meeting with Sterling they visit a neighbouring foundry to see fourteen tons of iron cast for the beam of a steam engine. Miss Fox expresses the very sensible regret that the party had no chestnuts on which to employ all the heat which was running to waste; but this remark, she says, 'induced

'induced a very interesting discourse from Sterling, first on the difference between utilitarianism and utility, then on the sympathy of great minds with each other, however different may be the tracks they select.' Young people, and especially young women, will forgive anything to a man from whom they learn something; but to most persons a man who cannot witness a casting, or respond to a pleasant triviality, without starting off to philosophy, to Plato and to Pythagoras, would be very much of a bore. The first account brought her of Sterling is that 'when his friends were around him, however conversation arose, he would easily bring it to a serious point, and launch out into theological disquisitions.' A more unwelcome capacity, for the purposes of ordinary social intercourse, could hardly be conceived. Mr. Mill was equally terrible in his earnestness in season and out of season. Thus one day, after a visit to him at the India House, they find they have some time at their disposal and go off to the Pantheon. 'John Mill,' she says, 'very luminous all the way, spite of the noise; and amidst the noise he discourses on the differences in national character in the French, English, and Germans, the advantages and disadvantages of a sectarian spirit, and the share self-love has in our appreciation of the talents of others, and two or three other small topics. The macaws and gold-fish of the Pantheon,' she adds, 'prevented further settled conversation, but I think I had my share for one day.' We should think she had. Then the next day the Mills and Mr. Forster, the present Chief Secretary for Ireland, came to breakfast. They have 'a snug time till eleven,' and take advantage of it by discussing the influence of the love of approbation, the value of good actions done from mixed motives; the truth in things false; the Grecian character, &c. &c. And all this after breakfast! We are inclined to hope there may be one great advantage in the development of ladies' education. When they have discussed and studied subjects like these, as men do in schools and colleges, they will understand, like most men, that society was meant for something pleasanter than such academical disquisitions. Connected with this tendency is a morbid self-inspection and an overstrained sense of self-importance, which is curiously illustrated by a criticism of Mill's upon Luther. He thought the Reformer was a fine fellow, but that a moral is to be drawn from the perplexity and unhappiness of his latter days. Though so triumphant in his reform, he shuddered at the commotion he had made, instead of viewing it as the natural and necessary result of the emancipation of thought from the trammels of authority, which he himself had introduced. 'No one,' Mill is said to have observed with deep feeling,

feeling, 'should attempt anything intended to benefit his age, without at first making a stern resolution to take up his cross and to bear it. If he does not begin by counting the cost, all his schemes must end in disappointment; either he will sink under it as Chatterton, or yield to the counter current like Erasmus, or pass his life in disappointment and vexation as Luther did.' 'This,' observes Miss Fox, 'is evidently a process through which Mill himself had passed, as is sufficiently attested by his careworn and anxious, though most beautiful and refined, countenance.' This conception of Luther as deficient in the philosophical prescience of a Mill is not a little amusing. The Reformer was much too simple and sensible to aim at anything so magnificent as 'benefiting his age.' He began the Reformation in the simple course of his duty as a Christian teacher; and with his hearty frankness, he declared it rather hard he should be condemned to all the trouble this brought upon him. The idea of Mill and Sterling, on the other hand, which Carlyle was ever fostering with the morbid exaggerations of vanity, is that a man's duty is to be contemplating himself until he finds some work for which his precious faculties are peculiarly adapted, and then to devote himself to it in magnificent self-sacrifice. Thus, in a letter to Mr. Barclay Fox soon after the death of a brother, Mill lays down that there is only one plain rule of life eternally binding, and it is this: 'Try thyself unweariedly till thou findest the highest thing thou art capable of doing, faculties and outward circumstances being both duly considered, and then DO IT.' This may sound very fine; but we fear such a process would be dreadful waste of time, and a far simpler and more universal rule is to do your duty just as it happens to come in your way. By Mill's account, Sterling wasted much of his energies in these idle, if not conceited, daydreams; and, to be plain, there is a great deal of pure priggishness and vanity about this kind of talk.

But much may be forgiven to Mill for two reasons. In the first place, he was educated by his father with something like barbarity. He was made to study ecclesiastical history, he tells Miss Fox, before he was ten! He mildly says that this method of early intense application he would not recommend to others; but there is something very pathetic in his lament, 'I never was a boy, never played at cricket; it is better to let Nature have her own way.' Anything may be excused to a man who was made to study ecclesiastical history before he was ten. But there is another touch of him recorded in these pages which adds to the pathos of his ecclesiastical boyhood, as it shows he had capacities for being more natural; and this is the

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second of the two pleas we admit in his behalf. It casts a new light on his character to find him drawing up the following 'Calendar of Odours' for Miss Fox :—

'J. S. Mill gave me the Calendar of Odours which he has written for the first time :—

A Calendar of Odours, being in imitation of the various Calendars of Flora in Linnæus and others.

'The brilliant colouring of Nature is prolonged, with incessant changes, from March till October; but the fragrance of her breath is spent before the summer is half ended. From March to July an uninterrupted succession of sweet odours fills the air by day and still more by night, but the gentler perfumes of autumn, like many of the earlier ones here for that reason omitted, must be sought ere they can be found. The Calendar of Odours, therefore, begins with the laurel, and ends with the lime.

'*March.*—Common laurel.

'*April.*—Violets, furze, wall-flower, common broad-leaved willow, apple blossom.

'*May.*—Lilac, night flowering stocks and rockets, laburnums, hawthorn, seringa, sweet briar.

'*June.*—Mignonette, bean-fields, the whole tribe of summer roses, hay, Portugal laurel, various species of pinks.

'*July.*—Common acacia, meadow-sweet, honeysuckle, sweet-gale or double myrtle, Spanish broom, lime.

'In latest autumn, one stray odour, forgotten by its companions, follows at a modest distance—the creeping clematis, which adorns cottage walls; but the thread of continuity being broken, this solitary straggler is not included in the Calendar of Odours.

'*To Miss Caroline Fox, from her grateful friend,*

'J. S. MILL.'

In a word, he often appears here in a much more genial capacity than has hitherto been recognized in him, and his faults may be in a large measure traced to his radically vicious education. It is curious how some of his most positive opinions have been contradicted by events. Thus in 1840 we hear of his observing, that he is thankful the experiment of a Republic has been tried in America. 'It has failed, and ever must fail, for want of the two contending powers which are always requisite to keep things in proper order—Government and public opinion.' But in truth, if comparatively young men like Sterling and Mill go on pronouncing judgments day by day upon all people and things in the universe, they are sure to have a great number of their sentences reversed, and it seems hardly worth while to have taken the trouble of forming them. The person we like best in the circle at Falmouth at this time is Sterling's friend, Dr. Calvert. He is unassuming, frank, and humorous; and

and the story of his illness and premature death is very touching. As to Carlyle, who was a member of the same circle, it is of course unnecessary to give any account of Miss Fox's relations with him. He is always the same—always affected, always grumbling, always wondering whether there is any one doing any good work in the world but himself. He cannot help a poor miner who had performed some heroic act, without writing a fantastical letter in which he says, 'At all events let me know whether there is one other such true brave workman living and working with me at this time on this earth; there is help and profit in being sure of that.' As though there were not millions of them, and as though Carlyle did not know there were. After one of his conversations, Miss Fox says she begins to wonder whether anybody ever did anything good in the world at all. The world has had too much of Carlyle lately, and we will not trouble our readers with any more of him.

But it is time to pass from this society of discontented philosophers and divines to healthier and more natural people. Among these, Wordsworth appears, on the whole, in a very favourable light in Miss Fox's reminiscences. In spite of some peculiarities of temperament and manner, there is a simplicity and sound sense about him which is very welcome. For instance, he objects to Hartley Coleridge that, besides being so fond of quaintness and contrariety, which is quite out of keeping with true poetry,

"He is of that class of extreme Radicals who can never mention a bishop or a king, from King David downwards, without some atrabilious prefix or other. Surely this is excessively narrow and excessively vain, to put yourself into opposition to opinions and institutions which have so long existed with such acknowledged benefit; there must be something in them to have attracted the sympathy of ages and generations. . . . "I object," he proceeded, "to the perpetual ill-humour with things around them, and ill-humour is no spiritual condition which can turn to poetry. Shakespeare never declaimed against kings or bishops, but took the world as he found it."

Miss Fox visits Wordsworth soon after Sterling's death, and he is pleased with a few really fine lines on him, which Sterling had sent to her in his last note:

'Regent of poetic mountains,
Drawing from their deepest fountains
Freshness pure and everlasting,
Wordsworth, dear and honoured name,
O'er thee pause the stars forecasting
Thine imperishable fame.'

But

But best of all are the following observations on German Literature—observations which apply in no inconsiderable degree to the whole range of German thought:—

‘Talked of the effect of German literature on the English mind; “We must wait to find out what it is; my hope is, that the good will assimilate itself with all the good in the English character, and the mischievous element will pass away like so much else.” The only special criticism which he offered on German literature was—“That they often sacrifice Truth to Originality, and, in their hurry to produce new and startling ideas, do not wait to weigh their worth. When they have exhausted themselves and are obliged to sit down and think, they just go back to the former thinkers, and thus there is a constant revolution without their being quite conscious of it. Kant, Schelling, Fichte; Fichte, Schelling, Kant: all this is dreary work and does not denote progress. However, they have much of Plato in them, and for this I respect them; the English, with their devotion to Aristotle, have but half the truth; a sound philosophy must contain both Plato and Aristotle.” He talked on the national character of the French and their equalizing methods of education: “It is all formal, military, conventional, levelling, encouraging in all a certain amount of talent, but cramping the finer natures, and obliging Guizot and the few other men of real genius, whom God Almighty is too good to leave them entirely destitute of, to stoop to the common limits, and teach their mouths to flatter and conciliate the headstrong, ardent, unthinking multitude of ordinary men, who dictate to France through the journals which they edit. There is little of large stirring life in politics now, all is conducted for some small immediate ends; this is the case in Germany as well as France. Goethe was amusing himself with fine fancies when his country was invaded; how unlike Milton, who only asked himself whether he could best serve his country as a soldier or a statesman, and decided that he could fight no better than others, but he might govern them better. Schiller had far more heart and ardour than Goethe, and would not, like him, have professed indifference to Theology and Politics, which are the two deepest things in man—indeed, all a man is worth, involving duty to God and to man.”’

There is a vigorous common-sense about observations of this kind, which are in refreshing contrast to the theories of Mill and the affectations of Carlyle. The last notice of the old poet is touching. Miss Fox’s aunt, after visiting him at Rydal Mount, says that ‘the gentle softened evening light of his spirit is very lovely, and there is a quiet sublimity about him as he waits on the shores of that Eternal World which seems already to cast over him some sense of its beauty and its peace.’

Among the most interesting of the author’s descriptions and reminiscences are those of Guizot and Bunsen. In June 1849 she describes Guizot as looking about sixty, ‘a face of many furrows,

furrows, quiet, deep-set, grey eyes, full of quiet sagacity, though very animated in conversation, hands and all taking their share.' The next day they meet him and Bunsen at an out-of-doors party, and see the two politicians walking up and down the lawn in long and earnest discourse, 'the character of their faces as unlike as that of two men whose objects have been in many respects so similar, can well be. The Frenchman, sagacious, circumspect and lean; the German's ample, genial countenance spoke of trust in God, trust in man, and trust in himself.' At the same date she had a most interesting drive home with Guizot and his eldest daughter. They had no patience with Lamartine, thinking him 'an altogether would-be great man, attempting impossibilities and failing utterly, yet still considering himself the greatest of his age.' She proceeds:—

'He talked of Michelet and his brilliant powers, but considers him rather mad now, as, otherwise, he must be a bad man—this not so much to be deduced from his writings as from his conduct. He, too, is possessed with the idea of being called to be immensely great—something quite unlike his fellows—a sort of Mahomet, and because France did not see quite so much in him as he saw in himself, he thought the Government must be all wrong and concentrating its powers to prevent his being duly recognized.'

About this time her friend Sir Charles Lemon had just returned from Paris, where he had found the French making infinite fun of their pet republic. 'What shall we try next?' asked De Tocqueville one evening when Sir Charles was taking tea there. 'Oh! try a Queen, to be sure; we find it answer famously, and the Duchesse d'Orléans would do it to perfection.' Young Henry Hallam gave her an account of his breakfast with Louis Blanc, 'who for two hours talked incessantly and almost always about himself. He is a very little man, and though eloquent on his one idea, gives you no feeling of power or trustworthiness. There is so much showy declamation instead.' Bunsen's views are happily sketched in the following account of a conversation with him at dinner:—

'I asked Bunsen's opinion of the Papal Aggression stir, which has been raging in England. He said "that the Roman scheme is such an one as would not be submitted to for a moment in other countries, but simply on the ground of politics, not of religion. . . . You are excellent people, but very material. You are afraid to give yourselves up to any teaching but what has existed on parchment for hundreds of years; if an angel brought you a new truth direct from heaven, you would not believe it till it was successfully copied on the parchment: no, you are excellent people, but you terribly want faith. You are afraid of Reason and oppose it to Faith, and accordingly

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miss them both." I pleaded that they had given us such a fright in Germany by their speculative vagaries, that we had fallen back in despair on our practical existence. "Ah, yes," he answered, "we gave you a great fright in the time of Henry VIII., didn't we? No! the fact is that Religion is not a subject which deeply interests you; you are thoroughly practical, and practical politics are what engage your thought. Now, in Germany, when thoughtful men meet casually, they soon get to talking on Religion and Theology: we talk of it because we think it the most interesting of subjects; you at once fall upon politics because *they* are the deepest interests to you. Sometimes we get into extravagant views of religion, but your extravagance turns to Jacobinism—a very characteristic national difference. You in England so little recognize an overruling Providence as directing the thoughts as well as the acts of men." I asserted our absolute belief in a Providence legible in all history. "Oh, yes," he said, "you believe in a Providence which prevents your catching colds, but not in one continuous luminous guide. You condemn research in religious affairs, and are accordingly to be congratulated on a most irrational faith. Your Society of Friends has done much good, and its founders have said many admirable things, but it wants vitality. I am very fond of them, but I must speak the truth as I find it. Your great peril is an idolatry of the form of formlessness, instead of trusting the Living Spirit. But you are of vast practical importance, and will still do much if you will but keep clear of the traditional spirit of the age."

This conversation is eminently characteristic. But Bunsen might have learned from his great countryman Luther, that the difference between ourselves and the Germans is not whether or no we have a 'continuous luminous guide,' but respecting the means by which He guides us. Are we to trust our individual intuitions, or are we to pay respect to parchments, traditional beliefs, recognized facts, and general convictions? Bunsen's imaginary German believes in a 'continuous luminous guide' to himself. An Englishman believes in a similar guide to other men and other ages, and is accordingly not quite so confident in differing from them and trusting his own supposed discoveries.

Besides these longer conversations with distinguished men, there are many stray reminiscences and good sayings, which are vivid and characteristic. Some of her friends, for instance, go over to Paris to present a declaration from the merchants of London expressing amity to the Emperor and respect to the French people. They dine at the Tuileries, and the Emperor makes an observation which we hope our present Ministry will not falsify. 'In France,' he said, 'revolutions are easy, but reforms slow, almost impossible; in England reforms are steady

and certain, but revolutions can never be accomplished.' Some characters now living are vividly sketched, and, as a statesman is public property, we need not hesitate to quote an entry that 'John Bright was there at dinner, fighting his Parliamentary battles over again like a bull-dog. It was quite curious to watch his talk with his quiet father-in-law.' This was in 1851. Ten years afterwards, she writes that 'The Brights are staying here, so we consider ourselves a very pleasant party. John Bright is great fun, always ready for a chat and a fulmination, and filling up the intervals of business with "Paradise Regained." . . . One likes to have his opinion on men and things, as it is strong, clear, and honest, however one-sided. But he flies off provokingly into pounds, shillings, and pence, when one wants him to abide for a little amongst deeper and less tangible motives, powers, and arguments.' There are again vivid descriptions of Tennyson; but poets are creatures who do not always like to be lionized, so we will leave them alone. Livingstone at the Dublin British Association meeting is capitally described in few words. Dr. Livingstone, she says, is 'tall, thin, earnest-looking, and business-like; far more given, I should say, to do his work than to talk about it.' She would have liked everybody to hear his lecture.

'People say it was signally lacking in arrangement, but I have no nose for logic. I thought one just mounted his ox and went on behind him among those loving, trusting, honest, generous natives of his, first to the Eastern Coast, then to the Western. . . There is a great deal of quiet fun about Dr. Livingstone. He would pair off some African barbarism with some English civilisation with great point. For instance, some of his Africans wear hoops on their heads, with their wool drawn out to it, like the spokes of a wheel; "but poor people, they are not at all civilized; they put their hoops in the wrong place; they'll know better by and by."'

So we might quote story after story, and sketch after sketch, from this genial and entertaining book. We have said enough, we hope, to show that it is fitted to be a welcome companion to every reader who feels an interest in the characters, peculiarities, and habits, of the distinguished men and women of the last half-century. But it will be not less welcome as exhibiting, though with too much reserve, one of the most beautiful minds which has of late been revealed to the public eye. The sympathy which could enter into so many and such different types of character, and find points of contact with so many modes of thought, the delicacy of touch which could depict them so clearly, and the kindliness which could record them with such geniality, bespeak both a mind and heart of rare quality. The

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entry in her journal for one day is 'plenty to do, and plenty to love, and plenty to pity. No one need die of *ennui*;' and this earnest feeling marks all we read of herself in these pages. Her character visibly deepens. Her heart opens, and her intellect is less fascinated by such brilliancy as that which attracted her so strongly during her association with Sterling, Mill, and Carlyle. She visibly breaks away from Mill and Carlyle towards the close of the volume. 'I am reading,' she says in 1859, 'that terrible book of John Mill's on Liberty, so clear and calm and cold. He lays it on one as a tremendous duty to get oneself well contradicted, and admit always a devil's advocate into the presence of your dearest, most sacred truths. . . . He looks you through like a basilisk, relentless as fate. We knew him well at one time and owe him very much. He is in many senses isolated, and must sometimes shiver with the cold.' There is a fine passage in a memorandum where she records a struggle she passed through at the age of twenty-one, which is a healthy and invigorating contrast to this cold scepticism of Mill's later years. 'Why' (I said to myself) 'should I thus help to swell the triumph of the infernal powers by tampering with their miserable suggestions of unbelief, and neglecting the amazing gift which Christ has so long been offering me? I know that He is the Redeemer of all such as believe in Him; and I *will* believe, and look for His support in the contest with unbelief.' How deep and humble this faith became is affectingly depicted in the following memorandum, which was found after her death:—

'My precious father and mother must keep whatever of mine they may like to have. It is vain to attempt to thank them for all they have done for me. I have often, very often, been most provoking and irresponsible to their loving-kindness, but in the bottom of my heart not, I trust, ungrateful. Farewell, darlings all. If you can forgive and love me, remember with comfort that our God and Saviour is even more loving, more forgiving than you are, and think of me with peace and trustfulness and thanksgiving, as one whom He has graciously taught, mainly through sorrows, to trust and to love Him utterly, and to grieve only over the ingratitude of my sins, the sense of which is but deepened by His free forgiveness.'

It is little to say that none will read these journals without being instructed or entertained. None ought to be able to read them without being the better for intercourse with so gentle and gracious a spirit, or without being encouraged by her faith and patience.

ART. VII.—1. *The Life of Richard Cobden.* By John Morley, M.A. 2 vols. London, 1882.

2. *The Life and Speeches of John Bright, M.P.* By George Barnett Smith. 2 vols. London, 1881.

IT may be taken for granted that all the information which the public can desire to possess concerning Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden is to be found in these volumes. The life of Mr. Cobden occupies nearly a thousand closely-printed pages; that of Mr. Bright upwards of eleven hundred. Much may be said in two thousand one hundred pages, and if the biographers have done their duty well, we may safely conclude that they have told us all that there is to tell down to the present moment, and have left little or nothing to be gleaned by future labourers in the same field. With regard to Mr. Morley's share of the task, there has been a remarkable unanimity of opinion in the press on one particular point—namely, that 'The Life of Cobden' is destined to occupy a place of honour among the classical works of our literature. Contemporary predictions of this kind so often turn out to be wrong—we have seen so many works that were pronounced immortal sink into oblivion—that it was only natural to receive the enthusiastic judgment of the critics with some suspicion. But it very soon became clear that it was not permissible to entertain a doubt upon the subject. The frame of mind appropriate to the consideration of this work is, we are assured, one of mingled admiration and awe. It is not an ordinary biography, but 'a manual of public spirit;' 'every young man who aspires to be a worthy patriotic citizen should read it.*' Moreover, we are given to understand that no one can be called happy until he is dead and his life has been written by Mr. Morley. Cobden, we are assured, 'not only was happy, judged by any rational standard of happiness, up to the end of his life, but he has been happy after his death. To obtain such a biographer as Mr. Morley must be admitted to be a stroke of good fortune of no common kind.' There is no one who would not be impatient to 'shuffle off this mortal coil' if he could but make sure beforehand that he would be afterwards led into the Temple of Fame by Mr. Morley. Such was the general tone of the criticisms on 'The Life of Cobden,' and it proved once more that, whatever faults may be laid at the door of the Radicals, they cannot justly be accused of not standing faithfully by one another.

We must confess that, with every desire not to disturb the

* 'Macmillan's Magazine,' January, 1882.

remarkable unanimity to which we have referred, we have been unable to adopt the conclusions upon which it rests. Leaving out of sight the higher merits claimed for the book as a manual for Citizens and a guide for Youth, it appears to us that the author has by no means exercised remarkable skill or judgment, that he has shown far too great an eagerness to obtrude upon the reader his own views of men and things, and that his work is at least twice as long as it need have been. Almost every chapter is overloaded with much useless and extraneous matter, and a large part of the work—a far larger part than was at all justifiable—is made up of quotations which could well have been spared. Cobden's 'Speeches' are accessible to the public in a cheap form, and Mr. Morley was not by any means obliged to borrow from them, or to fill up his pages with extracts from newspapers. Many of the selections given from Cobden's journals add nothing whatever to our knowledge of his character, and possess no intrinsic interest. We give one example only of such passages:—

'Trieste, June 26th.—Left Venice this morning at six o'clock in the Austrian Lloyd's steamboat, a handsome, large, and clean vessel. It was low water, and as we came out of the port, through the tortuous channel which winds amongst the islands, it afforded a good view of the advantages which the Queen of the Adriatic possessed behind these intricate barriers. The view of the city at a few miles' distance, with its palaces, towers, and domes, rising from the level of the water, and its low country at the back shut in by high mountains, is very magnificent. Reached Trieste at two o'clock. The coast hilly, and the town stands upon a confined spot shut in by the high land, which rises immediately at the back. The ships lie in an open roadstead, and are exposed to certain winds. The number of square-rigged vessels, and the activity in the port, offer a contrast to the scene at Venice.'

If quotations equally barren and pointless had been omitted, the memory of Cobden would not have suffered, and Mr. Morley would have deserved to be called the 'greatest of living biographers' just as well as he does now.

Moreover, it must be pointed out that Mr. Morley is by no means guiltless of the habit of using high-sounding phrases and fine words which are intended solely for show, and can be of no sort of benefit to any man, but may possibly prove a hindrance to readers who honestly go to him for instruction. He appears to take a genuine pleasure in what he himself describes as 'verbal jingle,' and above all things he feels it his duty to be grand and stately. He says of Cobden's father, that 'poverty oozed in with a gentle swiftness, and lay about him like a cloak.'

cloak.' (Vol. i. p. 3.) We fail to understand how anything that can 'ooze in' is capable of being made up into any sort of cloak, whether lively or dull, although Sancho Panza has told us that sleep may wrap us round like a cloak. Mr. Morley must be fine and 'picturesque' at all costs. 'It is only when people want to get something done,' he says, 'that all the odd perversities of the human mind spread themselves out in panoramic fulness.' (i. 155.) It is not necessary, we hope, to point out to the Young Man before referred to, what richness of colour is imparted to this sentence by the use of the word 'panoramic.' Again, we are told that many a League meeting rang with '*fierce laughter*,' and that Mr. Gladstone has (or had) a 'fine vision.' At the age of twenty-one, Cobden became a commercial traveller—a fact sufficiently simple in its character to be related in simple language. The subject is limited in its scope, and does not well adapt itself to the heroic or romantic method of treatment. But Mr. Morley dilates upon it with great animation. It was a 'rise in the hierarchy of trade' which 'is doubtless as good matter for exultation as a rise in hierarchies more elaborately robed.' (i. 7.) When Dr. Johnson was importuned by a versifier to tell him whether his lines were not poetry, the old critic, desirous to avoid giving pain, said: 'Sir, there is here a great deal of what is generally called poetry.' In the same way it may be truly said there is in Mr. Morley a great deal of what is generally called eloquence. Here is a sentence, for example, which certainly shows a great command of language. Its meaning is, that the Anti-corn-law agitation was making progress: 'The promptings of a commercial shrewdness were gradually enlarged into enthusiasm for a far-reaching principle, and the hard-headed man of business felt himself touched with the generous glow of the patriot and the deliverer.' (i. 142.) In like manner, Mr. Morley refers to the work of calculating how many tracts were distributed and speeches delivered during the Corn-law agitation as 'the nice measurement of argumentative importunity in terms of weight and bulk.' There will always be a certain number of readers who are struck dumb with amazement at a style of this kind, and no doubt it has its merits, such as they are; but it is going a little too far to recommend it to the universal imitation of mankind. Even in the hands of a master, like Mr. Morley, it is apt to go wrong and produce a ludicrous effect upon the mind. A picture, for example, is drawn of Mr. Cobden, which is far more suggestive of the sporting prints which once ornamented the rooms of undergraduates, than of the portrait of a statesman. 'He had a way,' we are told, 'of dropping his jaw and

and throwing back his head when he took off the gloves for an encounter in real earnest.' Of Mr. Gladstone we are told that on one occasion 'the struggle in the forum of his own conscience was long and severe,' and that he 'revolted from the frank irrationality of the common panic-mongers of the street and the newspaper.' (i. 307.) It is in this way that Mr. Morley has done his work throughout, and, that being so, we must maintain that he has been as lucky in his critics as Mr. Cobden has been in his biographer. It is evident that a writer of approved Radical principles may make tolerably sure that his candle will always be set on an exceedingly high hill. M. Caro, of the *Académie Française*, has recently complained that the art of criticism has degenerated into mere '*puffisme littéraire*,' and that an author who belongs to a favoured clique is surrounded with a false aureole of glory. 'On cite ses mots, on les vante, on les impose à la circulation comme la menue monnaie du génie. Dès qu'il daigne écrire, on ne le critique pas, on l'encense.'* It is not quite clear on which side the Channel M. Caro had his eyes fixed when he wrote these lines, but we should not be surprised to learn that Mr. Morley felt himself entitled to ask for some explanation.

Mr. G. Barnett Smith has not had so much incense burnt before his altar as Mr. Morley, but there is a limit to the good-nature of the most friendly critics. 'The Life of Bright' is one of the most tedious and most muddled books we remember to have read, consisting in a great measure of dull abstracts of Mr. Bright's speeches, varied only by long quotations from those speeches, badly arranged and joined together by feeble comments, and forming a great, clumsy, unwieldy book, which no man possessing merely the ordinary share of human patience will be able to read through. Mr. Morley's 'system' has its faults, but it is superior in every way to that of Mr. G. Barnett Smith.

These volumes, notwithstanding their defects, and the collected speeches of Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright, will enable any industrious student to comprehend, and perhaps to appreciate, the opinions which were held by the Corn-law agitators, and upon which the present Birmingham school of politics is based. It cannot be denied that these opinions are worthy of attentive consideration, for they have had a great deal to do with the success of the modern Radical party, and they are a living force in the public issues of the present hour. It is needless to say that Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden did not restrict their field of

* 'Revue des deux Mondes.' February, 1, 1882, p. 556.

operations to the Anti-corn-law agitation. They had much to say on the land question, on our relations with foreign powers, on Ireland, on the extension of the suffrage, and on the various other difficult subjects which have been forced upon the notice of the nation during the last forty years. Their views have not always triumphed, but their influence on the minds of others was almost invariably very great. Mr. Bright has lived to see many of his dreams accomplished, and he has also lived long enough to see himself left far behind by the younger members of the school which he helped to found. Not very long ago he took the opportunity of declaring, with some warmth, that he was 'not a Democrat,' but he probably would not deny that he has devoted the greater part of his life to the propagation of Democratic principles. Whether he has done so with a just perception of the consequences, and with a foreknowledge of the inevitable end, may be a matter of doubt, for there are some portions of our present Constitution which Mr. Bright has ere now undertaken to defend, and they are among the parts which his followers are most eager to destroy. In any case, it must be admitted that both Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden always applied their entire energies to their work, and it is the duty of every man who takes an intelligent interest in public affairs—unfortunately, the number is not so large as could be wished—to understand properly what that work actually was.

Mr. Cobden was not a born agitator, and it is evident that for many years he had little idea of becoming one, although it is also clear, from an anecdote told by a cordial admirer, that he had a good opinion of his aptitude for public speaking while he was still a young man. 'There is a legend,' we are told, 'that in commercial rooms Cobden was known as "Spouting Dick."' He drifted by accident into the Corn-law agitation, which had, as everybody knows, been going on under various forms for years before he was born. But the time was ripe for placing the agitation on a more popular basis than it had hitherto occupied, and Mr. Cobden was quick to take advantage of it. The manufacturing interest was growing into prominence, and its representatives believed that its great foe was the agricultural interest. The legislation which from time to time had been found necessary for the protection of the labouring population, and which may be said to date back to the very beginning of the century, was resented by the manufacturers as a class, and Mr. Morley—who seems to have a special gift for making indiscreet confessions—admits that the operations of the Anti-corn-law League were at least in part designed as a means of retaliation. 'If the Factory Law,' he says, referring to the Ten Hours Act
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of 1847, 'was in one sense a weapon with which the country party harassed the manufacturers, it was not long before Cobden hit upon a plan for retaliating.' (i. 304.) A statement more damaging to Mr. Morley's hero and to the other leaders of the agitation, it would be very difficult for their bitterest opponents to invent. The Factory Legislation was designed to prevent women from being sent to work underground, to rescue children from conditions which Mr. Morley is obliged to describe as 'hardly less horrible than those of negro slavery,' and to put an end to abuses which at one time, and when they were only imperfectly known, shocked all England. And yet this humane and most necessary legislation was regarded by the manufacturers as 'harassing' them, and they were goaded by it into measures of retaliation. Mr. Cobden would assuredly not have thanked Mr. Morley for letting out the truth in this unguarded and injurious manner, but that it is a truth no one who is properly acquainted with the history of the Corn-law agitation can entertain the slightest doubt. Lofty motives were assigned for a warfare which had its origin chiefly in class jealousies and animosities. The manufacturers chose to believe that they could not flourish if the landlords and farmers were allowed to go on in prosperity. They have since had reason more than once to change this opinion, and to perceive that their prosperity disappears when the agricultural interest is suffering heavily. Mr. Bright has been one of the last to realize this truth, but the events of the last few years have enabled even his eyes to pierce through the mists of prejudice; and he is now always telling the manufacturers, that depression in their trades arises entirely from depression in the agricultural districts. Had he been wise enough to see this years ago, he might have been saved from grave errors, and the country from many great evils.

Mr. Cobden, like Mr. Bright, advocated the cause with which his own fortunes were identified, and, although he learned the art of striking a high note in his appeals for public support, he never denied that the agitation against the Corn Laws was part of an organized attack upon the landlords, the object of which was to deprive them of political and social power. This had been insisted on by Mr. Disraeli in 1843, but his warning passed unregarded, as most warnings do, although it may be worth while to recal it now. 'Your Corn Laws,' he said,* 'are merely the outwork of a great system fixed

* Speech at Shrewsbury, May 9, 1843. ('Collected Speeches,' by T. E. Kebbel, i. 57.)

and established upon your territorial property, and the only object the Leaguers have in making themselves masters of the outwork is that they may easily overcome the citadel.' Mr. Cobden had owned, in 1838, that he and others had 'entered upon this struggle with the belief that they had some distinct class interest in the question.' It was a 'struggle' of the manufacturer against the landlord, and a revengeful feeling entered into it when the Factory Legislation interfered to protect the lives of helpless women and children in the manufacturing districts. The operatives were ground to the earth, and were treated little better than convicts at the galleys. They were first underpaid, and then defrauded of their earnings through the instrumentality of 'Tommy Shops' and other devices, which were often carried on in the interests of the masters. The legislation which abolished most of these great wrongs was carried out chiefly under the direction of Lord Ashley, who happily still survives to take a deep interest in the welfare of the poor and oppressed, and who deserves to be forever remembered with gratitude by every man who is called upon to work in the mine or in the mill, and by every mother whose young children have been saved from a terrible doom. Lord Ashley did not enter upon his work with any desire or aim to serve the agriculturist, but he was a lord and a landlord, and therefore he was taken as the representative of a class, and, as Mr. Morley has now told us, the manufacturers determined to strike back in retaliation, and the instrument with which they struck was the Anti-corn-law League. It is all very simple when the facts are properly explained, and Mr. Morley has done a moderately good service by explaining them, even though he has done it unintentionally. It would be interesting to have him describe other 'high and holy' popular agitations of more recent years with the same childlike frankness.

Factory Legislation was expressly designed to suppress a system worse than that of 'negro slavery,' and yet Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden strenuously opposed it from first to last. They could not reconcile it, it now appears, with the teachings of political economy, which enjoined the principles of free contract, and of leaving every man at liberty 'to carry his goods to whatever market he might choose, and to make the best bargain that he could.'* But these principles, as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright have since made abundantly clear, can only be applied under the direction and for the benefit of the Radical party. The landlord has no right to

* Cobden, i. 298.

choose his market, or to make the best bargain that he can. Freedom of contract is abolished when his interests are at stake. Any attempt to limit the power of the millowners over their overworked and half-starved operatives—and for many years the condition of their workpeople would have been most inadequately described by these words—was resented by Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright as a blow at the very root of liberty itself. Mr. Cobden protested that it was rank Socialism, and spoke of Graham and Peel finding ‘a refuge from the Socialist doctrines of the fools behind them.’ Mr. Bright made what Mr. Morley describes as ‘a vigorous onslaught on’ Lord Ashley, and Mr. Cobden wrote of ‘the canting tone of the country.’ The sympathies of these great friends of the people were never for a moment stirred by the cruel sufferings inflicted upon children in the manufacturing districts, or by the horrible immorality which was encouraged by the system of factory labour as it then existed. The latest of the Radical historians has been forced to confess that ‘in these mills young girls were constantly employed till eleven at night; and, as darkness came on, the factory was little better than a brothel.’* Children were imported wholesale from other districts, just as slaves might have been, and were kept at work twelve or thirteen hours a day. One hour was nominally allowed for dinner, but there was a rule that the machinery should be cleaned during this hour, so that the unhappy children were cheated even of this slight interval of rest. Did anybody ever hear of Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright inveighing against these inhuman practices? What had become all at once of their wonderful ‘eloquence,’ their ‘expansive sympathies,’ and their ‘deep-seated pathos’? These atrocities were committed on poor helpless children and starving women, without a word of censure from them. Supposing that landowners had been the instigators of such outrages, or had derived any benefit from them, would Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright have looked on unmoved, or have ventured to defend the guilty persons by insisting on their right to do what they liked with their own? There were no protests from the great ‘tribunes,’ no indignant remonstrances, no impassioned appeals to the nation to suppress the traffic in human flesh and blood. But there was a loud outcry against interference with the sacred principles of freedom of contract, a denunciation of Socialistic doctrines, and a ‘vigorous onslaught on Lord Ashley.’ Thackeray was to be engaged to draw caricatures of Lord Ashley—‘he will set about the work,’ wrote Mr. Cole to Cobden, ‘when we have

* Spencer Walpole’s ‘History of England,’ vol. iii. p. 202.

heard your opinion of the present sketch.' (i. 215.) Mr. Bright insisted that the Legislature had no right to interfere, and advised the House to leave the factory operatives to the tender mercies of the millowners.* From that day to this, his lips have never been opened on the subject. He has dilated upon the 'tiger-like character of Toryism,' and told us that 'the Tories have invariably oppressed the people,' but concerning the savage cruelties which went on for years in the manufacturing districts he has been almost as silent as the Radical historians of later years. Even now, the truth has not been half told, for the 'historians' in question skim lightly over the surface of the subject, and the other side has never been heard. But some day all the facts will be disclosed, and then the world will have greater cause than ever to admire the readiness with which great orators and statesmen can abandon their principles whenever these come into contact with their interests.

It was, then, avowedly in 'retaliation' for the Factory Legislation that the Anti-corn-law agitation was started and carried on. No doubt there were other causes at work, and we have no desire to ignore them; but it is Mr. Morley who speaks expressly of the desire for retaliation on the part of the manufacturers. The two leaders sometimes denied, in after times, that they had ever tried to stir up a war of classes; but all their operations during the heat of the strife were directed towards inflaming class animosities, and especially towards the end of exciting animosity against the chief objects of their hatred—the landowners. Their motives, as revealed in their own speeches and writings, were twofold—first, as we have seen, they looked upon the landlord as a natural enemy of the millowner, though upon what grounds it is even now hard to perceive; and in the second place they were enraged against the landowning class because they regarded it as the chief depository of political power. 'A handful of persons,' said Mr. Bright on one occasion,† 'are the owners of nearly all the land,' and they hold 'nearly all the power.' Among them the 'patronage of the Government is mainly distributed.' He went on to say—and it has been the burden of all his speeches on the same subject ever since—'in every country in the world, as far as I know, the possessors of land are the possessors of power.' It has always been as the possessors of power that Mr. Bright and his younger followers have held the landowners in abhorrence, and resolved upon their destruction. The attack has been long and persistent, and every new phase of it has been planned with a

* 'Life of Bright,' i. 280.

† Speech at Birmingham, January 26, 1864.

view to the extinction of landed proprietors as a body exercising political power. The outworks of the citadel have been captured one after the other, and it is only a question of time when the citadel itself will be stormed. The assailants have always concealed their real intentions, and they are doing so at this moment, by repudiating all projects which might involve 'violence,' and talking mildly of 'Free Trade in Land.' But Cobden himself was always careful to avoid defining what he meant by this phrase, and his successors have been equally prudent. Mr. Bright has once or twice assured us that he, for his own part, does not entertain schemes of compulsory division; but he also gave a solemn pledge some years ago that, whenever the Irish landlords were taken in hand by the Legislature, they would be dealt with on the strictest principles of political economy. The value of such 'pledges' as this ought to be better understood now than it was formerly. They are framed and designed to answer a purely temporary purpose. Even if Mr. Bright were disposed to advance no further than he once indicated, it is not at all likely that he would be able to keep back his more ardent disciples. The foremost leaders speak cautiously, but the rank and file are allowed to take as much licence as they please. And thus it happens that they are bringing forward Land Bills at every street corner, and recommending that no one shall be allowed to hold land unless he keeps it in actual cultivation, and that a heavy tax should be levied on every man who owns more than a hundred acres. Mr. Bright has served well enough to carry this agitation on to a certain point, and men of the Chamberlain type will eagerly undertake to complete his work.

Mr. Cobden does not appear to have shared the belief professed by many of his friends in the unerring wisdom of the multitude, and he evidently was fully alive to the uncertain hold which the demagogue has upon his followers. 'I do not feel so confident as yourself,' he writes to Mr. Bright on one occasion, 'that a great extension of the franchise would necessarily lead to a wiser system of taxation.' (ii. 98.) At another time he wrote, 'the greatest obstacle to any improvement or change in John Bull's sentiments just now is the egregious vanity of the beast. He has been so plastered with flattery, for which he seems to have an insatiable appetite, that he has become an impervious mass of self-esteem.' (ii. 98.) And he took another opportunity of expressing his opinion, that 'the great bulk of the people of England' are 'wrapt in opaque ignorance.' Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright judiciously reserved these gems for their private correspondence; they were not regarded

regarded as appropriate for the embellishment of stump oratory. When 'the beast' was addressed from the platform, he was invariably told that nothing in the world was fit to be compared with him in virtue or in beauty, and his 'insatiable appetite' for flattery was once more fully glutted. Perhaps, if Mr. Cobden could have been consulted on the point, he would have preferred to have had his real opinion of the masses buried in oblivion. It is the duty of a biographer to bear carefully in mind the position which his hero occupied in relation to the public, and to avoid making him falsify and degrade that position. He is not obliged to drag everything into the light of day. This is another instance in which Mr. Cobden's friends have cause to wish that Mr. Morley had given evidence of possessing a sounder discretion. The warning to demagogues, on the contrary, can do no harm either to Mr. Cobden or to any one who takes an interest in his career. 'In quiet times,' wrote Cobden, 'there is no influence to be had from without, and if we fell into evil days of turbulence and suffering and agitation, less scrupulous leaders would carry off the masses.' (ii. 349.) Mr. Bright must more than once have seen that he was in danger of affording a memorable proof of the accuracy of this prediction, and even now he must be regarded as living, to a certain extent, under the patronage of his aspiring colleague, Mr. Chamberlain. It is probable, of course, that Mr. Bright might be elected for Birmingham without the aid of the caucus, but he is far more certain of his seat with it, and Mr. Chamberlain is alike the originator and manager of this effective machine—a machine which the Radicals all worshipped with the utmost devotion until they fancied they felt an adverse touch of it in Westminster last February, when they began to have serious doubts whether the American invention was quite so pleasant a means of regulating politics as they have been taught to believe.

Class animosities were played upon without much hesitation by Mr. Cobden, but it can scarcely be said that he resorted to them even where there was no absolute occasion to do so, and when other expedients would have accomplished his end equally well. Once or twice, indeed, he warned Mr. Bright against allowing his prejudices to carry him too far, and told him plainly that he ran a risk of destroying his influence by excess of zeal. 'You must make up your mind,' he wrote (December 29, 1859), 'to accept certain conditions of things as a part of an English political existence during your time. For instance, the Church and Aristocracy are great realities, which will last for your life and your son's. To ignore them or despise them is equally incompatible with the part which

I think

I think you have the ambition to display'—a very curious remark, and one which seems to indicate that Mr. Cobden had a keen insight into his friend's character. 'We are comparatively powerless,' he went on to say, 'if we can be assumed to be excluded from the government by either our own will, or that of the ruling class, owing to our entertaining revolutionary or fundamentally subversive doctrines.' (ii. 350.) There are some who may detect in this passage a secret inclination for office, but we do not believe that Mr. Cobden was ambitious of place or power, and at any rate there can be no doubt that the words which we have just quoted are full of reason and common-sense. Mr. Bright probably did not so regard them, or at least he did not act upon the suggestions which they conveyed. He has never modified his course in relation to the chief objects of his hatred—the clergy and the landlords. He has always depicted clergymen as the foes of the poor. Tories, he told the working classes years ago,* 'are determined that you shall still pay to the support of a Church whose services you do not attend, and whose clergy you invariably find ranged on the side of your inveterate enemies.' Again he declared, in 1847, that the 'Church has been uniformly hostile to the progress of public liberty.' Mr. Cobden was not likely to echo these wild accusations, for he appears to have been a member of the Church of England to the last. As for the aristocracy, Mr. Bright has unceasingly called down the vengeance of Heaven upon it for nearly half a century past. He speaks of the country suffering 'under the pressure of their iron heel,' and he told the workmen of Durham that, although Providence had blessed them abundantly, there was 'another power which arrests the bounty of heaven, and dooms the children of our common Father, by hundreds of thousands, to intolerable suffering.' And by the 'power' here referred to it is evident that he did not mean the millowners, although this speech was delivered in 1842, when 'the children of our common Father' were truly being doomed to intolerable suffering under Mr. Bright's very eyes, without a word from him on their behalf. In 1858 he declared that the great territorial families have 'followed their prey like the jackals of the desert.'† And he continued in a passage which is well worth quoting:—

'There is no actuary in existence who can calculate how much of the wealth, of the strength, of the supremacy of the territorial families of England has been derived from an unholy participation in the fruits of the industry of the people, which have been wrested

* G. Barnett Smith's 'Life,' i. 43.

† 'Speeches,' p. 470.

from

from them by every device of taxation, and squandered in every conceivable crime of which a Government could possibly be guilty. The more you examine this matter the more you will come to the conclusion which I have arrived at, that this foreign policy, this regard for "the liberties of Europe," this care at one time for "the Protestant interests," this excessive love for the "balance of power," is neither more nor less than a gigantic system of out-door relief for the aristocracy of Great Britain.

In a similar spirit, he asserted that the 'accession to office of Lord Derby (in 1866) was a declaration of war against the working classes,' and this sentence, delivered with all the passion and fire of which he is master, brought out exclamations from the meeting of 'We accept it.' There could not have been a greater calumny upon the character of a public man than this was upon the whole life and character of Lord Derby, nor could there have been a more wanton and unscrupulous attempt to excite the animosities upon which demagogues exist. Mr. Bright uses the language of moderation now, as a general rule, for many reasons; but throughout that period of his life when his activity and his influence were at their highest, he threw himself without hesitation into the work of exciting the animosity of the poor against the rich, or against those who were supposed to be rich. A sense of justice never restrained him, as we may see even from the single passage just quoted, in which Lord Derby is represented in a light which is almost ruinous to any public man. And what is to be thought of the following passage from the same speech,* delivered to an excited gathering of working-men, who had been led to believe that Mr. Bright was incapable of exaggerating facts or perverting truth:—

'You may work, you may pay taxes, you may serve in the army, and fight; 70,000 or more of your brethren are now living under the burning sun of India, and twice as many more are serving in the ranks in different parts of the world; and you, the great body of the people from whom these men are drawn, are not considered worthy to do so simple an act as to give a vote in your great town for your present or any future Members. You are to have no vote, no share in the Government; the country you live in is not to be your country. You are like the Coolies or the Chinese who are imported into the West Indies or California. You are to work, but not to take root in the country, or to consider the country as your country. . . . You are to be told that you are so ignorant and so venal, so drunken, so impulsive, so unreflecting, and so disorderly, that it is not even safe to skim off as it were the very cream of you to the number of 116,000, or it may be of 204,000, and to admit them

* Delivered at Birmingham, August 27, 1866. ('Collected Speeches,' p. 375.)

to a vote for Members of the House of Commons. This is the Tory theory. This is the faith of Lord Derby and his party.'

If such language as this did not produce instant and irreparable mischief, it was not Mr. Bright's fault. Fortunately the working classes were prosperous when their favourite orator was thus haranguing them, and they could not be made to believe that the 'iron heel' of the aristocracy was grinding them very far into the earth; but, in a time of scarcity and want, Mr. Bright's inflammatory appeals might have thrown the country into confusion, and have added immeasurably to the misfortunes of the class which he professed himself desirous to serve.

It is difficult to reconcile Mr. Bright's language at this and other periods with that spotless purity of intention, and those exceptionally elevated principles, which his indiscriminating eulogists tell us that they find in every act of his public life. The whole management of the Corn-law agitation, so far as Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright were responsible for it, was by no means what it seemed to the outside public. We will not say that gross trickery was employed to mislead the people, but it is quite clear that the leaders had no scruple in resorting extensively to various forms of artifice. Mr. Cobden himself seems to have been led into making some remarkable admissions on this point, in a letter to his friend Mr. G. Combe; and Mr. Morley has fortunately given us the chief passages, although the Radical critics, perhaps with more prudent reserve than the biographer has shown, have taken great care not to refer to them. 'People,' he wrote, 'do not attend public meetings to be taught, but to be excited, flattered, and pleased. . . . I have been obliged to amuse them, not by standing on my head or eating fire, but by kindred feats of jugglery, such as appeals to their self-esteem, their combativeness, or their humour. You know how easily, in touching these feelings, one degenerates into flattery, vindictiveness, and grossness.' (i. 207-8.) This is not a very lofty ideal of the responsibilities of a public man, but the influence of the principle thus laid down is distinctly to be traced in the public utterances of Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright. There was 'jugglery'—and since this is Mr. Cobden's own word there can be no objection to our using it—behind the scenes as well as before the curtain. Interested motives were kept in the background, but they were not the less the secret springs of action in the patriotic agitators. Or, as Mr. Morley puts it in his own grandiloquent phraseology, 'the promptings of a commercial shrewdness were gradually enlarged into enthusiasm for a far-reaching principle.' No enemy of the two Corn Law orators

could have insinuated a more damaging charge against them. But it is justified by the facts. The future prosperity of the manufacturing class was thought to be at stake, and both Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright were personally concerned in that prosperity. We are told by Mr. Morley that Mr. Cobden had, 'so early as 1835, made speculative purchases of land in various quarters of Manchester, where his too cheerful vision discovered a measureless demand for houses, shops, and factories, as soon as ever the corn duty should be repealed, and the springs of industrial enterprise set free.' (i. 159.) It would be idle to pretend that Mr. Cobden was not influenced by circumstances such as these, and his biographer has wisdom enough not to put forward any such plea on his behalf. Few men are content to leave their own interests entirely out of consideration, and assuredly Mr. Cobden was not one of the few. It is true that his affairs went utterly to the bad more than once during his life; and his friends were for some years loud in assuring the public that all this was entirely owing to his self-denying exertions for the welfare of the poor. But Mr. Morley, as we shall presently see, has afforded ample proof that Mr. Cobden's misfortunes were brought about, not by his love for the poor, but by his passion for speculation. That disease produced in his case the same effects which it would have done, had he remained a commercial traveller and lost money in bets which he could not pay. These incidents in Mr. Cobden's life formed the subject of private gossip long ago, but they have now for the first time been deliberately forced upon the attention of all who propose to make a study of Mr. Cobden's career. Such are the services which biographers sometimes render to their heroes. Instead of exclaiming with the critic mentioned at the beginning of this article, Happy is the man who has Mr. Morley for his biographer, it would be more rational to say, Happy is the man who never has a biographer, and who is allowed to sleep in his grave in peace.

The scientific method of 'working up' an agitation was well understood by Mr. Cobden. One class after another was to be 'roused' by vivid descriptions of its real or imaginary wrongs, or by appeals to its weakest side. The Quakers were earnestly in favour of the Peace movement, and Mr. Bright had great influence with the Quakers. Therefore Mr. Cobden proposed that they should 'engraft the Free-trade agitation upon the Peace movement.' By Free Trade the colonies could eventually be 'got rid of,' and wars would be prevented. The support of the Quakers was most desirable on many grounds, and not the least of them in Mr. Cobden's estimation was this—'they have a good deal of influence over the City moneyed interest, which
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has the ear of the Government.' While the Quakers were to be courted on one hand, the Established Church was to be attacked on the other. The 'Church clergy,' wrote Cobden, 'are almost to a man guilty of causing the present distress by upholding the Corn Law.' Would Mr. Bright write an article on that subject for the newspaper which the League had established? Mr. Bright took the hint, and denounced the clergy with might and main for supporting a system which 'had brought the nation to the verge of ruin.' This article, Mr. Cobden anticipated, would do them a great deal of good with the Dissenters, and doubtless it had its effect. The Church, the Quakers, and the Dissenters generally, being thus provided for, there remained the rich mine which no demagogue ever works in vain—the unequal distribution of wealth. The working classes were told that they had no such deadly enemy as the country parson, unless it might be the squire; they were condemned to live like the 'Coolies or the Chinese,' and could hope for no amelioration of their lot. Industry, thrift, and sobriety, could do nothing for them. The upas-tree of landlordism was over them, and if they struggled to get away from that, they fell immediately under the 'iron heel' of the aristocracy. Such was the tenor of the addresses delivered by Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright. But in spite of their utmost exertions, the League proved a very costly thing to keep up. In 1844 it spent a thousand pounds a week, and yet two good harvests nearly put an unexpected end to its operations. The working classes were rendered prosperous, and the occupation of the agitator was gone. The previous distress had been largely caused by bad harvests, and two prosperous and fertile seasons went very far towards paralysing the League, notwithstanding its elaborate machinery, its newspapers, its orators, and its expenditure at the rate of 52,000*l.* a year. But then there came the failure of the potato crop in Ireland, and a signally bad harvest, followed by the usual universal depression of trade. The autumn of 1845 was like that which we have seen more recently—in 1879—when the rain came down night and day, and everything was destroyed. 'It was the rain that rained away the Corn Laws,' says Mr. Morley—another admission which Mr. Cobden would not have thanked him for making. Did all those speeches, all that fiery zeal, all that affectionate regard for the poor—added to the thousand pounds a week—did it all go for nothing? Are we to be told now that it was the rain and bad harvests which broke down the Corn Laws? Mr. Bright evidently overlooked this passage when he revised the biography of his friend, although it cannot

be forgotten that of late he has shown himself much more alive to the influence of weather and the crops upon political affairs and the fate of governments than he appears to have been when the 'tiger-like' Tory was in power. There has been great depression of trade, and of Mr. Bright's special trades, during the last few years. Until the Radical party came into power, Mr. Bright found his old explanation all-sufficient—wicked government and the malevolence of the rich. But with the Radicals in office, it was perceived that the evil complained of could be traced unmistakably to the weather. 'What you want is sunshine, and I cannot make it.' Such was substantially the answer which Mr. Bright gave to the manufacturers who went to him for advice in their perplexity. He will admit, therefore, that the harvest of a nation will affect materially the course of trade; but whether he would go so far as to acknowledge that rain and bad crops abolished the Corn Laws, we must leave it for some future biographer to ascertain.

The agitation then, as we have shown, was costly to work; and it was not punctiliously straightforward or honest in its general character. Advantage was taken of the 'opaque ignorance' of the people, and of 'the Beast's' propensity to be flattered and deluded. Exaggerations and misstatements were sent flying about the air as thick as 'autumnal leaves in Val-lombrosa.' The Tories, the people were told, were the originators of the Corn Laws, whereas they had no more to do with their origin than the inhabitants of Mars. It was a Tory Minister—Mr. Pitt—who taught the Whigs the principles of Free Trade, and he was bitterly assailed for his pains by Mr. Fox and the Whig party. It was not true Free Trade that was imposed upon the nation in 1846, as was shown at the time, and as events have proved since. 'Under your new system,' said Mr. Disraeli in 1849, 'the native labourer must give more of his produce for foreign produce than he heretofore gave.' He added that the only safe course was to adopt 'the principle of reciprocity as the fundamental principle of your commercial code, and that such is the only means to be pursued against hostile tariffs and countervailing duties.*' The modern Liberals did not improve upon the first lesson which Mr. Pitt had given them.

It was said in 1846 that the Corn Laws were the cause of all the poverty and sufferings of the people, and that these laws were expressly designed to keep the labouring classes in a state of vassallage. Statements of this kind extorted from Mr. McCulloch

* 'Collected Speeches,' i. 210.

—a political economist whose authority has not been superseded by the more showy professors of the present time—the admission, ‘it is but fair to state that the pernicious operation of the Corn Laws has been grossly, and indeed ludicrously exaggerated.’* He was not in favour of keeping the Corn Laws as they stood, but neither was he in favour of endeavouring to secure their repeal by the agency of what he described as ‘violence, agitation, and declamatory trash.’ The same kind of distortion which Mr. McCulloch condemned is repeated by Mr. Morley in writing of events which might at least be impartially treated now, since the excitement of the agitation has long since burnt itself out. ‘The shattering of the protective system,’ he says, ‘was the dawn of higher ideals of civilization all over the world.’ (i. 140.) How is it possible for any well-informed writer to make such a statement as this? England, as it has been shown over and over again—and nowhere so fully as in these pages—is the only considerable nation in the world which has adopted the policy of Free Trade. It is continually said by the Free Trade writers who are in the employment of the Government that the other nations are ‘coming round’ to their views, but everybody is able to see for himself that the process must necessarily not only be a slow one at the best, but that there is actually no sign whatever that it has begun. A writer recently dwelt with great emphasis on the fact—as he states it to be—that all the Professors in the United States, with a single exception, are in favour of Free Trade. Now what does that show, except that Professors in the United States exert even less influence than they possess here? If the object of the writer had been to prove that the Americans are an eminently practical people, and are little if at all guided by *doctrinaires* or ‘professors,’ we could understand the application of his argument, and congratulate him upon its success. But he had no such thought in his mind. He wished to show that the United States are becoming a Free Trade nation, and therefore he tells us that all the Professors are teaching Free Trade principles. And this is to be decisive on the point, regardless of the fact that the ruling party of the nation is Protectionist, that the bulk of the people are so—as established by numerous elections—that Congress is Protectionist, and that the new President is as strongly of that way of thinking as any of his immediate predecessors. It is to such facts as these that practical men are disposed to attach importance, and when they are told that all the Professors are Free Traders, they can only laugh

* ‘Commercial Dictionary,’ 1844, p. 410.

in their sleeves and say, 'so much the worse for the Professors.' Has the writer who puts forward this simple argument the slightest idea how many of the men who are engaged in making the laws for State or nation ever had the privilege of being brought under the discipline of Professors? Mr. Morley knows perfectly well that safety is to be found in generalities, and therefore he does not pin himself to any statement as to the remarkable growth of Free Trade opinions in the lecture room. He merely assures us that the abolition of Protection has proved to be the 'dawn of higher ideals of civilization all over the world.' Ideals of civilization are not of much use to men who have to deal with things as they are, but even if we were disposed to attach a sentimental value to them, we should like to know where they are to be found, and what Protection has had to do with them? Phrases of this kind may do well enough for a meeting of opaquely-ignorant Englishmen, who, as Mr. Cobden says, expect to be 'amused,' but they form a sorry stock-in-trade for political writers.

The argument which Mr. Cobden commonly used to persuade his audiences that Free Trade would enrich England was, that other nations would take from us our manufactures in exchange for their corn. There was some excuse for Mr. Cobden's holding this theory, for he was an enthusiast and a visionary, and the theory itself had not then been disproved. But in our day it has been completely disproved: not one of all the writers of the Cobden Club has even ventured to pretend that the United States, for instance, take an equivalent for the grain they send to us in our manufactures. The writers in question juggle with figures, and call bad names, but this tough point they have never once dared to meet. Mr. Cobden's biographer makes no attempt to deal with it—he is content to repeat the formula of the school, as if it were as firmly established as the law of gravitation. There was great distress, he says, in 1842, and 'to invite all the world to become our customers, by opening our ports to their products in exchange, was the Manchester remedy.' (i. 234.) But all the world did not become our customers to the extent which would have enabled us to pay for our purchases in our own goods, and the business was therefore not carried on upon the principle of exchange, nor is it so carried on now. If any one can prove that we pay for the corn alone which we are obliged to buy of the United States with our manufactures, the field is open for him to do so, but among all the pamphleteers there is not one who has hitherto had the courage to approach this task. Assertions and contradictions can be had from them by the cartload, but an honest

honest examination of the facts seems to be regarded as beyond the province of the Board of Trade. That these writers should continually fall foul of one another in their efforts to make the theories square with the facts is not very surprising, considering the nature of the difficulties which surround them. When some fears have been expressed as to the injurious effects on British commerce of unlimited foreign competition, we have been assured that this very competition is one of the greatest blessings which we owe to Free Trade. Yet Mr. Morley tells us that we owe foreign competition, not to Free Trade, but to the Corn Laws. 'It was the Corn Laws,' he says, 'which nursed foreign competition into full vitality.' In that respect, then, and upon the orthodox theory, the Corn Laws worked well for the national interests, and it was wrong to abolish them altogether. We do not know whether in the 'inner circles' of the orthodox Mr. Morley is regarded as beyond suspicion, but it is quite certain that, if his theories are sound, the Cobdenites of the present day are all hopelessly in the wrong. He has told working men that political economy has no practical bearing upon their affairs; that the conditions which it takes for granted do not exist—'they are not the conditions of real life. They lead to truths that would be true if only they were not false.'* The Cobden Club must have trembled with apprehension when they found their cause confided to such hands as these. But would Mr. Cobden himself always have come up to the requirements of his later disciples? We doubt it; there is good reason to believe that even the Master would sometimes have had the door of the school shut in his own face. What is to be said, for instance, of such a passage as this, which appears in Mr. Cobden's pamphlet entitled 'England, Ireland, and America'?

'By repealing the present Corn Laws, and putting only a *fixed duty* of such an amount as would bring the greatest revenue (we object no more to a tax on corn than on tea or sugar, for the purpose of revenue, but we oppose a *protective duty* as it is called) which probably might be found to be *two shillings a quarter*, such an impulse would be given to the manufactures of this country, whilst so great a shock would be experienced by our rivals from the augmented price of food all over the world, that a rapid growth of wealth and increase of numbers must take place throughout the coal and iron districts of England, Wales, and Scotland.' †

Mr. Morley makes no allusion whatever to these remarkable statements, but in the collected edition of the pamphlets there is a brief footnote, to the effect that Mr. Cobden 'soon afterwards

* 'Fortnightly Review,' Oct. 1, 1878.

† 'Collected Pamphlets,' p. 65.
acknowledged

acknowledged his error.' He may have done so, although we are not acquainted with any passage in his writings or speeches in which he distinctly disavowed his argument for a two-shilling duty on corn. But supposing even that such a renunciation could be cited, it would leave other people still at liberty to believe that Mr. Cobden's first opinion was the correct one, and they would be justified in supposing that he abandoned it because he was apprehensive that it would be turned against him with more or less effect by the advocates of the Corn Laws. We all know that the one-shilling duty was so little felt that no one remembered its existence until Mr. Lowe discovered it, and decided to render himself famous by the double process of abolishing an impost which was positively unknown to the public, and of importing from America a new tax upon matches. The match-boys of London mobbed Mr. Lowe in Palace Yard; the agriculturists stopped at home. The first part of the scheme was therefore carried out, and the second was abandoned—an illustration of the way in which 'statesmanship' is influenced by agitation, which Mr. Gladstone may be disposed some day to place side by side with his memorable example of the Clerkenwell explosion.

Mr. Cobden was, as we have said, a visionary, although doubtless there are many of his admirers who would regard this view of his character as most unjust. It seems to us that upon no other assumption can certain remarkable incidents connected with his life be explained in such a way as to leave him a man worthy to be honoured by the Cobden Club. The sanguine imagination, which led him to predict the adoption of Free Trade all over Europe in five years, was also the enemy which betrayed him grievously in the management of his own affairs. He took the creations of his own fancy for the realities of this 'work-a-day world,' and thought that everything would infallibly go in the course which his own wishes or interests marked out. 'We have a principle established,' he said of Free Trade,* 'which is eternal in its truth and universal in its application, and must be applied in all nations and throughout all times, and applied not simply to commerce, but to every item of the tariffs of the world.' Those 'results' were to 'follow, and at no distant period.' Free Trade would 'ultimately comprehend the whole world in its embrace,'—and so on, in numberless other passages. He appears to have sincerely believed that he could personally convert the whole of Europe to his own principles—if his countrymen would pay the expenses. 'Why should I rust

* 'Speeches,' p. 201.

in inactivity?' he asked, in a letter which Mr. Morley prints. (ii. 409.) 'If the public spirit of my countrymen affords me the means of travelling as their missionary, I will be the first ambassador from the people of this country to the nations of the Continent.' Mr. Cobden never had occasion to complain of any want of what he thought proper to call 'public spirit' on the part of his countrymen or his friends. Mr. Morley, as we have already said, insists upon our being informed of the great generosity with which Mr. Cobden was treated, and it is impossible to overlook the details which he is pleased to give. In 1846, Mr. Cobden received a gift of between seventy-five and eighty thousand pounds, and his biographer remarks that 'it would have been a painful and discreditable satire on human nature if he had been left in ruin.' But prior to this—that is to say, in 1845—Mr. Cobden had mismanaged his resources in such a way as that several of his Manchester friends were called upon to make up a 'sum of money' to enable him to 'tide over the emergency.' (i. 336.) Were these difficulties entirely owing to the 'sacrifices' which he made for the public? It is absolutely impossible to affirm that they were. Cobden's master-passion, as we have said, appears to have been the love of speculation. This may appear a harsh judgment, especially to those who have not looked into the facts which Mr. Morley for the first time presents in an authorized form; but let us first of all hear what Mr. Cobden's own opinion was upon the subject. He is explaining in a letter to his brother that he does not care for money;—

'I feel a disregard for it, and even a slovenly inattention to its possession, that is quite dangerous. I have scarcely ever, as usual, a sovereign in my pocket, and have been twice to Whalley, to find myself without the means of paying my expenses. I do not think that the possession of millions would greatly alter my habits of expense.'—(i. 20.)

It is clear from this that, before Mr. Cobden had been in, or even near, public life, he had perceived in himself that characteristic which caused his friends so much anxiety afterwards, and which they good-naturedly described as a 'spirit of self-sacrificing patriotism.' He was twenty-eight when he thus called attention to his 'slovenly inattention to money,' and he was thirty-five before the formation of the League, of which, as his biographer cannot but admit, 'he was in no sense' the projector. At this time, and before he had made his appearance upon the platform, he had plunged into those heavy speculations in land in Manchester to which we have already referred.

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He was compelled to pay a thousand pounds a year as ground-rent for a property which did not yield 'a shilling of return,' and this payment he kept up for five-and-twenty years. This represents a sum of 25,000*l.*, and we are quite unable to see what Mr. Cobden's 'exertions for the public' had to do with this heavy loss. Had he stood upon his building-land all day, instead of going about making speeches, no one would have come to take it.

In 1840 he married, and concerning this event Mr. Morley is so wise and so didactic, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting his words :—

'Although marriage is usually so much the most important element in deciding whether a life shall be heaven or hell, it is that on which in any given instance it is least proper for a stranger to speak.'

Socrates himself could not have put it better. It does not appear, however, that Cobden's pecuniary affairs improved after this event. There was the Manchester loan, and then the gift of 80,000*l.* or thereabouts, and then came the startling news that all this money was gone. Had this fresh disaster been produced by another magnificent act of self-sacrifice? It does not appear that it was, unless a man can be said to exhibit a self-sacrificing spirit when he loses his money by speculating in the Illinois railroad. It appears that Mr. Cobden had 'loaded himself down,' to use the City phrase, with Illinois Central Shares, and found himself unable (as Mr. Morley represents the matter) to pay the calls upon them. A gentleman then came forward and not only paid 'several thousand pounds' on Mr. Cobden's behalf, but 'insisted that Cobden should accept a still larger sum.' This appears to have been in 1858. In 1860, incredible as it must appear, this unknown but large sum had gone the way of the Manchester loan, and of the seventy-five or eighty thousand pounds. The hat was again passed round. It is related of Douglas Jerrold that when application was made to him in a similar case, for the third or fourth time, he said, 'Well, how much do you want now?' 'I think,' replied the petitioner, in a light and cheerful tone, 'a two and two naughts (200*l.*) will be sufficient.' 'Then,' said Jerrold, 'you may put me down for one of the naughts.' But no such repulse came from any quarter in Mr. Cobden's case. The fourth fund for his relief was soon launched, and a subscription was raised which reached the handsome sum of 40,000*l.* The amount collected for him altogether could not have been much less than 200,000*l.* Now we have no desire whatever to dwell upon these

these incidents, but undoubtedly they reflect considerable light on Mr. Cobden's character, and we presume that it is because they do so that Mr. Morley has taken the trouble to go into them so fully. Mr. Cobden lived in the plainest way all his life, and for a man situated as he was, the first gift of about 80,000*l.* should surely have been a very handsome fortune. But there seems to have been no practical side to his disposition, and hence he lived amid dreams and delusions. In his mind's eye he saw himself becoming a millionaire, and at the same time he saw Europe hastening joyfully to take from his lips the opinions which he had adopted. Free Trade would regenerate the world; there would be no more wars, and no more want or suffering known among men. Shrewd and successful men of business are generally found to be averse from confiding the management of their affairs to these ardent temperaments, but it seems to be thought that these are the very natures which are best adapted to direct the fortunes and watch over the destinies of nations.

The opinions which were held by Mr. Cobden, and which have always been shared by Mr. Bright, with regard to our Indian and Colonial Empire, have not yet been generally accepted; but they are identified with a great proportion, perhaps the majority, of the Radical party. Mr. Bright has maintained that 'all our colonies have been a loss to us,' except Australia.* Mr. Cobden calculated that this loss on our colonies amounted to something like thirty millions a year, including 'the interest of the money spent in conquering them.'† He taught, and probably believed, that English colonists deliberately stirred up the natives to war, in order that they might profit by the subsequent expenditure of British money;‡—a view of the conduct and character of Englishmen abroad which is eminently characteristic of the liberality and 'fine feeling' on which, it is now understood, the modern Radical especially prides himself. This is the sort of imputation which is supposed to endear the mother country to the 'colonists,' and to render them willing and anxious to conclude advantageous commercial treaties with us. But one of the greatest benefits which England would receive from Free Trade was, as Cobden believed, entire relief from the burden of her colonies. 'The colonial system,' he wrote in 1842 (i. 230), 'with all its dazzling appeals to the passions of the people, can never be got rid of except by the indirect process of Free Trade, which will gradually and im-

* 'Life of Bright,' i. 486.

† 'Collected Pamphlets,' p. 126.

‡ Morley, ii. 89.

perceptibly loose the bands which unite our colonies to us by a mistaken notion of self-interest.' It is strange that a business man should have been so anxious to cast off connections which were capable of being made of so much value to his special class. It never occurred to Cobden's mind, any more than it has occurred since to Mr. Bright's, that this country may be so placed as that the opening up of new and friendly markets may become most essential to it, and that its own colonies are the only parts of the world in which it has any reason or right to look for such markets. To close them unnecessarily, would be an act of recklessness and improvidence more astounding and more unpardonable than anything which Mr. Morley has recorded in connection with Mr. Cobden's personal history. However great may be the volume of British Trade, we cannot afford to turn our backs upon great and growing communities who are—or, as we fear we must say, who *were*—anxious to treat us with peculiar consideration. Under the influence of the Manchester and Birmingham school, large bodies of the people have been taught that the colonies are a perpetual source of weakness to the mother-country, and that by some means or other they ought to be shaken off. All the expenses connected with them, Mr. Cobden used to tell the people, are 'paid from the taxation of this little speck of an island.' Canada was always a thorn in the side both of Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright. It is true that neither of them ever said in so many words, 'Cast Canada adrift,' but that was the only interpretation to be placed upon their endless references to that colony. You can never defend Canada, Mr. Bright has often contended, and once when he was thus arguing in the House, a Member asked him whether we ought to run away? 'No,' said Mr. Bright, 'though there are many circumstances in which brave men run away; and you may get into difficulty on this Canadian question, which may make you look back and wish that you had run away a good time ago.'* Canada was upbraided for years, and told by powerful organs of public opinion, as well as by Radical orators, that she was quite old enough to run alone. 'If they'—the British North American Provinces—'should prefer to unite themselves with the United States, I should not complain even of that,' said Mr. Bright, on one occasion,† and assuredly he would have no right to complain, since he has done all that lies in his power to bring that result to pass. But we still hope that the nation would be loth to lose Canada, or any other of its possessions which have been

* 'Speeches,' popular ed., p. 78.

† Ibid. p. 84.

colonized by its children. The Canadians have never asked us to defend them against the United States, and, what is equally important, the United States have never offered to attack the Canadians. The people of the Dominion believe that they are quite able to take care of themselves, and they proved both their ability and their willingness on the occurrence of the Fenian raids—which at one time threatened to be very serious—in 1866-67. If, indeed, they came deliberately to the conclusion, that their welfare would be promoted by transferring themselves to the American flag, England would have no more to say upon the subject; but at present no such desire has been manifested. Her Majesty's Canadian subjects, as a very competent authority—Sir Francis Hincks—recently certified, are still ready to give 'assurances of their devoted loyalty to their Sovereign, and their attachment to the political institutions which they enjoy under the protection of the Empire.' This is not the result which the Radicals have laboured to bring about, but there is no present probability that they will be able to change it.

To Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright belonged whatever credit may be due to the founders of the 'Perish India' school. They could see nothing in our connection with that Empire but a series of events 'for which God will assuredly exact a retribution from us or our children.' (ii. 133.) This was Cobden's remark concerning the Duke of Wellington's career in India, but the feeling which dictated it seems never to have been absent from his mind. Mr. Morley testifies that he 'had always watched the affairs of this great dependency with a jealous and unfriendly eye.' (ii. 205.) The great work which has been done by our countrymen in India, and the high sense of duty which the vast majority of the men who have served us there set before themselves, were entirely disregarded by the great agitators. Mr. Morley describes Mr. Cobden's feeling on this subject, and in doing so he takes advantage of the opportunity of expressing his own opinion:—

'As a military and despotic government; as an acquisition of impolitic violence and fraud; as the seat of unsafe finance; for these and other reasons he had always taken his place among those, and they were much fewer than they are now, who cannot see any advantage either to the natives or their foreign masters in this vast possession.'—(ii. 205.)

In this view there is, it is not too much to say, a large admixture of both bigotry and ignorance. No one could possibly hold or defend it, who was properly acquainted with the work which

which the English have done in India. It exceeds in virulence even the worst descriptions of our policy which foreign critics, who also regard India with 'jealous' eyes, have occasionally given. Mr. Cobden would have had us avoid the judgment which perpetually hung over our heads by hastening away from India in a spirit of penitence for our misdeeds. 'It will be a happy day,' he wrote, 'when England has not an acre of territory in Continental Asia.' (ii. 213.) He would have stripped the mother-country of her colonies, and then thrown India to the Russians, so that we should have been left with no encumbrances upon our hands—except Ireland; and if that occasioned any further inconvenience, there might, as the more recent Radicals are endeavouring to make us understand, be found ways and means of getting rid of her also. But did Mr. Cobden understand the government which he denounced? Had he made himself master of the details of British Indian administration, before accusing the persons chiefly responsible for it of violence, fraud, and oppression? Apparently he had done nothing of the kind; he almost confesses that he had no practical information on the subject. 'It is,' he writes, 'from an abiding conviction in my mind that we have entered upon an impossible and hopeless career in India, that I can never bring my mind to take an interest in the details of its government.' (ii. 361.) That is to say, he had formed his opinions upon prejudices, and then could not bring his mind to test them by the evidence of facts. The whole system of the Manchester and Birmingham school is clearly defined in these few words. Let your opinions be as 'strong' as you please, but be very chary of approaching the examination of facts, for facts might possibly prove fatal to your opinions, and you would then be left both naked and ashamed before the public. Mr. Cobden was always true to these maxims, and his still greater coadjutor remains to carry them out to-day, and to instil them into the receptive minds of the coming generation of Radicals.

Without this master-key to the principles of the two agitators, it would be difficult to understand some of the opinions which they avowed. Cobden thought that Prussia possessed the best government in Europe, and described the English Constitution as a 'thing of monopolies, and church-craft, and sinecures, armorial hocus-pocus, primogeniture, and pageantry.' (i. 130.) And this we are to accept as an adequate and a statesmanlike description of a form of government which every other nation in the world has desired to imitate, and under which England has enjoyed her truest greatness and power. Pitt declared that the Constitution of this country was its glory, and he rejoiced

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in the fact that it was 'free from the distractions of democracy.' This boast was uttered nearly a hundred years ago, and since then the Constitution has undergone many changes, most of them made under the immediate influence of the 'distractions of democracy.' But according to the democrats themselves, we are now worse off than ever. Concessions to their demands have not resulted in any good, and there are some of them who tell us that the worn-out fabric can be patched-up no longer, and that we must now discard it altogether. Mr. Cobden recommended the Prussian system, and indeed it is into some such system, as that was, that Democracy generally passes. 'I would gladly give up my taste for talking politics,' he says, 'to secure such a state of things in England.' His account of the British Constitution shows that he was in a condition of utter darkness concerning it, and his desire to substitute for it what he calls the 'Prussian system' proves that he was equally in the dark about that also. The biographer must have detected these defects in Mr. Cobden's arguments, but he takes great pains not to conceal them. He seeks to justify them upon the ground that Mr. Cobden was 'a statesman with the fervour of his prime upon him,' and that consequently he could not fail to feel 'disgust . . . alike for the hypocrisy and shiftlessness of a system, that behind the artfully painted mask of popular representation concealed the clumsy machinery of a rather dull plutocracy.' (i. 131.) It will be seen that the biographer is more 'picturesque,' and has a 'finer style'—a much finer style—than Mr. Cobden; but he has no better an opinion of the English Constitution. He appears, in fact, to be very strongly tempted to show that Mr. Cobden's diatribes were poor and feeble, compared with those which can be manufactured nowadays by leaders of advanced thought. He speaks with 'fervid scorn,' or even with what seems very like 'fierce laughter,' of 'the prejudice and selfishness of a territorial aristocracy, and the brutality and cowardice of their hangers-on.' He tells us of a class 'who were starving the workers of the country in order to save their own rents.' This is the most favourable view of the landlords which Mr. Cobden's biographer presents throughout his work—a class willing to starve the 'workers' in order to save their rents. But how does starving a worker save any landlord's rent? Surely some explanation of this problem might have been vouchsafed to those who do not profess to be advanced leaders of thought, but only men gifted with ordinary common-sense and knowledge of the world. When the millowners starved their workers, as Parliamentary Reports innumerable prove that they did, there can be

no doubt whatever that they made money by it. If Mr. Morley had reserved his fierce laughter and withering contempt for this class of oppressors, everybody would have sympathized with him, including, we may almost hope, the millowners of the present day. But the practices in question seem to be deemed entirely unworthy of his notice: we should almost think that he had never heard of them, but for a passing reference which circumstances oblige him to make in the course of his narrative. The only persons for whose misdeeds he has an eagle eye are the 'aristocrats.' In this respect, he surpasses his own hero, who certainly never hesitated to rail against people of rank, but who at the same time attached a great deal of value to their countenance and support. 'In the next *League*,' wrote Cobden in 1842, 'let as long a list as possible of the *people of rank* who have attended be given—*this is very important*.' (i. 212.) Surely this 'lofty-minded' man should have set a good example before his followers, instead of encouraging their sycophantic instincts. But he declared in his pamphlet on 'England, Ireland, and America,' that an Englishman could not help loving an aristocrat, and that even if the 'patricians' were struck down, they would be succeeded 'by an aristocracy of mere wealth,' or, as his biographer prefers to describe it, 'a rather dull plutocracy.'

The most striking of the opinions of Mr. Cobden are to be found in his letters, and not in his speeches. The latter were carefully prepared before delivery, in accordance with the method suggested by Mr. Cobden himself for dealing with that 'beast,' the British public. The letters reveal to us the very man himself, 'in his habit as he lived,' and we are allowed to inspect his thoughts before they were disguised for exhibition. In 1838, he wrote of the 'low blackguard leaders of the Radicals,' with complete blindness to the future which awaited him. Of government—as distinguished, we presume, from anarchy—he seems to have had a very poor opinion. 'Governments,' he wrote, 'seem as a rule to be standing conspiracies to rob and bamboozle people,' another statesmanlike view, which no Young Man can afford to overlook, and which is eminently worthy to be incorporated in this 'manual of public spirit.' The Whigs, Cobden further tells us, are 'without principle or political honesty,' and 'the party which bullies them most will be sure to command their obedience.' (i. 125.) The Radicals have, at any rate, fully verified the accuracy of the latter part of this remark. The melancholy position now occupied by the Whigs in the Radical party affords materials for one of the most remarkable chapters ever recorded in political history. But
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respect for a once great and sorely-humiliated party leads us to hope that the duty of writing this chapter will fall to less prejudiced and less indiscreet hands than those of Mr. Cobden's biographer. Confessions relating to secret passages of Whig history, such as those which are blurted out in these volumes concerning Mr. Cobden, might create a stir, it is true; but they would scarcely add to the respect which the public may perhaps yet retain for some well-known names in our political history.

Of Mr. Bright we are allowed to know less than of his old ally. We must still go to his speeches for a guide to his opinions, and how great a disadvantage that is, if we desire, as we needs must do, to get a true insight into these opinions, may be judged from the case of Mr. Cobden. Between a Tribune on the platform and a Tribune off it, there is all the difference in the world. If we were taken into Mr. Bright's confidence, we might find him with as poor an opinion of the great public as that which was entertained by Mr. Cobden; but Mr. Bright, being a man of caution, evidently declined to trust his biographer with any of his letters. His journal he probably burnt immediately on discovering the use which had been made of Mr. Cobden's. Consequently the unfortunate biographer can only present us with a *réchauffé* of Mr. Bright's speeches, interspersed with occasional descriptions of the speaker's style. But Mr. G. B. Smith is not so melodramatic as Mr. Morley, and therefore, instead of giving his readers thrilling and 'graphic' pieces of description, he goes to work in this way:—

'Nothing could be more effective than the calm, measured sarcasms on Mr. Roebuck in the first part of the speech, which dropped from Mr. Bright's lips slowly, and as if they were undergoing a process of distillation into a strength far above proof. Then he grew impassioned, and next he became genuinely pathetic,' &c. &c.

Twenty volumes filled with stuff of this kind would tell the world nothing that it did not know before; and it is even conceivable that Mr. Bright would have preferred the voice of genuine and honest criticism to the tedious accents of coarse and abject flattery. He is, for the present, his best interpreter, and now that he sees what happens to a man when he comes to have his life written by another, he will probably make up his mind that so far as he can so order it, he will be his own biographer. The world will lose, but Mr. Bright will gain. We shall not, it is to be hoped, be asked to sit in judgment on Mr. Bright's management of his own affairs—a matter with which, *pace* Mr. Morley, the public has nothing whatever to do.

do. Mr. Cobden has suffered, as we have seen, no slight injury in this respect. Even the working classes, whose goodwill he was anxious to retain, may well feel a doubt about his affection for them, when they glance over the narrative which has been thrust under their eyes. Cobden frequently told them that Parliament could, after all, do very little for them, and that their best course was to depend upon themselves. Let each man save twenty pounds, and he would find that he could do well enough without Parliament. This is very good advice, but when the intelligent working-man lights upon the following passage in one of Mr. Cobden's letters he will be puzzled to decide how far his benefactor was in earnest:—'I am employing an old man nearly seventy, and his son about twenty-two, and his nephew about nineteen, at digging and removing some fences. I pay the two former nine shillings a week, and the last eight shillings, and I am giving a shilling a week more than anybody else is paying.' How did Mr. Cobden suppose that either of these labourers could save the stipulated twenty pounds which alone was requisite to make a man of him? Why did he take advantage of a market rate of labour which according to his own principles was grossly unjust? Most men would have done the same, no doubt, but Mr. Cobden was one of the prophets who went about denouncing landlords, and predicting all sorts of evil because they had ground down the faces of the poor. And yet when we are allowed to catch a glimpse of him in his capacity as a landlord, we find him much the same as all the rest—there is just a penny a day difference between him and the 'haughty patrician' who starves the workers that he may save his rent. Facts of this kind are not calculated to keep a working-man's idol on the loftiest of pedestals, and, as we have shown, they never would have been disclosed to the public but for the pious care of the biographer. Let Mr. Bright apply the lesson seriously to heart.

ART. VIII.—1. *Report of the Bessborough Commission to Parliament.* Dublin, 1881.

2. *Speeches of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., on the Irish Land Acts, 1870 and 1881.*

3. *Debates in Parliament on Irish Affairs.* 1882.

THE most sanguine and hopeful of Mr. Gladstone's supporters must now find it difficult to look upon Ireland without a feeling of consternation. Every principle which has hitherto been held sacred by public men in England, and defended by constitutional parties in all countries, has been flung to the winds. 'We have legalized confiscation, consecrated sacrilege, condoned high treason; we have destroyed churches, we have shaken property to its foundation' *—and as the result of these tremendous sacrifices and renunciations, we have a people more hostile to our rule than they were before, a country more lawless and more threatening; and we have the Statesman who asked for and obtained unlimited power to deal with Ireland in his own way, under the solemn pledge of giving peace and tranquillity to that unhappy country, now hinting to us that we must yield more than ever—that, until we give Home Rule, all former concessions will be reckoned not worth a pin's fee. Such is the account which Mr. Gladstone has to give of his stewardship. He has been left with his hands absolutely free to break down old laws or to make new ones, to take property from one man and give it to another, to plunge a large class—as he has done—into the depths of poverty and misery, without lightening the burden on any other class; and now he is obliged to come forward and tell us with bated breath, that 'a great and terrible struggle' is going on, and that if we are not actually in imminent danger of being overcome, 'we have no strength to spare,' 'we have nothing to throw away.' † These are the facts before the people, and so manifest are they to the whole world, that the most obsequious partisans of the Government have not the hardihood to question them. The Ministerial papers are no more able than Ministers themselves to dispute the evidence which each day renders only too irresistible. 'Murders,' says one of these journals, 'have become more numerous, assaults upon unpopular persons are more savage and deliberate, the bands of Captain Moonlight have acquired strength and confidence.' ‡ Another admits the facts, but com-

* These words were used by Mr. Disraeli in the House of Commons on the 27th of February, 1871.

† Speech in the House of Commons, February 27th, 1882.

‡ 'Daily News,' March 29th, 1882.

placently assures us that 'all English statesmen have made blunders about Ireland,' and it adds, by way of further encouragement, the promise that 'we are not at the end of them.'* A third informs its readers that the 'news from Ireland is still very bad,' and that shrewd observers declare 'large classes of Irishmen have caught the revolutionary fever.'† We cite this testimony, not because it is by any means complete, but because it comes from representatives of the most bigoted advocates of Mr. Gladstone and his Irish policy. It is as clear as the sun that, if indeed we are to 'pacify Ireland,' the work has, sooner or later, to be begun all over again.

What the people of England will think and do when they fully realize this truth, at present only dimly suspected by a small class, may be divined by all who have seen them pass through one of those outbreaks to which they are occasionally goaded by the discovery that they have been duped and misled. They will awake to the knowledge that the mistakes into which they have been driven are of no light or ordinary character. To say that the work has to be done all over again is only to tell a small part of the truth. It can never be done now as it might have been if Mr. Gladstone had made a wise, or even a prudent, use of his opportunities. Invaluable time has been lost, class hatreds have been embittered, public feeling on both sides the Channel has been greatly excited; and, by a series of gigantic blunders, a condition of affairs has been produced, with which any statesman and any party might well despair of dealing in such a way as to produce peace in Ireland, and to impart a sense of security to the nation at large. Expectations have been aroused in the minds of the Irish people to which no statesman could attempt to give effect, and yet which cannot safely be left altogether unsatisfied. The position from which Mr. Gladstone started in 1869 cannot be brought back again. No one whose lot it may be to take up the work which the present Prime Minister will inevitably have to relinquish, with the stamp of failure and disaster upon it, can possibly command the innumerable advantages which have fallen to his lot. The Irish people were disposed to trust him, and the rest of the nation regarded him with a confidence which nothing in his past life had warranted, and which his public acts or utterances of the last dozen years have been expressly calculated to destroy. Perhaps it is rarely safe for any nation to assume that a statesman, no matter how 'supremely gifted' he may be with eloquence, can do no wrong—that all his measures will be wise

* 'Pall Mall Gazette,' March 29th, 1882.

† 'Spectator.'

and just, and that while he is in power it is only necessary to lie down and go to sleep. But if any such statesman there be, Mr. Gladstone is assuredly not the man, and the periods have been frequent when the English nation has seen that fact very clearly, and acted upon it. They saw it in 1874, although in the course of six years more they had temporarily forgotten the lessons which a disagreeable experience had taught them. Again two years have elapsed, and Mr. Gladstone is demonstrating, in a way which will never be forgotten, that although 'glorious eloquence' and 'magnificent speeches' may be forthcoming from him at any moment, yet for the solution of great national difficulties, and for the execution of any work which imperatively calls for the exercise of foresight and good judgment, he is fitted neither by disposition and training, nor by the peculiar bent of his genius. There is no practical man in all Europe to whose eyes it is not plainly visible that the new Irish policy is a complete and disastrous failure. Some of Mr. Gladstone's devotees ask for more time; but no matter how much more they obtained—even if they were to get till the 'crack of doom'—there would be no hope of turning this failure into a success. And that they perceive this, although shame keeps them from admitting it, is shown by their recent attempts to console the nation by assuring it that 'all English statesmen have made blunders about Ireland,' and that new legislation will be needed, though of what kind and to what end cannot be known till Mr. Gladstone has had leisure to sound the innermost recesses of his mind.

This is an operation which must necessarily occupy a long period, but so far as the Prime Minister has yet gone, he is apparently disposed to make Home Rule his next point of advance. When he is prepared to move on to it, he can already refer to three or four speeches—to two delivered this very Session—in which he will be able to assert that the germs of a Home Rule policy are to be found. Those speeches were probably delivered in order that he might afterwards triumphantly cite them as proofs that it was no sudden or ill-considered policy which he had to propose to the nation; although his declarations are so fenced about with 'ifs' and 'buts,' and the other endless conditions and qualifications which have been so useful to him on many previous occasions, that his meaning is not yet understood by the people. In fact, they thought that Mr. Gladstone had settled the Irish question, and it is quite true that we ought not to be asking now, 'What shall be done with Ireland?' and asking the question with even greater anxiety than we had any occasion to feel before Mr. Gladstone introduced

duced his all-healing measure, the Land Act of 1881. Instead of this, we should merely be required to describe by how magical a process Ireland had once more been rendered great, glorious, and free. But the cry for fresh legislation, and for a renewed attempt to deal with the Irish problem, comes first from the party which declared in 1869 that it had disposed of Irish grievances for ever, when it was allowed to disestablish the Irish Church. 'I see this measure,' said Mr. Bright,* 'giving tranquillity to our people, greater strength to the realm, and new dignity added to the Crown.' Such are the prophecies which the people have received without misgiving from Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone for years past, and now, when they are looking back upon a long and dismal series of disappointments, they are asked to accept a fresh series of heavy drafts upon the future. 'Once more we have blundered,' the Liberal chiefs tell us, 'but it is what everybody does. Give us *carte blanche* again, and ask us no questions, and we will talk to you as long as you please about adding dignity to the Crown, and obeying the dictates of eternal justice. We will wipe out all that is upon the slate, and begin afresh.' The Irish Church was a great grievance, and it was removed; the payment of rent was even a greater grievance, and it has been rendered optional; the want of what is called Home Rule—understood to mean one thing in England, but another and very different thing in Ireland—is the greatest grievance of all; and therefore the next step to be taken, on Mr. Gladstone's own principles, is to concede that also. During the first days of this extraordinary Session, one of the ablest of the Irish Members† told Mr. Gladstone that the 'Union might be made binding as a law, but it was impossible to make it obligatory on the conscience,' and on the very next night Mr. Gladstone held out a strong hope to Mr. Smyth and his friends that their dearest wishes might yet be fulfilled. He told them that he 'would not say at what decision the House might arrive,' provided 'a plan were to be laid before it under which what are purely Irish matters would be clearly and definitely separated from what are purely Imperial matters.' No wonder that Mr. Plunket, who is in favour of maintaining the Union, declared that he took down the Prime Minister's words 'with the deepest regret,' and that Mr. Sexton, who is for dissolving it, protested that he 'had heard with respect and admiration the speech delivered by the right honourable gentleman at the head of the Government.'‡ Mr. Gladstone has, indeed, scarcely ever made

* House of Commons, March 19th, 1869.

† Mr. P. J. Smyth, House of Commons, February 8th.

‡ House of Commons, February 9th.

a more promising beginning. His progress with newly formed opinions is rapid, and when Mr. Sexton looks back upon his past career, he may be excused if he finds good reason for believing that ere long Mr. Gladstone will refine away the distinction he drew in February last between Irish and Imperial matters, and will proclaim himself ready and willing to adopt what one of his organs calls 'a change of policy all round.'

That it should be necessary, after all that has happened, and after all Mr. Gladstone's boasts and promises, for Ministerial journals to come before the people in April, 1882, and announce that a new policy must be prepared for Ireland—that Mr. Forster himself should be compelled to acknowledge that the Government had failed in its measures; *—surely this should be sufficient to seal the condemnation of any Ministry. And Mr. Gladstone's own supporters feel that it is so, and acknowledge that Mr. Forster's confession in itself 'might very well lead to the fall of the Ministry, and the installation of successors prepared with another policy.' † But what even is Mr. Forster's confession, humiliating to the whole country as it must be, compared with the spectacle which is actually presented at this moment in Ireland? Almost every day brings the report of some murder so cruel and terrible that, if it had occurred in any other country in Europe, all England would have rung with cries of indignation, and Mr. Gladstone would have taken an early opportunity of remonstrating with the Government which allowed such atrocities to be committed. The indifference of the English public to crimes so diabolical as the recent murder of Mrs. Smythe contrasts curiously with the sentimental fever into which it was easily worked by the removal of an elephant from the Zoological Gardens. A lady in driving home from church is fired upon by three men, and 'has the whole of her skull blown away,' and no one seems to be particularly shocked. Indeed, there are not wanting reputable journals which, without being daring enough openly to defend this dastardly murder—following closely upon several others—yet cunningly suggest an excuse. 'The circumstances of the daily recurring evictions,' remarks one of them, in referring to the assassinations of Mr. Herbert and Mrs. Smythe, 'ought not to be withheld.' 'It is only by realizing such scenes, that the true extent of the very *natural exasperation of the Irish people* can be measured.' ‡ The evictions in question did not take place on the properties with which Mr. Herbert or Mrs. Smythe were connected, but this did not prevent an organ of

* House of Commons, March 28th.

† 'Pall Mall Gazette,' April 3rd.

‡ 'Pall Mall Gazette,' April 8th.

'advanced

'advanced Liberalism' from indirectly extenuating the murders on the ground of the evictions. Considering that this is the line which is almost invariably taken by the journals which represent the governing party, it is not surprising that the families of the murdered persons should, with Mr. Smythe, be disposed to lay 'the guilt of the deed of blood' at the doors of the Ministry. It is at least certain that it is the prime duty of a government to put a stop to wholesale assassination, even if some landlords insisted upon receiving their rents or claimed restitution of their property. But the present Ministry goes its way unrebuked, and amuses itself with getting up a 'crisis' over a proposition to abolish free speech in the House of Commons. Murder is nothing new in the history of Ireland, but it is decidedly a new thing to find a Government, which has avowedly failed in every detail of its policy, still allowed to play with the anarchy it has created. Since Mr. Gladstone has been in office, law in Ireland has been deliberately and systematically trampled underfoot. Every step taken by the Government, ostensibly for the preservation of order, has made matters worse than they were before. There are nearly seven hundred men in gaol, and yet outrages of all kinds have increased rather than diminished. Some day these men must be let out of prison, and how much better off will the country or the Government be for ever having placed them in it? What good has been done, for instance, by the imprisonment of Mr. Parnell, who was guilty of publicly declaring that Mr. Gladstone 'had first sanctioned the doctrine of public plunder'? Will Mr. Parnell be less powerful when he is ultimately released than he was last year, or an opponent less to be feared by the Government which for many months deprived him of liberty? Even when the present Ministers have been moved to make any display of energy, they have invariably taken the wrong course. What was wanted in Ireland was, not the suspension of all law, and the crowding of suspects in gaol under *lettres de cachet*, but the prompt punishment of offenders. There would have been far less cause for complaint in trying suspected persons by a Commission than there is in adopting the Neapolitan plan, once so hotly denounced by Mr. Gladstone, of keeping men in prison without any trial whatever. There is small consistency in worshipping the phantom of trial by jury, while putting into force measures borrowed from tyrants and revolutionists. If juries will not convict in a country placed as Ireland is now, it would be wiser to dispense with them for a time, than to allow lawlessness to triumph on one hand, and on the other to revive practices which made Mr. Gladstone's heart bleed when he first
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made acquaintance with them in Naples, and when he did not anticipate becoming powerful enough to put them in force himself. In his 'first letter' to Lord Aberdeen, he denounced the Government of Naples with might and main for paying 'domiciliary visits,' and for imprisoning men 'without any statement whatever of the nature of the offence.' For months, he exclaimed, 'these prisoners are detained before their trials.' The system which Mr. Gladstone found so abominable then does not seem to him in the least degree objectionable now. Suppose that Lord Beaconsfield had thrust six or seven hundred men into prison without a trial, and then had gone off to spend the holidays, would there not have been a fiery pamphlet or two, and another oratorical 'campaign,' as soon as the Easter vacation began?

The entire machinery of justice in Ireland has broken down. The Marquis of Lansdowne has recently shown * that the reason why it is so hard to get evidence in Ireland against a prisoner is that witnesses know a jury will not convict. 'How can we expect terrorized peasants to come and tender evidence when they know beforehand that it will be disregarded by the jury?' Mr. Gorst has also proved † from official sources that crime of all kinds is increasing almost every day, and that the sympathies of the Irish people generally are entirely with the criminals. There was a time—or there is said to have been, for historical facts lend but a slender support to the poet's boast—when women could pass defenceless through Ireland, though covered with 'jewels and golden store;' but the fate of Mrs. Smythe and others of her sex indicates the true character of modern Irish chivalry. In the month of March, a 'poor woman, who sought to appease the wrath of the disguised ruffians who came to shoot her husband, was herself shot in the legs. The farmer Moroney was shot when his wife and children were clinging to him.' ‡ And when horrors of this kind are brought to the notice of the Prime Minister in the House of Commons, his 'fiery spirit' no longer 'flames over'; streams of 'lava-like denunciation' do not flow from his lips; nothing is to be gained by denouncing acts for which he will have to bear a heavy share of responsibility, and therefore he endeavours to fall back upon his Midlothian tactics, and make Lord Beaconsfield's Government responsible for everything. But that device, though it answered well for a season, cannot possibly last for ever. It must expire, like other things, by the force of time. Mr. Gladstone's only

* In the House of Lords, March 31st, 1882.

† House of Commons, April 4th, 1882.

‡ 'Standard' correspondent, April 4th.

excuse for his misgovernment of Ireland is the desperate one, that the Land League was founded before he came into power. But murders and outrages were not then committed with impunity, and Mr. Gladstone's colleague, Mr. Chamberlain, has come forward voluntarily to testify to the nation that 'the original objects' of the Land League 'were legal, *were even praiseworthy*,' and that the League only changed its character after 'the Land Act was passed.'* What right had the late Government to suppress an organization which was not a source of disorder, and whose objects were legal and even praiseworthy? 'To stifle the agitation at such a time,' says Mr. Chamberlain, 'would have been to have prevented reform.' We also have Mr. Gladstone's own confession that Ireland was perfectly tranquil when he came into office, and it has been charged in the House of Commons that he was 'the patron and promoter of the Land League until it had ceased to serve his political purposes.'† This accusation—substantiated as it is by a fatal array of facts—has never been shaken: Mr. Gladstone has found even his vast stores of subtlety and casuistry insufficient to enable him to produce a reply to it, which would even momentarily deceive the nation. All that he is able to do is to endeavour to drive obliquely the idea into the public mind, that the late Government is somehow answerable for the disorder which the present Administration has called into existence. — Who was it but Lord Beaconsfield himself that warned Mr. Gladstone and the country of the danger which was preparing for us in Ireland? And who was it but Mr. Gladstone that threw down the safeguards which Lord Beaconsfield had set up? He publicly declared‡ that Ireland was in a state of unexampled contentment—'there is an absence of crime and outrage, with a general feeling of comfort and satisfaction, such as was *unknown in the previous history of that country*.' Take this statement from Mr. Gladstone, just as he was entering upon office, and look at Ireland *now*, after he has been in office two years, and who will deny that he stands before the nation self-condemned—condemned alike by his own words and by his own acts? What excuse is there for talking of 'party malice' or 'party indictments'? There is no necessity for the voice of party to be raised; the Prime Minister has passed sentence upon himself.

In the presence of an emergency so threatening as that which is now upon us, the curtain rises and discloses the Ministry

* Speech at Liverpool, October 25th, 1881.

† Mr. O'Donnell in the House of Commons, April 4th, 1882.

‡ At Edinburgh, March 31st, 1880.

huddled together panic-stricken and in confusion, like a shipwrecked crew from whom all hope has fled. It is seen to be absolutely at the end of its resources. Mr. Gladstone, the saviour of Ireland, dare not go near his home without a posse of police to guard him. Several of the other Ministers are followed about by a special guard. The Radical journals have exchanged their old bluster for the ancient cry, 'throw Jonah overboard.' Let the Irish whale swallow poor Mr. Forster, and perhaps the storm will subside, and the crazy ship will get back safe into port. It is at the best a craven and an ignominious device, worthy only of the party which now demands it. The general who planned the campaign is to be whitewashed; the officer who obeyed his orders is to be cashiered. Who can be so infatuated as to suppose that the sacrifice of Mr. Forster would have the power to repair the evil which has been done by the persistency of the Ministry in rushing from one wrongful act to another? It is trifling with words to talk of the 'partial failure' of the Government. In what single respect has it succeeded? The Prime Minister treated with scorn the idea that there could arise any necessity for force or severity under his beneficent rule, and then he applied it in a paroxysm of terror, and applied it in the wrong way. He would not even accept the weapons which a Conservative Government had found effectual. Under the Peace Preservation Act, no such events were possible as those which have occurred since Mr. Gladstone's ill-fated accession to power. The police were duly protected, and were able to act upon the knowledge which they possessed of their respective districts, so that the instigators or perpetrators of outrages soon found the country too hot to hold them, and they fled from it. All this was stopped by Mr. Gladstone. He wanted no help in governing Ireland. The spell of his eloquence, the witchery of his name, would do all that was required. He has filled the gaols with 'suspects,' and his one idea appears to have been to keep them there, but the United States have already caused him to release some of the most dangerous of the prisoners—the American Fenians. The interference of the American Government might not have been favourably received by every Minister, but Mr. Gladstone has himself made war, as a private citizen, upon so many governments in his day—he has been so eager to give his advice as to how they should behave, and what they should do—that he is scarcely in a position to complain when pressure of the same kind is brought to bear upon himself. Moreover, the Americans very naturally assumed that the statesman who paid them 3,229,000*l.* for the Alabama claims would not show much umbrage

umbrage at receiving a peremptory demand for the liberation of a few conspirators who are American in nothing but the name. Mr. Forster has complained bitterly, that the funds with which the 'social revolution' is carried on come almost entirely from the United States, and now it is advertised to the world that plots against the British Government may safely be carried on under its very eyes, provided that the plotters can show a certificate of American citizenship. It is possible that all this may not render Mr. Gladstone's course easier in the future than it has been in the past.

And now the Radical party has no longer the shadow of a policy to call its own. Its 'panacea' was to ruin the landlords; but, although landlords have been ruined, and hundreds of women and children have been reduced almost to beg their bread, yet the Irish agitators are more clamorous and more intractable than ever. The 'panacea' was based upon an attempt to embody the flights of fancy of an excitable and eccentric mind, rather than upon a profound knowledge of the necessities of the Irish people, and a far-seeing adaptation of means to ends in the effort to satisfy their demands. When this has failed, everything has failed. Mr. Gladstone and his followers would probably be glad if they could rest here, for to move backwards is impossible, and yet with them every step forward, even if they see any step to take, is fraught with danger. Therefore they are continually asking for delay—in the autumn we were to wait till the winter, in the winter till the spring; and now that we are far advanced in the spring, we are told that all will be well by next winter, or say the winter after that. It is even suggested that we ought not to look at Ireland, or worry ourselves about Irish news, or presume to ask Mr. Gladstone any question concerning the course of affairs, for at least five years to come. We may then, perhaps, be permitted to approach respectfully and enquire again. But, unfortunately, nothing in Ireland is standing still, although the English people may resolve that they will stand still. There is not a moment to lose, even if it be not already too late to repair the mischief which 'great efforts' of various kinds, and obstinacy, and overweening confidence in inspired conceptions, have done. If Mr. Gladstone can do nothing more for Ireland, somebody else must try. She cannot be left where she is, half maddened by quack remedies, a source of danger to the rest of the empire and of misery to herself. The Conservative party has not coveted, and is not likely to seek, the task of undoing the wrong which has been done, and of attempting to give peace to a sorely afflicted country, long the prey to personal ambition and party malice.

It

It is impossible, however, not to perceive that it may be required by the nation at some unlooked-for moment to undertake this duty, and, difficult as the circumstances have become, it might still be possible to deal successfully with it. But the policy adopted would have to be a broad and vigorous one, and in many respects the Conservatives are in a better position for framing such a policy than the party which is specially identified with martial law and Coercion Bills. Their history is not associated with the spoliation of landlords, and with the betrayal of the people. Ireland has seen once more what Liberal rule really means, and the day cannot be far distant when the nation will demand that there must be an end to the wild and feverish experiments which Mr. Gladstone has so long been permitted to carry on without check or hindrance, at the expense of the most unfortunate country in Europe.

In what direction, then, is this policy to be looked for? Certainly not in that which Mr. Gladstone has seemed willing to indicate in his Home Rule speeches. The Liberal party may be willing to advance far upon that road in the name of progress, and in the hope of recovering the Irish vote which they have now lost; and it has been publicly stated by Mr. Parnell, that 'one of the highest of the Cabinet Ministers' had avowed his belief that, 'if Ireland persisted in maintaining the present irreconcilable attitude,' Home Rule must be conceded. But what is Home Rule? Does Mr. Gladstone himself know? Or does he suppose that an increase of power to transact local business is all that the Irish agitators ask for when they use this phrase? They would be willing to take so much from Mr. Gladstone, no doubt; but it would merely be as a stepping-stone to something else. Home Rule, stripped of disguise, means the compulsory withdrawal of the 'English garrison'—the practical surrender of Ireland by England. When the Radicals repeat the cry for Home Rule, this is what they are asking for, although some of them may not clearly perceive it. There are for the moment limitations placed upon the concession to be made—Imperial interests must be preserved; nothing must be said about a dissolution of the Union. But it would be quite open, at a subsequent period, to follow the course which has been taken in reference to similar limitations and pledges given concerning the Land Act—that is to say, to declare that they merely expressed the opinions of Ministers at the time they were uttered, and that circumstances had occurred since, which had brought about a partial or entire change of those opinions. In an age when it is thought an honour rather than a discredit to statesmen to reverse every principle

principle which they have heretofore professed, and to repudiate any opinion which is more than a week old, it is idle to attach importance to promises, no matter with what solemnity they may be given. The Land Act of 1881 was not intended, we were told, to lower rents extensively, and it would not have that effect. 'Tenants may very likely find that no such general reduction as they are beginning to expect will be made.'* When a new measure is proposed, it will be wise to consider well all the applications and uses to which by any ingenuity it can be turned, and to disregard the interpretations and qualifications which its framers think proper to place upon it. The Radical leaders may assure the country that what they signify by Home Rule is only an extra Board of Guardians, and a Vestry or two dropped down here and there, with perhaps a mock Parliament on St. Stephen's Green as a sort of plaything for the Irish to amuse themselves with. But if they are once allowed to go so far, they will soon be made to go much further. The Irish are not children, as some people are beginning to find out. It is absolutely certain that if Mr. Gladstone is permitted to 'open up' the Home Rule question, he and the Home Rulers between them will bring about the consummation which we have already predicted—we shall have to let Ireland go, or be compelled to fight once more to keep her.

This is the path of danger as well as of dishonour. Nothing that could happen would justify the Conservative party in taking one step upon it. But there are other means of conciliating Ireland open to us, without injustice, and without risk of doing injury to any class. Everybody must now see that the Land Act sets nothing at rest. It unsettles and agitates a great number of questions, but it decides none of them. It has deprived the landlord of from one-fourth to one-fifth of his property, but who is satisfied? Not the tenant, and certainly not the labourer. Now, the Irish popular leaders did not, as a rule, seek the impoverishment of the landlords. They never for a moment believed, or pretended, that Mr. Gladstone's Bill would be of any service whatever to the bulk of the Irish people. They knew perfectly well that he was going altogether the wrong way to work. The ruin of the landlords could not possibly benefit the bulk of the community. Mr. O'Donnell, among others, dwelt much upon this point when the Bill was under discussion. He contended that the landlord should have the right to sell his estates at a fair valuation to the Government, and he said that in this proposal is 'contained the only peaceful

* Lord Hartington at Blackburn, November 28th, 1881.

and constitutional solution of the Irish land question.' 'Fair compensation to landowners' was the only way to make the Land Act work. But advice, hints, or warnings, no matter from what quarter they proceeded, were treated by Mr. Gladstone with his accustomed contempt. The landlords have been plundered, but no part of the plunder has gone to the most necessitous class in Ireland. Much of it has been swallowed up by lawyers and usurers, and a well-to-do class of tenantry has managed to obtain more than its fair share of the spoil. The rest of the population is more discontented than ever, because it has seen a great scramble going on for money and land, and has found itself shut out from all participation in it. If Mr. Gladstone had dared to take as his guide that 'justice,' which he is so fond of using as a rhetorical ornament, he would possibly have done some good; and he might at any rate have saved himself from the retribution which is now rapidly overtaking him. Reforms in the management or disposition of land in Ireland were admitted to be necessary, but the Prime Minister, as usual with him, preferred the circuitous to the straight road. He would not altogether refuse to hold out the prospect to the poorer class of tenants and to the peasantry, of becoming the owners of the land upon which they worked; but he had not the courage to make that hope into a certainty, while doing no wrong to the present landlords. The Bright Clauses were introduced into the Land Act of 1870, and the Purchase Clauses into the Land Act of 1881; and all have been entirely inoperative. They were instantly seen by the persons interested to be mere makeshifts and impostures. The interest on any fair price at which land could be sold would come to more than the new rents, as cut down by the Assistant Commissioners. People may be troubled with 'land hunger,' but they are not anxious to buy land when they can get it for next to nothing. The predatory clauses in Mr. Gladstone's Bill defeated the purchase clauses, as any one might have foretold that they were sure to do.

There is but one course now which holds out even a reasonable chance of success, and it is to bring into practical operation the theory which alone justified the Purchase clauses of the two Land Acts. If that theory was not set up as a mere pretence and delusion, it must have meant that the State should, under certain circumstances, be placed in the position of the landlord, and that the tenant should be enabled to purchase his holding on fair terms. The principle of enforcing the arbitrary reduction of rents by the rule of thumb will never succeed in settling the present difficulties, for even the reduced rents will not be paid,

paid, and even if they were paid the tenants would still remain dissatisfied. Mr. Sexton has pressed this point upon the House of Commons in a manner which must be considered perfectly fair and straightforward.* He said that in 'the coming March fewer rents would be paid than at the last gale; that next September fewer rents would be paid than in March, and that in the following March fewer still would be paid.' That this prediction will be verified scarcely any man who is acquainted with Ireland can doubt, and it is impossible to suppose that evictions on a universal scale can be carried out, even with all the aid which the Government is prepared to lend. The feud between landlord and tenant will only become more bitter as time goes on, and that which Mr. Gladstone has called the 'social revolution' will every day be more formidable to deal with. What Mr. Sexton demanded was, not the further plunder of the landlords, but the policy of 'extinguishing the interest of the landlord in the soil of Ireland, by following the example of Russia, and, by a purchase of the landlord's interest, putting an end to the contest between the two classes in Ireland.' Some such idea seems to have suggested itself to an observer who was scarcely likely to agree with Mr. Sexton on any other subject—the late Lord Justice James.† What he proposed was this:—'That any landlord dissatisfied with this change in his position should be entitled to call on the State to purchase his property at a fair price, such price being, say, twenty-five years' purchase on the average net rental received by him for an average, say, of the seven or ten years preceding the year 1879, which should be left out as a year of anarchical disturbance.' Now whether this basis of fixing a 'fair price' be the best which can be devised or not, it is quite clear that the principle advocated is the only one which affords a reasonable hope of extinguishing the present animosities in Ireland. We do not understand that anyone proposes, and assuredly we should not propose, that the slightest compulsion should be placed upon the landlord to induce him to sell his property. There are many landlords, even in these troubled times, who are able to live in peace with their tenants, and they would naturally prefer to keep their estates. There are others who would be quite willing to sell a part, but not the whole. They would be left free to consult their own wishes or interests, and their desire to keep their property in their own hands would be to some extent a proof that they continued to derive a fair revenue from it—

* Speech on the 14th of February, 1882.

† In a letter to the 'Times,' December 1st, 1880.

in other words, that they were receiving their rents, and that their relations with the tenantry were not prejudicial to the peace of the country. In these cases, the interference of the State would simply not be called in on either side. There are some estates in Ireland to-day, in connection with which the Land Act has been entirely inoperative, because the landlord has been able to make terms with the occupiers of the soil without the intervention of the Courts. And so it would be under the system which we propose as the foundation of a wise, just, and truly Conservative policy. No man would be forced to sell, but any man who desired to sell would be able to obtain a fair price, and payment, or guarantee for payment, from the State. It is the solitary means now left open to us to prevent the Irish Land question from perpetually leading us to within a 'measurable distance' of civil war.

It must be remembered that we are not entering upon this subject with a clear sheet of paper before us. Much has been done which cannot now be undone, and if it be said that the State ought not to interfere in any way with the rights of property, we answer that the Government has already so interfered, and fatally interfered; and secondly, that there is no such interference involved in the scheme which we are now discussing. We have to make the best of existing circumstances. It must further be remembered that the scheme has already been tried, upon a limited scale, with the Irish Church Temporalities Commissioners acting in place of the State. In the report of the Bessborough Commission it was shown that these Commissioners were empowered, under the Disestablishment Act, to give the option to tenants to purchase their holdings at a fair market value. Three-fourths of the purchase money were to remain on mortgage at four per cent., the whole debt being repayable in half-yearly instalments spread over thirty-two years. The property consisted of 108,000 acres, and the report—issued last year—states that the whole of this property had been sold, at within a fraction of twenty-three years' purchase of the rental. Moreover, it was stated that 'the new purchasers have paid the interest and instalments of capital with commendable regularity,' and that 'these transactions have led to no breaches of the law, and produced no concerted refusal to pay what the purchasers, from old habit, still call "the rent."'* No testimony could be more encouraging than this. We have a fair right to assume that with the State placed in the relation of

* 'Report of the Bessborough Commission,' p. 31, §§ 82-84.

landlord, there would be no general strike against rents. But if any express security against such a strike should be thought needful, it could be obtained by providing for a rate, in case of default, to be levied upon the district, and the Poor Law Union should be empowered to recover from the defaulting tenant, or to take possession of his land and sell it to another. A Land Bank might be established with the remainder of the Church surplus funds, and it could be authorised to borrow money upon debentures. The landlords would, in most cases, be perfectly willing to receive payment partly in money, and partly in debentures. The O'Connor Don has recorded his opinion that 'a great deal of the money could be found in Ireland itself. A large amount of money is now lodged on deposit at very low interest at the banks, and if land debentures were created, guaranteed by the Government, and bearing interest say at three and a half per cent., and issued for very small sums, I believe they would be largely taken up throughout the country.'* Almost every opinion which has been expressed on the subject, by persons most competent to form an accurate judgment, confirms this conclusion. There can be very little doubt that it would be unnecessary to call upon the nation at large to submit to the burden of extra taxation, or to make any other of the sacrifices which have been dreaded in some quarters, in order that the plan now suggested might be carried out. The new debentures would be as readily saleable everywhere as a certificate for Consols, and landlords who were disposed to sell would, where they were not in instant want of money, prefer the debentures to cash. There would not be the slightest need to go back to what Mr. Gladstone has called 'our old familiar friend, the Consolidated Fund.'

In 1870 Mr. Gladstone argued, with his well-known earnestness and sincerity, that it would be inimical to Ireland itself to 'denude' the landlords of their proprietary interest in the soil. 'In landlords—speaking of them as a class—I repose so much of confidence,' &c. &c. And again—'My belief is that, if you look on the one hand to the quality and capacity of the soil of Ireland, and on the other hand to the condition of those who own and cultivate it, the land is rented low for the most part with relation to what the landlord receives.' It appears to have been destined that Mr. Gladstone should live long enough to induce Parliament to legislate specifically against every opinion and every principle which he avowed during the first sixty

* 'Report of the Beaumont Commission,' p. 48.

years of his career. In 1881 he introduced a Bill which was inevitably calculated to produce, as its first and chief effect, the 'denudation' of landlords of 'their interest in the land.' In 1870 he asked, 'Are you prepared to absolve them from their duties with regard to the land? I, for one, confess that I am not.*' In 1881 he made it impossible for the landlords to fulfil those duties. At which period was Mr. Gladstone right? The same question, it is true, will have to be asked by-and-by of every important public act in his career; but it is exceptionally important that we should be quite sure that a statesman knows what he is about, before we allow him to unsettle the basis of property, and stir up what circumstances afterwards compel him to describe as a 'Social revolution.' According to our view, Parliament acts unwisely in endeavouring to regulate the relations between the occupier and the owner of the soil. Its interference can seldom be beneficial to either side, and it is pretty sure to be led on from one step to another, until it finds itself saddled with responsibilities from which it would have shrunk back in alarm when first it set out to work miracles. But we must repeat, we are not entering upon a new field. Mr. Gladstone has made it what it is, and we can only go after him, and endeavour to neutralize some of the vast and ineffaceable mischief which he has occasioned. It is not a question of preserving to the landlord all his rights, but of saving the few which he has left, and of protecting him from further pillage, and perhaps from total ruin. The axioms of political economy have been tossed contemptuously to the dogs, and all that it is possible for any statesman or any party to do now is to save property in Ireland from general wreck. The picture which was drawn by one of the Irish landlords, little more than a couple of months ago, is not overcharged. They had, he said, 'lost the pride and pleasure they used to feel with their happy homes, estates, and tenantry, handed down to them by their ancestry. All this had passed away from them for ever. They had no hope in the future of their country. The day might not be far distant when they might be swept away from the land of their birth, and their homes be left ruined and desolate.†' It is too late in the day to talk of preserving to this class the elementary rights which they would have enjoyed under a strictly constitutional and just Government.

* We quote these and other passages from Mr. Gladstone's Speech of February 15th, 1870, from his own revised version of that Speech, published soon after its delivery.—(pp. 22, 23, 48, and 56.)

† The Marquis of Waterford in the House of Lords, February 17th, 1882.

The greatest obstacle to the success of this project which we can foresee, is one which we owe to Mr. Gladstone's deplorable blunders. The tenantry have been brought to believe that, if they only hold out long enough, the land will fall into their hands without their being required either to buy it or to pay rent for it. This is one reason, and the chief reason, why the 'Bright clauses' have remained a dead letter; but with the Conservatives in office, it would soon be understood by the Irish people that the violent expropriation of the landlords need not be looked for. Even if the Radical party undertook to extend the operation of the purchase clauses, it would fail, for the Irish people would know from experience that by further agitation still greater concessions could be gained. 'There is the firm conviction,' writes a correspondent, 'that with persistence in the "No rent" policy, and the advent of Home Rule in whatever form, a clear sweep will be made of landlords altogether, and the land be had for little or nothing.' Moreover, the provisions in the Land Act for encouraging emigration must remain, as they are now, utterly worthless until there is a total change of administration, for the idle and unemployed are waiting for the era of communism which they believe to be near at hand. And yet without systematic and wisely directed emigration, there can be no permanent relief for Ireland. Overpopulation is an evil which the Radicals would cure without emigration; but their favourite plan has not yet met with anything like general acceptance in Ireland. With any land policy which the Conservatives might frame, they would have to combine a judicious emigration scheme, for even if the present estates were parcelled out on socialistic principles, there is not enough land to 'go round' among the hosts of claimants for it. Mr. Tuke, who is so often quoted with approval by the Radicals, tells us that on the western coast two-thirds of the holdings are so small and poor that the occupants could scarcely live on them rent free.* Emigration would afford the only possible relief for such districts. This is another phase of the question which Mr. Gladstone has only dealt with in a superficial and half-hearted way, and it would remain for the Conservative party to take it up in a statesmanlike spirit, and thus confer a benefit upon hundreds of necessitous families, and remove a great and growing danger from the country.

Thus far we have been dealing with future aspects of the land question. But if we desire to approach the subject in a

* 'Contemporary Review,' April, 1882.

comprehensive spirit, and to develop a policy which will be likely to prove a thorough and an acceptable remedy, there is still another difficulty which must be faced. It is that of arrears. It would be of comparatively little use to say to a man, 'we will put you in the way of owning the land which you cultivate, on terms adopted with special reference to your own convenience and interest,' if the day or the week after he had entered upon the new arrangement he was liable to be proceeded against for old debts. Landlords in Ireland have always been easy with their tenants, and the 'custom of the country' is not to pay rent down to the day it is due, but to let it run back—in many cases, till it can never be overtaken. Arrears of six years' rent are common enough—two or three years may almost be regarded as the rule. It is quite certain that the majority of the tenants are not now in a position to settle these old claims. To deal with their future condition first would, therefore, be beginning at the wrong end. It is their past about which most of them are anxious. What, then, is to be done with these arrears? It appears to us that there is very little choice before us, considering the position in which Mr. Gladstone has placed landlords and tenants. The landlords must do as other persons are obliged to do who have to deal with defaulting debtors—they must accept a composition. The whole is better than two-thirds, but two-thirds is better than nothing. If the State will pay the landlords, say, two-thirds of their arrears, one-third should be remitted altogether, and the tenantry would start afresh, without the millstone of debt round their necks, and with good hope and good prospects before them. The amount required for this purpose would not be so large as many people might be led to suppose, although of course it would be difficult to give anything approaching to an exact estimate of it. A tenth part of the cost of one of the most insignificant of England's little wars would more than suffice to remove this obstacle from the path. Substantial justice would be done to all the parties who have been concerned in the long and melancholy dispute over the land of Ireland. The tenant would be set free to gain his livelihood, and the landlords, who have, as one of their number has said, 'been too long placed between the nether millstone of the people, and the upper millstone of the Government—attacked by the Government to appease the people, and attacked by the people to annoy the Government,'*—the landlords would receive at least an approach to fair-play,

* The Earl of Dunraven in the House of Lords, February 17th, 1882.

and cease to be made a stalking-horse for treasonable conspiracies in Ireland, and revolutionary legislation at Westminster.

That this plan, or any other which could be devised, would be certain to quell the demon of Irish discontent, we do not undertake to say. It needs Mr. Gladstone's sublime confidence in the wandering fires and mysterious lights of his own imagination, to talk of finality in connection with Ireland. In 1869, the Disestablishment Act was to save us. It is now seen that it has accomplished none of the good which was anticipated. In 1870, Mr. Gladstone prevailed upon Parliament to pass his first Land Act, and he promised that thenceforth we should see Ireland and England living on the most affectionate terms together, while 'peace, order, and a settled and cheerful industry would diffuse their blessings from year to year, and from day to day, over a smiling land.'^{*} Now the 'smiling land' is stained with innocent blood, and the 'settled industry' of which we hear the most is the trade of assassination. In 1881,[†] Mr. Gladstone again came forward to prophesy in his own behalf. Undaunted by previous failures, he assured the House and the country that his second Land Act—and it is to be hoped his last—would prove to be 'another great emancipating and redeeming measure, necessary alike for the prosperity of Ireland, the fame of Parliament, and the strength and solidity of the United Kingdom.' After the melancholy experience of a few months, which was quite sufficient to prove that this measure also was doomed to be enrolled upon the long list of Mr. Gladstone's failures, he still spoke of it with pride and pleasure as the 'infant Hercules,' although to eyes less blinded by paternal affection it was painfully clear that Hercules had the rickets, and was doomed to be devoured by the monsters he was sent forth to slay. Every one of the 'redeeming measures' which Mr. Gladstone has introduced since 1869 has been a messenger of strife, not of peace. The consequences of the course which he has pursued will not pass away when he is cast from power; there never was an infallible 'panacea' for Irish discontent, and there is less reason than ever to hope for one now. But if a sovereign remedy cannot be found, we must use what seems likely at least to act as a palliative. Ireland needs a firm government, and a just government; and the Liberal party has afforded abundant proof that it is able to give neither the one nor the other. 'Great efforts' of eloquence, imposing

^{*} Speech on proposing the Land Bill, February 15th, 1870.

[†] House of Commons, 16th May.

speeches, dazzling promises—these we have had from its leaders in lavish profusion; but the end is that our perplexities and dangers have all been immeasurably increased. The nation will presently require that the ‘statesmen’ who have brought it to this pass shall be deprived of the power of doing further mischief, and for that contingency we cannot be too soon or too thoroughly prepared.

If the Conservative party were summoned back to power, it could not sit down with folded hands, looking at Ireland and doing nothing. It would have to govern, and it could not govern by repressive measures alone. What the English people must see plainly now is, that the arrest of ‘suspects’ by the cart-load does no sort of good. A commission of judges would have more effect in restoring order and respect for law than all the arbitrary imprisonments in the world; but the present Ministry have, it seems, a great, though entirely theoretic, reverence for trial by Jury and the liberty of the subject. It is ‘irregular’ to try men without a jury, but it is still more irregular to keep them in prison without a trial. The Radicals now tell us that, as misjudged coercion has failed, all attempts at coercion shall be discontinued. They might as well argue that, as the laws against murder and robbery have not suppressed those crimes, we shall do well to abolish the laws. We say, on the contrary, that it is incumbent upon us to enforce the law more effectively than ever. The Conservative party would admit that its first duty must be to restore order in Ireland; and it would fulfil that duty without resorting to the impotent expedients of a nerveless despotism. It would not bring upon its head the remonstrances of foreign powers for its ‘cruelty,’ while rendering itself the laughing-stock of the people it was pretending to punish. Anything which was worth calling a government would feel that deep and indelible disgrace must cling to it, while murder and outrage stalked in the full glare of day throughout Ireland, and while the law was no more remembered except as a theme for ridicule. There can never again be peace in Ireland while Mr. Gladstone remains in office. His one remaining hope appears to be that he will be able to silence in Parliament the voice of opposition, and even of criticism beyond what he is pleased to consider reasonable limits—and his limits are of the narrowest description. But public opinion is not dead, and judgment must soon be pronounced upon him and his works. Few save himself can suppose that this judgment will be in his favour. His party have had but one plea for further toleration in office, and it is that none
but

but themselves have any definite policy to submit to the country in relation to Ireland. This, with their other fictions, must now be swept away. We could not promise to transform Ireland at a moment's notice into a 'smiling land,' flowing with milk and honey; but under Conservative government life and property might be rendered once more secure, anarchy might be made to give place to order, and crime could be made to retreat into its lairs. We have indicated the outline of a plan by which some measure of justice might be secured to all classes, to those who have always been poor and to those who once were rich; it is for responsible statesmen to supply the details, and it only remains for us to submit it with confidence and hope to the frank and thoughtful consideration of the public.

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